

THE WORKS
OF THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH
PREFACES
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH;

CONTAINING

YOUNG,
CHURCHILL,
LLOYD,

|

FALCONER,
AND
THOMSON.

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THE ENGLISH POETS.

THE POEMS OF CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE R O S C I A D.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage ;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends :
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour 'tis not here ;
We form our judgment in another way ;
And they will best succeed, who best can pay :
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give ? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage ;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there :
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine ! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of roast beef, they only know the tune :
But what they have they give, could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four ?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there ;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love, instead of meat ;
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be,
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea ;
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves,

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The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer ! Oh ! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size ;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
And our opinions have their rise in pride ;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self ;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge, the cause was to be try'd ;
But this their squabbles *did* afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial : Who ?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave ; and Sterne too gay appear'd ;
Others for Franklin voted ; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own :
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young ;
For Murphy some *plif'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise ;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud ;
A pert, prim, prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,

Stood forth ;—and thrice he way'd his lilly hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd his band.—

“ At friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
Men, void of faith, usurp faith's sacred name)

“ At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,

“ Who thus by me *develops* his intent.

“ But lest, *transfus'd*, the spirit should be lost,

“ That spirit which in storms of *Rhet'ric* toft,

“ Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,

“ In his own words his own intentions hear.

“ Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,

“ No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

“ Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw ;

“ Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law ?

“ Twice (curs'd remembrance !) twice I strove to gain

“ Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,

“ Who, in the Temple and Gray's-Inn, prepare

“ For clients wretched feet the legal snare :

“ Dead to those arts which polish and refine,

“ Deaf to all worth, because that worth was *mine*,

“ Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,

“ And foul rejection gave me up to shame.

“ To laws and lawyers then I bid adieu,

“ And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.

“ Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast

“ Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd.

“ Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,

“ And let success for once attend desert.”

“ With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,

And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,

The Proteus Hill put in his *modest* plea,—

“ Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me.”

For who, like him, his various powers could call

Into so many shapes, and shine in all ?

Who could so nobly grace the motley list,

Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist ?

Knows any one so well—sure no one knows,—

At once to *play, prescribe, compound, compose ?*

Who can—but Woodward came,—Hill slip'd away,

Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

* With that *low* Cunning, which in fools supplies,

And amply too, the place of being wise,

Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave

To qualify the blockhead for a knave ;

With that *smooth* Falshood, whose appearance charms,

And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,

Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,

By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,

Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,

Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;

With that *malignant* Envy, which turns pale,

And sickens, even if a friend prevail,

Which merit and success pursues with hate,

And damns the worth it cannot imitate ;

With the *cold* Caution of a coward's spleen,

Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,

Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—

What's *base* done, should be done *safely* too ;

With that *dull, rooted, callous* Impudence,

Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,

Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,

She blunder'd on some virtue *unawares* ;

* This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the play-house riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Friberiad. E.

With all these blessings, which we seldom find

Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,

A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,

Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,

Came *simp'ring* on ; to ascertain whose sex

Twelve, sage, *impannell'd* matrons would perplex.

Nor *male*, nor *female* ; *neither*, and yet both ;

Of *neater* gender, though of *Irish* growth ;

A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait ;

Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate ;

Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,

Lest *brutal* breezes should too roughly shake

Its tender form, and *savage* motion spread,

O'er its pale cheek, the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own *pretty* phrase,

Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays ;

Much too of writings, which *itself* had wrote,

Of special merit, tho' of little note ;

For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed

That what it wrote, none but *itself* should read ;

Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,

Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,

Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,

It *smil'd*, it *smirk'd*, it *swiggled* to the chair ;

And, with an awkward briskness not its own,

Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,

Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,

Known but to few, or only known by name,

Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there

Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.

The pigeant saw, and blasted with her frown,

To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride

Of this *vain* nothing shall be mortified)

Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rimes,

Fond, pleasing thought ! to live in after-times)

With such a trifler's name her pages blot ;

Known be the character, the *thing* forgot ;

Let it, to disappoint each future aim,

Live without sex, and die without a name !

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires

Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires

Glimmer'd their last ; whose sluggish blood half

froze,

Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins ; whose heart ne'er

glows

With fancy-kindled heat ;—a servile race,

Who in mere want of fault, all merit place ;

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,

Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules ;

With solemn consequence declar'd that none

Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.

Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,

Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood

forth,

Unknown his person, not unknown his worth ;

His look bespoke applause ; alone he stood,

Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.

He talk'd of ancients, as the man became

Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame ;

With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,

And scorn'd to tear the laurels from the tomb.

“ But more than just to other countries grown,

“ Must we turn base apostates to our own ?

“ Where do these words of Greece and Rome

excel,

“ That England may not please the ear as well ?

"What mighty magic's in the place or air,
 "That all perfection needs must centre there?
 "In states, let strangers be preferred;
 "In state of letters merit should be heard.
 "Genius is of no country, her pure ray
 "Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
 "Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 "And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
 "May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
 "And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
 "May not some great extensive Genius raise
 "The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
 "And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
 "Make England great in letters as in arms?
 "There may—there hath—and Shakespeare's muse
 "aspire
 "Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
 "Mounting aloft, he wings his airy flight,
 "While Sophocles below stands trembling at his
 "height.
 "Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 "When abler judges we may find at home?
 "Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
 "Have we not Shakespeare?—Is not Jonson ours?
 "For them, your nat'ral judges Britons, vote;
 "They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
 "wrote."

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,
 And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
 Shakespeare and Jonson who deserv'd applause,
 Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
 Mean-time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
 To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—LOYD.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
 And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth;
 Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride,
 Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
 Left day of trial should be put off here.
 Causes but seldom for delay can call
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the Sun,
 As he on other great events hath done,
 Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
 To go his journey on the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
 On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
 Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
 With decent modesty perform'd her part,
 Rose a tribunal: from no other court
 It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
 No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
 No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
 No gownsmen partial to a client's cause,
 To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws.
 Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
 As Mansfield wife, and as old Foster * just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
 Sat Shakespeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
 For mighty wonder fam'd in days of yore;
 The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:

* Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd thro' Nature at a single view:
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new fands to rise, new seas to roll;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
 His rigid judgment Fancy's flight restrain'd,
 Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
 Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.
 The book of man he read with nicest art,
 And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
 Exerted penetration's utmost force,
 And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
 Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
 And brought each foible forth to public view.
 The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
 And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
 His comic humour kept the world in awe,
 And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.
 But, hark!—the trumpet sounds, the crowd give
 way,

And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
 Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
 And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
 For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
 Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
 But give, kind Dullness, memory and rime,
 We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, Order came,—with solemn step, and slow,
 In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
 Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
 Left This should quit his place, That step awry.
 Appearances to save his only care;
 So things seem right, no matter what they are.
 In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
 Begotten by *Sr Critic on Saint Prude*.

Then came *drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute*;
 Next *snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mutè*:
 Legions of angels all in white advance;
 Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
 Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
 Next came the treasurer of either house;
 One with full purse, t'other with not a sou.
 Behind, a group of figures awe create,
 Set off with all th'impertinence of state;
 By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and com-
 plains;

His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
 Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
 With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
 That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
 Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
 He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk,
 He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.
 As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
 Planted their batteries against the skies;
 Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
 He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
 By fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an easy age;

But now appears a copy and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Aet from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he fought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brass.

Lo Yates!—Without the least finess of art
He gets applause—I with he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some with'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's
cloaths.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From sile to sile he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart,
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time, nor censures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shews desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kiteley scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kinds of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts and
scrapes:

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, *Bawd, Parson, Auctioneer*.
His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, *Disport*.

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's error are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last by Nature form'd to please, who shews,
in Jonson's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd be-
fore.

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player:
Lift to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping spouse,
To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Aukward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, because our fathers err'd before;
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blur'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lye,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye?
Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we
know—

It was the fashion twenty years ago.
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where Mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,

When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of Toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne, you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—Himself, the first and last—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like *Scotsmen*, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the Knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
ing slow,

A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the Managers, and curse the Town,
Whose partial favours keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these *gnatlings* in their nest;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.

" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm satyric truth against a player?
" Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
" Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash man-
kind."

What! shall opinion then, of Nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings;
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please;
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could shew
A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I fry
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
Let critic, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attack'ng thee attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste,

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And Sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer Bayes*,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed
With Wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declared to Wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wond'rous dull, and yet so wond'rous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom Dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the sons of Nonsense hail him *SIRE*,
AUDITOR, *AUTHOR*, *MANAGER*, and *SEQUIR*;
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him *PLAYER*.

In person tall, a person form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve,
What pity 'tis the *Thing* was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, and varied sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in *CITY ANNALS* fair,
And prudent Dullness mark'd him for a Mayor.

What then could tempt thee in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason e'en to thee have shewn
Thy greatest praise had been to live *unknown*?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dullness and her *first-born* due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little Factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know.
Yet rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to shew the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
To separte frown from smile, and smile from frown;
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part;
Rofs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole Town, and with mistaken zeal,
An aukward rage for Elocution feel;
Dull Cits and grave Divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name;
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho' levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City swains in lap of dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to chear,
And spin out happy Folly through the year.

* A gentleman still living, who published, at this juncture, a Poem entitled, "The Retort." E.

But think not, though these dastard-chiefs are fled,

That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar,
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron Lum.
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw;
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But Fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On Fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gep'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod,
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On Humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without Art, but then to Nature true,
She charms the Town with humour just, yet new.
Chear'd by her promise, we the loss deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shewn,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.
Defects like these which *modest* terrors cause,
From impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in so good an heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of stile,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish propofals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chaunt the praise of an Italian trite;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.
The boasted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;

To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.
Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim;
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features shew:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's fullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouze the quick passions, and inflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit.
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age;
When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still life-piece;
When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the stalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless frame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes and falls!—New horrors
rise,
And reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous Thane,
I feel ambition rush through every vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.

In Comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold,
"Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
"Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
"Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just;
"But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find,
Which then the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place,
where.

For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
 For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
 With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
 And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
 Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
 By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
 Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
 They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
 There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
 Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
 Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
 Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim;
 But if from lungs more potent, there arise
 Two bubbles of a more than common size,
 Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
 Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
 Still kept his eye fix'd on his right hand man.
 Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
 The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
 For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
 What the right doth, the left hand—shall not know.
 With studied impropriety of speech,
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
 In ways first trodden by himself excels,
 And stands alone in undeclinables;
 Conjunction, Preposition, Adverb join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size,
 Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
 When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
 Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent;
 Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
 Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
 But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
 His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell,
 To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
 And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
 In elocution, action, character?
 What man could give—if Barry was not here,
 Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
 Who else can speak so very, very fine,
 That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
 Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
 See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
 Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
 From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
 Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
 Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
 Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
 We see too plainly they are not his own.
 No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
 Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
 He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
 And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
 A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
 Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
 Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
 For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
 Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?

Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
 Extol the times when they themselves were young;
 Who having lost all relish for the stage,
 See not their own defects, but lash the age,
 Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
 Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
 Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
 But, just to living merit, she maintains,
 And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
 Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
 Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
 But though prescription's force we disallow,
 Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
 Though we deny imaginary grace,
 Founded on accidents of time and place;
 Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
 Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong
 In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
 No actor ever greater heights could reach
 In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
 An universal fame on partial ground?
 Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
 Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
 With strict propriety their care's confin'd
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
 To syllable-diffusers they appeal,
 Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
 But, spite of all the criticising elves,
 Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaim'd the fullen habit of his soul.
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
 When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
 Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
 With the same cast of features he is seen
 To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
 From the same scene, which without passion flows,
 With just desert his reputation rose;
 Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surlly plan,
 He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequal'd: all agree
 Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
 When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
 With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
 For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
 Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the brute.
 In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
 He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
 In whate'er cast his character was laid,
 Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
 Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
 Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still was Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
 As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
 This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
 Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
 Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
 Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.
 Just his conceptions, natural and great:
 His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.

'Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
 Envy would drive the colour from his cheek :
 But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
 Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
 Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
 Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie :
 In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
 To form distinctions Nature hath deny'd.
 His voice no touch of harmony admits,
 Irregularly deep and shrill by fits :
 The two extremes appear like man and wife,
 Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
 That candour must declare he acts too much.
 Why must impatience fall three paces back ?
 Why paces three return to the attack ?
 Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
 Unless in motion semicircular ?
 Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
 And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye ?
 In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
 Inhuman tyrant ! was it not a shame,
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame ?
 But, spite of all defects, his glories rise ;
 And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies :
 Behold him found the depth of Hubert's soul,
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll ;
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
 And then deny him merit if you can.
 Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone ;
 Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
 Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low,—
 "Your Hero always should be tall, you know.—
 "True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
 Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Serjeant Kite."

Another can't forgive the paltry arts
 By which he makes his way to shallow hearts ;
 Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
 "Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause."

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
 I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
 The best things carried to excess are wrong :
 The start may be too frequent, pause too long ;
 But, only us'd in proper time and place,
 Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
 Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
 Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
 And pause and start with the same vacant face ;
 We join the critic laugh ; those tricks we scorn,
 Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
 But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
 These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
 When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
 And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
 To me they seem from quickest feelings caught :
 Each start is Nature ; and each pause is Thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
 And the whole state of man is up in arms ;
 What but a Critic could condemn the Play'r,
 For pausing here, when Cool Sense pauses there ?
 Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
 And mark it strongly flaming to the face ;
 Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man ;
 I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

VOL. VIII.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
 Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain ;
 The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
 Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay ;
 Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
 A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd ;
 Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
 And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee,
 Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
 And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout :
 How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
 Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire :

But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
 Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the several parties came,
 With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,

And, in their sentence happily agreed,
 In name of both, Great Shakespeare thus decreed.

"If manly sense ; if Nature link'd with Art ;
 "If thorough knowledge of the human heart ;
 "If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd ;
 "If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd ;
 "If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
 "Within the magic circle of the eye ;
 "If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 "And which no face so well as his, can shew ;
 "Deserve the preference ;—Garrick, take the chair ;
 "Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

THE A P O L O G Y ADDRESSED TO THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants big with
 pride,

Assume the pompous port, the martial stride ;
 O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
 Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield ;
 With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
 And dare to single combat—What ?—A fly.

And laugh we less, when giant names, which
 shine

Establish'd, as it were, by *right divine* ;
 CRITICS, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
 To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores ;
 Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
 And hold, Astræa-like, the scales of wit ;
 With partial rage rush forth,—Oh ! shame to tell !
 To crush a bard just bursting from the shell ?

Great are his perils in this stormy time
 Who rashly ventures on a sea of rime.
 Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
 And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below :
 Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends ;
 He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
 The same employment's cause of kindness made,
 At least appearance of good-will creates,
 And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
 Coblers with coblers smoke away the night,
 And in the common cause e'en play'r's unite.

C

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of honour,—or the pence,
O'er-run with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the riming trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade;
Forth from the court, where sceptred fages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit;
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dulness, still maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's * the ready lies repair:—
Ne'er was lye made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falshood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A Critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed Merit up to Fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No servile rules drew sickly Taste aside;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, Oh strange reverse! our Critics bawl
In praise of candour with a heart of gall.
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
And stab, like braves, all who come that way.

When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than wife,
Bad the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue;
Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak;
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought! a Critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcanfir-like, he deals destruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.

Unhappy Genius; plac'd by partial fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state;
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings;
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to swell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharos fell,
The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand
To die by ruffian's in a foreign land.

How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep, when Dullness seiz'd the throne?
Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her licence not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.

* Printer of the Critical Review.

Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on Critic's sleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that these puny elves
Shoot into giants?—We may thank ourselves;
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
'The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.
But let true Reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a Calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe
'Th' envenom'd slanders flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbids that step.—Then all might know
And on more equal terms, engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?

By int'rest join'd, th' expert confederates stand,
And play the game into each other's hand.
The vile abuse, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from side to side:
It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,

And publish ev'ry name—except their own.
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes
The nameless author passes in disguise.
But vet'ran Critics are not so deceiv'd,
If vet'ran Critics are to be believ'd.
Once seen, they know an author evermore,
Nay swear to hands they never saw before.
Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
"That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,
"And all the Actor stares you in the face.
"By Colman that was written.—On my life,
"The strongest symptoms of the Jealous Wife.
"That little disingenuous piece of spite,
"Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might write."
How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their stile;
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He shifts his stile much oftner than his cloaths?

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trisler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n should send
The bitt'rest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound.
From Livy's temples tear th' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb,
Who ever read the Regicide, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.

Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree;
And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he!
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell:
But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why—then the voice must speak again, you know.

Rude and unskilful in the Poet's trade,
I kept no Naiads by me *ready-made*;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimsy linsley-woolsey scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joseph's coat.
My humbler themes beset: Secure, for me,
Let playwrights smuggle nonsense, duty free:
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And frisk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove:
Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle.

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—

'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty, for the public sport.
To clap or hiss, all have an equal claim,
The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence; all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively wittling praises or derides.
And where's the mighty difference, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry-Andrew and a Player?

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To Madam Mayoreess, or his Worship's wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal consort heads the female band,
And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either side.
No choice musicians in this troop are found
To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to swell the monarch's train are shewn;
The monarch here must be a host *alone*.
No solemn pomp, no slow processions here;
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;

And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is shifted with his side.
Question and Answer he by turns must be,
Like that small wit * in Modern Tragedy;
Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purse,—
Still pilfers wretched plans and makes them worse;
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe;
The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
No high conceits their moderate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.
Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind Fortune, who we sometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-show,
In mood propitious should her fav'rite call
On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.
Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and
queens,

With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride to assume.
On this great stage the world, no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch play'r.
Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To see these Things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in Letters, and preside in Taste?
The Town's decisions they no more admit,
Themselves alone the arbiters of Wit;
And scorn the jurisdiction of that court,
To which they owe their being and support.
Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.

Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny *Green-room* Wits and Venal Bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a playhouse freedom lose their own;
In spite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born Muse with lib'ral spirit sings.
Bow down, ye slaves; before these idols fall;
Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all;
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To those who, slaves to All, are slaves to Me.

Actors, as actors, are a lawful game;
The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim?
And if, o'er-weening of their little skill,
When they have left the stage, they're actors still;
If to the subject world they still give laws,
With paper crowns and sceptres made of straws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, pursue her theme,
And 'wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state;
If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;

* Mr. Foote.

Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
 Though mimics bark, and Envy splits her cheek?
 No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
 No greatness can above her censure raise;
 Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
 She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.

Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
 To sense of honour as to virtue dead;
 Whom ties nor human, nor divine can bind;
 Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;
 Who spares no character; whose ev'ry word,
 Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
 Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour swell;
 Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of hell;
 If there be such a monster, the Reviews
 Shall find him holding forth against abuse.
 "Attack profession!"—'tis a deadly breach!—
 "The Christian laws another lesson teach:—
 "Unto the end shall charity endure,
 "And Candour hide those faults it cannot cure."
 Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's
 throat,

As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.

The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
 To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind;
 To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
 Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice;
 To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
 And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
 Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal flame,
 With strictest justice, brand the villain's name:
 Now in the milder garb of ridicule
 She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.
 Her shape is often varied; but her aim,
 To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same.
 In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl,
 When Vice and Folly for correction call,
 Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
 And is partaker of the crimes it spares.

But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
 With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth;
 If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
 And quits the Actor to expose the Man;
 Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
 And hates the line where Candour was forgot.

But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
 Tho' Judgment join to consecrate the strain,
 If curious numbers will not aid afford,
 Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word?
 Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
 From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear.
 Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
 Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas;
 Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
 A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
 Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
 Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage,
 Deaf, to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
 And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
 Henceforth farewell then ferv'ish thirst of fame;
 Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
 Perish my Muse;—a wish 'bove all severe
 To him who ever held the Muses dear—
 If e'er her labours weaken to refine
 The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line.

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
 Their Muse must walk in silts, and strut in stays:

The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
 Left poetry approach too near to prose.

See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim,
 And, like Procrustes, stretch or lop the limb.

Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
 Parent of harmony in English verse,
 Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
 In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

In polish'd numbers, and majestic sound,
 Where shall thy rival, Pope, be ever found?
 But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
 E'en excellence, unvaried tedious grows.

Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
 Borrows a blessing from Variety.

Music itself her needful aid requires
 To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
 Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
 Still in one key, not Brent would always please.

Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
 Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine.

What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
 And with his theme the poet seems to sleep,
 Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
 With equal strength the poet rises too.
 With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
 Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
 Numbers ennobling numbers in their course;
 In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
 The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
 And the whole art of Poetry is thine.

But what are numbers, what are bards to me,
 Forbid to tread the paths of poetry?

"A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;
 "Priests must not hear nor see like other men;
 "Far higher themes should her ambition claim;
 "Behold where Sternhold points the way to
 fame."

Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
 Let Reason for a moment take her turn.
 When coffee-fages hold discourse with kings,
 And blindly walk in paper-leading strings,
 What if a man delight to pass his time
 In spinning Reason into harmless rime;
 Or sometimes boldly venture to the play!
 Say, Where's the crime?—great Man of Prudence
 say?

No two on earth in all things can agree;
 All have some darling singularity;
 Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
 In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
 Your sceptres, and your crowns, and such like
 things,

Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
 In things indiff'rent Reason bids us chuse,
 Whether the whim's a Monkey, or a Muse.

What the grave triflers on this busy scene,
 When they make use of this word Reason, mean,
 I know not; but, according to my plan,
 'Tis Lord Chief-Justice in the Court of Man,
 Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
 The friend of Virtue, and the guide to Truth.
 To Her I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel;
 To Her decision make my last appeal;
 Condemn'd by Her, applauding worlds in vain
 Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
 By Her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue:
 If Reason's for me, God is for me too.

N I G H T.

AN EPISTLE TO

ROBERT LLOYD.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Off with thee, LLOYD, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care.

Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by gold,
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feather's opening to the day;
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not shew the head
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

The wretch bred up in Method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
Still travels on thro' life's insipid space;
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
Among God's creatures two such things as *we*:
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours—Fine words!—But was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatiates on *good hours*, their cause defends
With as much vigour as our prudent friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in different mouths mean different things.
Each takes the phrase in his own private view.
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.
Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing distinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law.
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her reverence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if *virtuously* enjoy'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *swig* declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.

For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
While soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date;
I'll make them live as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good-humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.

Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of physic hope to find
One medicine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head.
What reason this which *me* to bed must call,
Whose head (thank heaven) never aches at all?
In different courses different tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I sicken at the Sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed.
Purblind to poverty the wordling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose:
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a *stump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his Maker down;
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or stage;
If half-bred furgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray;
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,
Where Virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilst Vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And Conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns;
Impatient of restraint, the active Mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by Night what fools we are by Day.

Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where Ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.

But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like Heaven's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.
Through a false medium things are shewn by Day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment 'lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom Night disdains to number with the Great!
Must not we laugh to see yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilst, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,
Talking himself into a little God,
And ruling empires with a single nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had int'rest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! Beneath Night's honest shade,
When pomp is buried and false colours fade,
Plainly we see at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and him the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the seeming, or the real great.
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar.
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongu'd flattery, that curst *court-disease*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike fail,
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
To Nature dead, he must adopt vile Art,
And wear a smile with anguish in his heart.
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And Conscience ne'er would speak unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers;
When he at last expects, good easy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing Lacquey, or rapacious Whore,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some Catamite, or Pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some Minion's Minion claims the prize.

Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too resolute, from Natures active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lye,
Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state;
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice and strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
Unfit for Greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.

Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
For some vile spot where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds?—To us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A Nut, a World, a Squirrel, and a King.

Britons, like Roman spirits fann'd of old,
Are cast by nature in a Patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their soul's ingrosv'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dance,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts,
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wife heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
No more they pant for Public Rarce-shows,
Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man,
The darling theme CÆCILIA's self will chuse,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.
The CIRT, a Common-Council-Man by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state;
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, **WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.**
Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to such triflers; be our happier plan
To pass thro' life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a Puppet-show;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the Master-wire.
What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel,

His Grace who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *castles* in the air.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe *imperious* Spain;
Let ev'ry *venal* clan and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burthens rise:
Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress,
And, having little, are with little blest.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply,
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells th' approach of Day.

Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst Mirth with Decency his lovely bride,
And Wine's gay God, with Temp'rance by his side,
Their welcome visit pay; whilst Health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends,
Whilst frank Good-Humour consecrates the treat,
And Woman makes society complete,
Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
Those *hackney strumpets*, Prudence and the World.

Prudence, of old a sacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike Wisdom for her guide,
But now in general use is known to mean
The stalling-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
The sense perverted we retain the name,
Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.

A Tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely sly, with high preferment blest,
His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd:

Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd?
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
Let Prudence lead thee to a *possern* door;
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a faint.

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
Successfully pursu'd the plan, and *now*,
"Room for my Lord,—Virtue stand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldings art,
To mask, but not mend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanor grave
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
Shall wretches whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,

Whilst Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
Because, disdainful ill, she hates disguise;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myself;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be *that* Thing, *that* Prudent Man.

What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppose
Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?
Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off for shame this petulance of wit,
Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit:
Too hard the task 'against multitudes to fight,
You must be wrong, the World is in the right.

What is this World? A term which men have got
To signify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change Nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Tho' thousands rail at good and practice ill.
Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
Because vast nations on his passage?
Tho' to support the rebel Cæsar's cause
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,
Tho' Scandal would our *patriot's* name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with *PITT*?

Stedfast and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the World talk, my friend; that World we
know

Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Assert the rights, or quit the name of Man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.
In spite of dullness, and in spite of wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE,

A
SCOTS PASTORAL,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;

His heart like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and hills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and *etc* the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies,
Green moss her couch; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the *roguish* gale
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complement the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed;
Form'd after some *great man*, whose name breeds awe,
Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And Nature's banish'd by *mechanic* Art;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then Ostentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* Pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
Nonsense with *classic* ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of Taste.

Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;
Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home:
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in Greece and
Rome,

More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn;
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes unknown to *dowdy* Nature, rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain Common Sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of Folly's wing;
In Love's Pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gishal kindly rock them to repose;

My lord—to letters as to faith most true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me whom no Muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rime,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By prattling streams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For apt Alliteration's *artful* aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets *which mean no ill*;
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *padding* poesy, and *ambling* wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, Nature, art *my* goddesses—to thy law
Myself I dedicate.—Hence slavish awe
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which Virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for *taste*,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdu'd,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To northern climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the
year.

Where, undisturb'd by Art's rebellious plan,
She rules the loyal laird, and faithful clan.

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?

Nor less our debt in Science, tho' deny'd
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence, Home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no dull Dean was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That *old, new, epic pastoral*, Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of Church and State,
Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewarde which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,

In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.
Waft me some Muse to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep,
Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *English* pride;
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows
how;

From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to
rule,

In compliment to Folly, plays the fool;
From those gay scenes where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *friendship's* summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, *once seen before*, that ancient seat,
That ancient seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, *long before the world was made!*

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frowns of
kings.

Let *rude licentious* Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not
why;

Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee Good-Humour tempers lively Wit,
Enthron'd with Judgment, Candour loves to sit,
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.
Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, thro' fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When *Scribblers*, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Pigstah* when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *Holy Land*,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.

The *Scots* are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves deny'd.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own,

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If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,
And e'en the Muse for public safety arm;
But if they own ingenious Virtue's sway,
And follow where true Honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Justice can't condemn.
"Into our places, states, and beds they creep;"
They've sense to get, what we want sense to
keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men call'd Patriots laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd.
Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But shall I meanly Error's path pursue,
When heavenly Truth presents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in?
To make the oath was rash, to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and West)
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
To raise new trophies to the Scottish name,
To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
E'en Faction's sons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories stamp'd with honest rimes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

"Presumptuous wretch! and shall a *Muse* like
thine,

"An *English Muse*, the meanest of the nine,

"Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak
"strain

"Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?

"Should he from toils of government retire,

"And for a moment fan the poet's fire,

"Should he, of sciences the moral friend,

"Each curious, each important search suspend,

"Leave *unassisted* Hill of herbs to tell,

"And all the wonders of a cockle-shell,

"Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,

"Would not the Home step forth, and gain the
"prize?

"Or if this wreath of honour might adorn

"The humble brows of one in *England* born,

"Presumptuous still thy daring must appear;

"Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilst I am here."

Thus spake a *form*, by silken smile and tone

Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat known.

Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,

In ev'ry party found and yet of none.

This *airy substance*, this *substantial shade*,

Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd.

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,

Discretion beckons to an humbler scene.

The restless fever of ambition laid,

Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.

D

Now be the *Muse* disrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verse by *Truth* supplied,
And if plain Nature pours a simple strain,
Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,
Ossian, *sublimest, simplest* bard of all,
Whom *English infidels* Macpherson call,
Then round my head shall honour's ensigns wave,
And pensions mark me for a willing slave.

Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottish* lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard Nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrob'd in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no cloaths,
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
With mickle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his strains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland lass* forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she *scratch'd* her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, what'er its food, feasts there,
But the Camelion, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which on the 10th of June by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, Nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottish* pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
Their snares *without* entangling briers spread,
And thistles, arm'd against the invader's head.
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on Nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies;
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Stags, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;

The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapours hung;
And FAMINE, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.
Here, for the fallen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast,
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind the sheep
Of which those shepherds every day take keep,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On Nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid *among* yon thistles dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill advis'st thou, *I wot*,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces cloath these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *arreds*, must be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O she was *bonny*! All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young Laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead,
dead.

JOCKEY.

Pull forely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ah! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid,
Saw the Ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
None never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! curse'd those which still sur-
vive,
To mourn *Fifteen* renew'd in *Forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the Boys, when from her throne of
turf,

With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-funk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and cursing swallow'd nought but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.

Cease, cried the goddess, cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deigned to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly fought;
Whom still with unslack'd heat we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their King they sold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:

There, like the Sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat bees shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And *Scotsmen* reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost powers,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel thro' the deep;
The sail of Commerce for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall Science reach,
For us, their Statesmen plot, their Churchmen
preach;

Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And, when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear.
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my sons, that this so blest'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
E'en from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whose former deeds shall Time's last annals grace,
In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laugh's to scorn the blundering hero's heart.
Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood.
Gave an unbounded loofe to manly rage,
And scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age;
When, for our int'rest too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent,
Assisted those 'gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When restless Glory bad her sons advance,
And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France;

What if, disdain'd oaths, and empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels
home;

When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty and Sense,
When they against their lawful monarch rose,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppose,
What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
And strove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
And greatly dar'd, tho' erc'd by partial fate;
These facts, which might, where wisdom held the sway,
Awake the very stones to bar our way,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain.
Bless'd with that *faith*, which mountains can remove,
First they shall *dupes*, next *saints*, last *martyrs* prove.

Already is this game of fate begun
Under the sanction of my darling son:
That son of nature royal as his name,
Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame;
His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked
straight,

Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air,
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our Chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites are still the same,
To soothe our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their Saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdain'd, to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their love.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;

Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is Jealousy, a rival there.

Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's base,
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race;
Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide,
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift against Virtue pow'r's oppressive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head;
Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
And free from envy, safely sneak along.
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shewn
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.
But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
Should'st thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'st thou, by pale and sickly Study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy Guide, and Public Good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
Redoubled horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell shall maddening Envy start.
Then shalt thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how short is glory's date!
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes con-
spire

To give more proof than virtue would desire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
Whilst Satire thus disdain'd mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the best, when'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness blest'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.

Can'st thou, with more than usual warmth, she
cry'd,

Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'st thou, severe by Nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice fit for purposes of strife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?

Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger grinning stare thee in the face ;
Loud as the drum, which spreading terror round
From emptiness acquires the pow'r of sound ?
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear ?
Do'st thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor ?
Do'st thou on law and liberty depend ?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r ?
When Wilkes, *prejudg'd*, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r ?
Do'st thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name ?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which state-soundrels oft have safety found)
Do'st thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind ?

When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rime,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'st thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had int'rest, pliant int'rest, been thy guide,
And had not prudence been debauch'd by pride,
In flattery's stream thou would'st have dipp'd thy
pen,

Applied to great, and not to honest men,
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker tho' the better part.

What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flow'ry way ?
There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please ;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And ladies, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet ;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Might have forbid, pouring preferment down,
Such Wit, such Truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their offerings to success)
Had had'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In *law* hadst whisper'd to a sleeping croud,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

Peace, Candour !—Wisely had'st thou said, and
well,

Could int'rest in this breast one moment dwell,
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by such means to shine ;
I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.

But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in Heav'n, amongst us Prudence nam'd,
That *servile* Prudence which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.

Had I with cruel and oppressive rimes
Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes ;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe ;
Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek ;

Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise ;
Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade ;
Had I (which Satirists of mighty name,
Renown'd in time, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own ;
Had I spar'd those (so *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their King,
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they
sting.

Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those, who flatter least, but love him most ;
Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke ; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurs'd.

But shall my arm—forbid it manly pride,
Forbid it Reason, warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air,
Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown ?
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay
Because insipid Candour bars my way ?
When she, of all alike the pulsing friend,
Would disappoint my Satire's noblest end,
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live,
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign ;
She cannot be for honour's turn, nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't com-
mend,

Come Candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect,
We call that Virtue which we know Defect ;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan,
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court ;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise ;
Whilst nobles act without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name ;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worthipp'd by those, who justice never knew ;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep ;
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race ;
Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay ;
Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears ;
Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers ;

Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made ;
Whilst C——, false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
To shame his master, friend, and father gives ;
Whilst Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives ;
Can Satire want a subject, where Disdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain ;
Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour justify the rage of song ?

Such things ! such men before thee ! such an age !
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And sicken e'en to surfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Justice behold the ruin with a smile ;
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuse
To foil the credit of thy haug'ry Muse ?
With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain ?
When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the stage unfold ;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell,
And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell ;
When states and statesmen next became thy care,
And only kings were safe if thou wast there ;
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's scale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail,
Why dost thou now to falshood meanly fly ?
Not even Candour can forgive a lye.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic crimes
Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes ?
Crimes, which existing only in thy mind,
Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practise virtue, and improve in art ;
To thwart these ends, (which proud of honest fame,
A noble Muse would cherish and enslave)
Thy *drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sick lies our hopes with the pale hue of fear ;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain ;
That what we seek, we never can obtain ;
That dead to Virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
Envy possesses the whole race of man ;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise.

'Tis a rank falshood ; search the world around,
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt ; which you impute to all.
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause.
Her very foes bear witness to her state ;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herself, with spite pursue
Merit for merit's sake ! Might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain :
Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in justice crush us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,

Can be so lost ; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall ;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in hell must be a work of time.
Cease then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run,
Lift to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite Man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
One having err'd, persists in error still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by that rage, did'st thou believe
That we, too, coolly, would ourselves deceive ?
That we as sterling falshood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit ?
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie ;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,
Hast thou, or can'st thou, in Truth's sacred court,
To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which so great, so gross a charge to found !
Nay, do'st thou know one man (set that appear
From wilful falshood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge, thy rashness drew ?
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on All,
Reason determines, and it must be done ;
'Mongst men, or past, or present, name me One.

Hogarth—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard ;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name ;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
With that mean falshood which my soul disdains—
Hogarth stand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conscience must preside ;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand ;
Think before whom, on what account you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Can'st thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, *self* laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'st Genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due ?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed,
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed ?
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies.

See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst the weak artist to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave.
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays, thy jealousy could not endure ;
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend ;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame,
When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee, could such a rebel know ;
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
And suffer honour to abate their zeal ;
But the man truly and compleatly great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate ;
Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd ;
The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good, or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage :
'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made
In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here a grand improver shines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines ;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound ;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice ?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state ;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common
friend,
Arose, his king, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To foil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had blush'd to shew their face,
To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame ?
Did virtue move thee ? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst dy'd.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Prets on herself, and driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge.

When that great Charter, which our fathers
bought

With their best blood, was into question brought ;
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile slavery hung suspended by a thread ;

When Liberty, all trembling and agast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past ;
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till reason pointed out that Pratt was there ;
Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand.
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour ? Let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify without controul,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul.
Let Freedom perish, if, to Freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring
tongue,

The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk
Thy body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee
well,
Canst thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance
give,

And, dead to all things else, to malice live ?
Hence, dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in.
By deep repentance wash away thy sin,
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation ! Wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Controul the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That Envy which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who with giant stride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie ;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die ;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known thee Hogarth, weak and
vain,

Thyself the idol of thy aukward strain,
Thro' the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mentioned with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And black confusion seize thy mangled tale !

How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own !
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And Arts and Artists all became thy prey ;
Then did'st thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages
grac'd,

Which you had never seen, or could not taste.
" But would mankind have true perfection shewn,
" It must be found in labours of my own."
" I dare to challenge in one single piece,
" Th' united force of Italy and Greece."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boasted master-piece to view.
Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
The picture seen, why is the painter heard ?
Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks ;
Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.

Poor Sigismunda ; what a fate is thine !
Dryden, the great High-Priest of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live ;
Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move
And warm the coldest anchorite to love ;
Gave thee that virtue which could curb desire,
Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire ;
Gave thee those griefs which made the stoic feel,
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel ;
Gave thee that firmness which our sex may shame,
And make Man bow to Woman's juster claim,
So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike ! how fallen ! how chang'd !
How much from Nature and herself estrang'd !
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a Dauber's hand !

But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade,
In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* painting laid aside ?
Why is it not resum'd ? Thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support ;
Be grateful then for once, and thro' the field
Of politics, thy *Epic* pencil wield,
Maintain the cause, which they, good lack ! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Thro' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, How Pitt and Temple fell !
How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
Against our will, with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish fun !
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world ;
Thine, and thy country's honour to encrease,
Point out the honours of succeeding peace ;
Our *moderation*, christian-like, display,
Shew what we got, and what we gave away.
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State-chaos* thro' the whole prevail.

But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues ;
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall ;

Whilst a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my strong anger to the bitter'st end ;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd :
Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe.

O ! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of Envy, Pride, and Spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd works of Art,
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart,
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
And spreads with joy the blessing all around !
But Truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand : that praise which Genius
gives,

In which to latest time the *Artist* lives,
But not the *Man* ; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good ;
That praise be Hogarth's ; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile ;
In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd ; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole.
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun ?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools ?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well ?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the phrenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw ?
Blush, thou vain man, and if desire of fame,
Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake ;
Or should oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind ;
Of Arts *despis'd*, of Artists by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of rising worth kept down,
Of all thy meanness thro' this mortal race,
Can'st thou the living memory erase ?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave ?
With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much power to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below.
Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in scripture story we are told,

Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
Most rank Ill-nature must applaud thy art;
But even Candour must condemn thy heart.

For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands, will commend,
And, no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.

Thou *wretched Being*, whom, on Reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man,
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?

Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.

Why would thy grey, grey hairs resentment brave,
Thy to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe.

Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.

Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humble Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men, mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night?

Are men, indeed, such things, and are the best
More subject to this evil, than the rest,
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?

O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.

Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of Genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.

The greatest Genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE
G H O S T.
IN
FOUR BOOKS.
BOOK I.

WITH eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
VOL. VIII.

And from the planets, wand'ring spheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from woe,
Or rude misfortune shall deform
Our life, with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery;
Is a desire, which, more or less,
All men must feel, tho' few confess.
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its first rise, which all agree on,
This noble science was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountains head,
Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd their motions,
And suck'd in astrologic notions,
Which they so eagerly pursue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilst they're consulting things above;
And when they now so poor were grown,
That they'd no houses of their own,
They made bold with their friends the stars,
And prudently made use of theirs.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic Science soon struck root,
And flourish'd into high repute.
Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
Could circles make, and cast a spell;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of Divination.

Nobles themselves, for at that time
Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the priest,
And prophecy as much at least.
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friend's desires,
From Bampfild Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all;
Whom we, mistaking, Gypsies call.

The Grecian Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt, tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own,
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers:
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool.
A mystery, so made for gain,
E'en now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,

And that great faint we Whitfield call,
Keeps up the Humbug Spiritual.

Among the Romans, not a bird
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician magpie's tongue.
And ev'ry crow was to the state
A sure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a College,
(Time out of mind your feat of knowledge,
For Genius never fruit can bear
Unless it first is planted there,
And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of College walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep,
To eat or drink, to go or stay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When Emperors would live or die,
They in an *Aff's scull* could spy;
When gen'als would their station keep,
Or turn their backs, in *hearts of sheep*.
In matters, whether small or great,
In private families or state,
As amongst us, the holy Seer
Officially would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend skill
Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Just as it serv'd his private ends.
Whether in honest way of trade,
Traps for virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Designs were form'd against the State.
Regardless of the common weal,
By int'rest led, which they call zeal,
Into the scales was always thrown
The will of Heav'n to back *their own*.

England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow;
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size;
England a fortune-telling host,
As num'rous as the stars, could boast;
Matrons, who tofs the cup, and see
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea;
Who vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
Can a lost maidenhead restore,
Or, if their pupils rather chuse it,
Can shew the readiest way to lose it;
Gypsies, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor;
Who charms 'gainst Love and Agues sell,
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
To catch all feet except their own;
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As easily as pick a pocket;
Scotchmen who, in their country's right,
Possess the gift of *second-sight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lies prophetic heap up riches,
And boast the luxury of *brooches*.

Amongst the rest, in former years,
Campbell, illustrious name, appears
Great hero of futurity,

Who *blind* could every thing *foresee*,
Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *foretell*,
Who, Fate with equity to sell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven
According to what price was given.

Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,
Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
He hither came, by custom led,
To curse the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth, and want of sense
Amplly made up by impudence,
(A *succedaneum*, which we find
In common use with all mankind)
Careless'd and favour'd too by those,
Whose heart with patriot feelings glows;
Who foolishly, where'er dispers'd,
Still place their native country first;
(For Englishmen alone have sense,
To give a *stranger* preference,
Whilst modest merit of their own
Is left in poverty to groan)
Campbell foretold just what he wou'd,
And left the stars to make it good;
On whom he had impress'd such awe,
His dictates current pass'd for law;
Submissive all his empire own'd;
No star durst smile, when Campbell frown'd.

This Sage decays'd, for all must die,
And Campbell's no more safe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death shall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the spheres;
Another and *another* came,
Of equal skill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wise each frown;
In ev'ry thing so like, you'd swear,
Campbell himself was sitting there.
To all the happy Art was known,
To tell our fortunes, make *their own*.

Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the stars we go,
The greater we esteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.
The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,
And those who could not walk, were carried.

The Butler, hanging down his head,
By *chamber-maid* or *cook-maid* led,
Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.

The Court-bred Woman of Condition
(Who to approve her disposition
As much superior as her birth
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.

The Hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongst the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess
At his employment by his dress,

Put med'cines off from cart or stage,
 The grand Tofcano of the age,
 Or might about the countries go,
 High-Steward of a puppet-shew,
Steward and Stewardship most meet,
 For all know puppets never eat;
 Who would be thought, (tho', save the mark,
 That point is something in the dark)
The Man of Honour, one like those
 Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
 Better than victuals, and would fight,
 Merely for sport, from morn to night;
 Who treads like *Mavors* firm, whose tongue
 Is with the triple thunder hung;
 Who cries to Fear—Stand off—aloof—
 And talks as he were cannon-proof;
 Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
 With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
 Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
 At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
 But at the same time bears about,
 Within himself, some touch of doubt,
 Of prudent doubt, which hints—that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name;
 That life is rightly understood
 By all to be a real good;
 That, even in a *Hero's* heart,
Discretion is the better part;
 That this same Honour may be won,
 And yet no kind of danger run)
 Like *Druggier* comes, that magic pow'r
 May ascertain his lucky hours.
 For at some hours the fickle dame
 Whom Fortune properly we name,
 Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
 When wanted most plays least in fight,
 And, like a modern *Court-bred jilt*,
 Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
 Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into some other part,
 No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
 And fear usurps the vacant seat;
 Whence *planet-struck* we often find
 Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.

Father he'd know (and by his art
 A conjurer can that impart)
 Whether politer it is reckon'd
 To have or not to have a second,
 To drag the friends in, or alone
 To make the danger all their own;
 Whether repletion is not bad,
 And fighters with full stomachs mad;
 Whether before he seeks the plain,
 It were not well to breathe a vein;
 Whether a gentle salivation,
 Consistently with reputation,
 Might not of precious use be found,
 Not to prevent indeed a wound,
 But to prevent the consequence
 Which oftentimes arises thence,
 Those fevers, which the patient urge on
 To gates of death, by help of surgeon;
 Whether a wind at east or west
 Is for green wounds accounted best;
 Whether (was he to chuse) his mouth
 Should point towards the north or south;
 Whether more safely he might use,
 On these occasions, pumps or shoes;

Whether it better is to fight
 By *sun-shine*, or by *candle-light*;
 Or (lest a candle should appear
 Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
 For who would of a candle tell
 To light a hero into hell,
 And lest the *Sun* should partial rise
 To dazzle one or t' other's eyes.
 Or one or t' other's brains to scorch)
 Might not *Dame Luna* hold a torch?

These points with dignity discuss'd,
 And gravely fix'd, a talk which must
 Require no little time and pains,
 To make our hearts friends with our brains,
 The *Man of War* would next engage
 The kind assistance of the Sage,
 Some previous method to direct,
 Which should make these of none effect.

Could he not, from the mystic school
 Of Art, produce some sacred rule,
 By which a knowledge could be got,
 Whether men valiant, were, or not,
 So he that challenges might write
 Only to those who would not fight?

Or could he not some way dispense,
 By help of which (without offence
 To Honour, whose nice nature's such,
 She scarce endures the slightest touch)
 When he for want of t' other rule
 Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
 With some vain fighting blade gets in,
 He fairly may get out again?

Or, should some *Dæmon* lay a scheme
 To drive him to the last extreme,
 So that he must confess his fears.
 In mercy to his nose and ears,
 And like a prudent recreant knight,
 Rather do any thing than fight,
 Could he not some expedient buy
 To keep his shame from public eye?
 For well he held, and men review,
 Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
 That Honour's like a *maiden-head*,
 Which if in private brought to bed,
 Is none the worse, but walks the town,
 Ne'er lost, until the loss be known.

The Parson too (for now and then
 Parsons are just like other men,
 And here and there a *grave* Divine
 Has passion's such as your's or mine)
 Burning with *holy* lust to know
 When Fate preferment will bestow,
 'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
 With circumspection sneaking in
 To *Conj'r*, as he does to *Whore*,
 Thro' some bye-alley, or back-door,
 With the same caution *orthodox*
 Consults the *stars*, and gets a *pox*.

The Citizen, in fraud grown old,
 Who knows no Deity but Gold,
 Worn out, and gasping now for breath,
 A med'cine wants to keep off death;
 Would know, if That he cannot have,
 What coins are current in the grave;
 If, when the stocks (which by his pow'r,
 Would rise or fall in half an hour,
 For, though unthought of and unseen,
 He work'd the springs behind the screen)

By his directions came about,
And rose to *par*, he should sell out;
Whether he safely might, or no,
Replace it in the funds *below*.

By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Successive held the Magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
The love of novelty and fashion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Lust, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side,
But when the prudent laws thought fit
To curb this insolence of Wit;
When Senates wisely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade,
And stars no longer could dispense,
With *honour*, farther influence,
And Wizards (which must be confess'd
Was of more force than all the rest)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted Sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to steer some other course.
By various ways, these *Sons of Chance*
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves starve not in the *Land of Fools*.

Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wise men borrow when they please,
Without er trouble or expence,
Physicians instantly commence,
And proudly boast an equal skill
With those who claim the *right to kill*.

Others about the countries roam,
(For not one thought of going home)
With pistol and adopted leg
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some, the more subtle of their race,
(Who felt some touch of *coward* grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserting it)
Came to their brother Smollet's aid,
And carried on the Critic trade.

Attach'd to Letters and the Muse,
Some verses wrote, and some wrote news;
Those each revolving month are seen,
The heroes of a *Magazine*;
These, ev'ry morning, great appear
In Ledger, or in *Gazetteer*;
Spreading the falsehoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say;
Like *Swift*, their force is always laid
On that side where they best are paid.
Hence mighty prodigies arise,
And daily Monsters strike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More strange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from street to street,
And Fools believe, whilst Liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a superstitious age;
Now comets through the æther range,
In governments portending change;

Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick they leave their channels dry;
Now monstrous whales on Lambeth shore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more;
And ev'ry now and then appears
An Irish savage numb'ring years,
More than those happy sages could,
Who drew their breath before the Flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A church is left without a steeple;
A steeple now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the church,
Which borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on cattle to discharge,
Hail-stones as deadly fall, and large
As those which were on Egypt sent,
At once their crime and punishment;
Or those which, as the Prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, struck with wonder and amaze,
The Sun suspended, stay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In Ajalon his sister slept.

But if such things no more engage.
The taste of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another Tofts must rabbits breed.
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with spleen and fears,
Consults her faithful glass no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a doe.

Now to promote their private ends,
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan,
Observ'd e'er since the world began.
Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
By custom's servile maxims taught,
Needed a regular supply,
And without nourishment must die)
With craving appetites and sense
Of hunger easily dispense,
And, pliant to their wondrous skill,
Are taught, like *witches*, to stand still
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.

The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
Amplify supplies its author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six month's feast.

Whilst in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant Superstition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilst fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
To Reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly up on trust;
Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
No mercy shews to sex or age,
Must be indulg'd at the expence
Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Sense*;
Impostures cannot but prevail,
And when old miracles grow stale,
Jugglers will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with *new*.

For Them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad Spirits, summon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom,
In all the usual pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horse, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them shape
Tormented with despair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, how'er
The face of courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start.
The Priest, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wife,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his Clerk.

But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme :
For reputation of the *Art*,
Each Ghost must act a proper part,
Observe *Decorum's* needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation ;
What in the country might pass down,
Would be impertinent in town,
No spirit of *discretion* here
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the congregation laugh.
We want no ensigns of surprise,
Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes ;
Give us an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in such a form
As might an holy hermit warm,
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,
And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkest night.
Such is our *FANNY*, whose good-will,
Which cannot in the grave lie still,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock-Lane.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

A SACRED standard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's shrine,
And call on One, or All the Nine.
This custom thro' a *bigot* zeal,
Which Moderns of *fine taste* must feel
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more,

Tho' ev'ry cause which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost its force.

With *ancient* bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two to serve a turn.

They talk'd not of Castalian Springs,
By way of saying *pretty things*,
As *we* dress out our flimsy rimes ;
'Twas the Religion of the *times*,
And they believ'd that *holy stream*
With greater force made Fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true specific
To make the barren brain prolific :
Thus Romish Church (a scheme which bears
Not half so much excuse as theirs)
Since Faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.

The Pagan System, whether true
Or false, its strength, like *buildings*, drew
From many parts dispos'd to bear,
In one great Whole, their proper share.
Each God of *eminent* degree
To some vast *beam* compar'd might be ;
Each Godling was a *peg*, or rather
A *cramp*, to keep the *beams* together :
And man as safely might pretend,
From *Jove* the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aspire
To rob Apollo of his *lyre*.

But why should *We*, who cannot feel
These glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
That wild *enthusiastic* force,
By which, above her common course,
Nature in *extasy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with scorn ;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* religion than *our own*,
And feel not half so fierce a flame
At *Clio's* as at *Fisher's* name ;
Who know these boasted *sacred streams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That *Thames* has water clear as those
Which on the top of *Pindus* rose,
And that the *Fancy* to refine,
Water's not half so good as wine ;
Who know, if profit strikes our eye,
Should we drink *Helicon* quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So soon as one poor jug from *Tweed* ;
Who, if to raise poetic fire,
The pow'r of *beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the *Grecians* ever knew ;
If *Wit* into the scale is thrown,
Can boast a *Lennox* of our own ;
Why should *we* servile customs chase,
And court an *antiquated Muse* ?
No matter why—to ask a *reason*,
In *Pedant* *Bigotry* is treason.
In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyric* Ode,

No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without Apollo by his side,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unless his *Lady Muse* be there.
She, from some *Amaranthine* grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to my Lord must bear,
Or garlands make for *whores* to wear ;
She, with soft *elegiac* verse,
Must grace some *mighty villain's* hearse ;
Or for some *infant*, doom'd by Fate,
To wallow in a large estate,
With rimes the cradle must adorn,
To tell the world a *fool* is born.

Since then our Critic Lords expect
No hardy Poet should reject
Establish'd maxims, or presume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I submit,
And in the dearth of Sense and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little said*,
(By wild excursive Fancy led,
Into a Second Book thus far,
Like some unwary traveller,
Whom varied scenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn ;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry step leads more astray ;
Who gazing round can no where spy,
Or house, or friendly cottage nigh,
And resolution seems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke some Goddess to descend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conscious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a smile,
Before the glass her charms unfolds,
And in *herself* My *Muse* beholds.

Truth, Goddess of celestial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart,
Whose name, with hypocritic art,
An errant stalking-horse is made,
A snug pretence to drive a trade,
An instrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, Falshood's throne,
As rebels varnish o'er their cause
With specious colouring of laws,
And *pious* traitors draw the knife
In the King's name against his life ;
Whether (from cities far away,
Where *fraud* and *falsehood* scorn thy sway)
The faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride,
With Love and Virtue by thy side,
Your hours in harmless joys are spent
Amongst the children of Content ;
Or, fond of gaiety and sport,
You tread the round of England's Court ;
Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
And treat the *stranger* as a *foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome guest
In George's and in Charlotte's breast ;
If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My constant soul adher'd to Truth ;
If, from the time I first wrote Man,
I still pursu'd thy sacred plan,
Tempted by interest in vain
To wear mean Falshood's golden chain ;

If, for a season drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path astray,
All low disguise I scorn'd to try,
And dar'd to sin, but not to lye ;
Hither, O hither, condescend,
Eternal Truth, thy steps to bend,
And favour *him*, who ev'ry hour,
Confesses and obeys thy pow'r !

But come not with that easy mien,
By which you won the *lively* Dean,
Nor yet assume the strumpet air,
Which Rabelais taught thee first to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace,
But come in sacred vestiture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly sad !

Far from thy seemly matron train
Beideot Mirth, and Laughter vain !
For Wit and Humour which pretend
At once to please us and amend,
They are not for my present turn,
Let them remain in France with Sterne.

Of noblest *City* parents born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn.
Who still one constant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep,
With Thee, let formal Dullness come,
And deep Attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilst every circumstance she weighs,
Whose down-cast eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to some outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But stupid without vision stares ;
Thy steps let Gravity attend,
Wisdom's and *Truth's* unerring friend.
For one may see with half an eye,
That Gravity can never lye ;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes.
With solemn proof proclaims him *wise*.

Free from all waggeries and sports,
The produce of luxurious Courts,
Where sloth and lust enervate youth,
Come thou, a down-right *City* Truth ;
The City, which we ever find,
A sober pattern for mankind ;
Where man, in equilibrio hung,
Is seldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's slave ;
As dancers on the wire we spy,
Hanging between the earth and sky.

She comes—I see her from afar
Bending her course to *Temple-Bar* :
All sage and silent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may suit a *Parson's* wear,
And fit the head-piece of a *Mayor*.

By Truth inspir'd, our Bacon's force
Open'd the way to Learning's source ;
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran ;
And Newton, something more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our spirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.

By Truth inspir'd when *Lauder's* spight
O'er Milton cast the veil of night,
Douglas arose, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the subtle traitor lay,
And dragged him trembling to the day ;
Whilst He (O shame to nobler parts,
Dishonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in so vile a scheme !)
Whilst He, our letter'd Polyphems,
Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a base coward, skulk'd behind.
By Truth inspir'd, our *Critics* go
To track Fingal in *Highland* snow,
To form their own and others *creed*
From *Manuscripts* they cannot read.
By Truth inspir'd, we *numbers* see
Of each profession and degree,
Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit,
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To *FANNY's* *Ghostly Lectures* run.
By Truth and *FANNY* now inspir'd,
I feel my glowing bosom fir'd ;
Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
To sing the Spirit of Cock-Lane ;
To tell (just as the measure flows
In halting rime, half verse, half prose)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *she* united force withstood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *Wit* and *Dulness* in alliance.
This *APPARITION* (with relation
To ancient modes of *derivation*,
This we may properly so call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of *Imuendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly disdains that servile road,
Which coward ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thousand years,
And for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.
Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb ;
She dares the sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to *one or two* ;
She great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in town.
Our active enterprising Ghost
As large and splendid routs can boast
As those which, rais'd by *Pride's* command,
Block up the passage thro' the *Strand*.
Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serve their time on the *parade* ;
She-Saints who, true to pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man ;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghost,
And fools, who worship ev'ry post ;
Cowards whose lips with war are hung ;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue ;

Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the same cause cry ;
The canting *Tabernacle-Brother*,
(For one rogue still suspects another)
Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *husbands* lie ;
Lords, who as chaste pass their lives
With *other* women as their *wives* ;
Proud of their intellects and cloaths,
Physicians, Lawyers, Parsons, Beaux.
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,
To *FANNY* come, with the same view,
To find her false, or find her true.
Hark ! something creeps about the house !
Is it a *Spirit*, or a *Mouse* ?
Hark ! something scratches round the room !
A cat, a rat, a *stubb'd* birch-broom.
Hark ! on the wainscot now it *knocks* !
If thou'rt a *Ghost*, cried Orthodox,
With that affected *solemn* air
Which Hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those *forms of consequence*
Which fools adopt instead of *sense* ;
If thou'rt a *Ghost*, who from the tomb
Stalk'st sadly *silent* thro' this gloom,
In breach of Nature's *stated* laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for no cause,
Give *now* nine knocks : like Priests of old,
Nine *we* a *sacred number* hold.
'Piha, cries Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* arts,
Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
The force of numbers, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the Number, you are right,
As to the *form*, mistaken quite.
What's Nine ? Your Adepts all agree,
The virtue lies in *three times three*.
He said, no need to say it twice,
For Thrice *she* *knock'd*, and Thrice, and Thrice.
The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In silence at each other gaz'd,
From Celia's hand the snuff-box fell,
Tinsel, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane Pomposo was not heard
To import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear seizes Heross, Fools, and Wits,
And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break ;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was understood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noise of chatt'ring geese,
Slow falling on the Summer breeze ;
Such is the language Discord speaks
In *Welch-women* o'er beds of *leeks* ;
Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
Of *Irish* in potatoe-grounds.
But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and Confusion found retreat,
Reason and Order take their seat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the causes out.
For this a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,

Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.

Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant not one nor t' other,
Who to be silent, always loth,
Would speak on either side, or both,
Who, led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always said it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
For Orators *profess*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* sake, but their *own*;
Who always shew'd his talents best
When serious things were turn'd to jest,
And, under much impertinence,
Possess'd no common share of sense;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the same zeal as of a saint;
Could prove a *Sybil* brighter far
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilst something still so gay, so new,
The smile of approbation drew,
And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miss
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his usual plan,
Smil'd, *strook'd his chin*, and thus began.

With *sheers*, or *scissors*, *sword* or *knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the grave are sent,
No matter with what *instrument*)
The body in some lonely spot,
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
Or sleeps among more *holy* dead,
With pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The soul is sent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, or suffer pains.

The virtuous to those mansions go,
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow;
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
Vigour and Youth *dance* hand in hand,
Whilst Zephyr, with *harmonious* gales,
Pipes softest music thro' the vales,
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With *velvet carpets* spread the ground;
With *levelier blush* where roses bloom,
And ev'ry shrub *expires perfume*;
Where *crystal streams meand'ring glide*,
Where *warbling flows the amber tide*;
Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And Light thro' *purer ether* streams.

Far other seats, far diff'rent state
The sons of Wickedness await.
Justice (not that *old hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the Garden seen,
Who lets no spark of mercy rise
For crimes, *by which men lose their eyes*;
Nor Her who, with an equal hand,
Weights *tea* and *sugar* in the Strand;
Nor Her who, by the world deem'd *wife*,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,

Steel'd 'gainst the starving orphan's tears,
On *parous* her base *tribunal* rears;
But Her who after death presides,
Who sacred Truth unerring guides;
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor sinks nor raises *evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *bribe*, and keeps no *clerk*)
Justice with equal scale below
In due proportion weighs out woe,
And always with such lucky aim
Knows punishments so fit to frame,
That she augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reason to complain.

Old Maids and Rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and *prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *chum* with *Common-Sense*,
And *Lust* is yok'd to *Impotence*.
Professors (*Justice* so decreed)
Unpaid must constant *Lectures* read;
On earth it often doth befall,
They're *paid*, and *never* read at all.
Parsons must practise what they teach,
And *Bishops* are compell'd to preach.

She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whose tender nature could not bear
The rudeness of the churlish air,
Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And sells, whilst tears with liquor mix,
Burnt brandy on the shore of Styx.

Avaro, by long use grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And sell his God for half-a-crown;
Who, if some blockhead should be willing
To lend him on his soul a shilling,
A well-made bargain would esteem it,
And have more sense than to redeem it;
Justice shall in those shades confine,
To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
All the day long to toil and roar,
And cursing work the stubborn ore,
For coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a sixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of night,
Compell'd, the *tall, thin*, half-starv'd sprite
Shall earth re-visit, and survey
The place where once his treasure lay;
Shall view the *fall*, where *holy* Pride
With *letter'd* Ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Descended to another Lord.
Then shall he screaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and frown despair;
Then shall he ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, sink to hell for ease.

Those who on earth thro' life have pass'd
With equal pace, from first to last,
Nor vex'd with passions nor with spleen,
Inspid, easy, and serene;
Whose heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of business, or of care;
Who without *merit*, without *crime*,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild Justice with a smile permits

Still to pursue their darling plan,
And find amusement how they can.

The Beau, in gaudiest plumage dress'd
With lucky fancy, o'er the rest
Of *Air* a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother Beaux;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No sign of rain or tempest near,
Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
Like gilded butterflies at play,
So lively all, so gay, so brisk,
In air they flutter, float, and frisk.

The Belle (what mortal doth not know,
Belles after death admire a Beau?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilst they live,
A heart is *all* which Beaux can give.

In some still, solemn, sacred shade,
Behold a group of Authors laid,
News-paper Wits, and Sonneteers,
Gentlemen Bards, and *riming* Peers,
Biographers, whose wondrous worth
Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom Fielding's *humour* led astray,
And *plaintive* Fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All sit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and sing.

On his *own* works, with laurel crown'd,
Neatly and elegantly bound,
(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing* Lords and *laureat* Fools,
And which for ever must succeed
With *other* Lords who cannot read,
However destitute of wit,
To make their works for Book-case fit)
Acknowledg'd master of those seats,
Cibber his *Birth-day Odes* repeats.

With triumph *now* possels that seat,
With triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
Unrival'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, *illustrious* Bard, when *Fate*,
Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The *regal laurel* blasts which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Law must descend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the second name.

Here Trifle cough'd (for *coughing* still
Bears witness of the *speaker's* skill,
A necessary piece of art,
Of *Rhet'ric* an essential part,
And *adepts* in the Speaking trade
Keep a *cough* by them *ready made*,
Which they successfully dispense
When at a loss for *words or sense*)
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his *smile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of Folly,
Begot on *cloyster'd* Melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule,
And saw him, led by Whim away,
Still farther from the subject stray,
Just in the happy nick, aloud,
In shape of M—e, address'd the crowd.

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Were we with patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till Trifle his harangue should end,
A *Greenland* night we might attend,
Whilst He, with fluency of speech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,
(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But Nature unawares slept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)
And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error still and doubt,
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus *soldiers* (in whose exercise
Material use with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In found belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this Spirit* sends!
Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue.
Your *faith* was on your features hung,
Your *faith* I in your eyes could see,
When *all* were pale and star'd like *me*.
But scruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,
Pomposo, Plausible, and I,
With FANNY have agreed to try
A deep concerted scheme—This night
To fix or to destroy Her quite.
If it be *true*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the sun;
If it be *false*, admit no doubt,
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of death,
Where FANNY now, *depriv'd* of breath,
Lies *fest'ring*, whilst her troubled *sprite*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will *we* descend, and bring from thence
Proofs of such force to Common Sense,
Vain *Triflers* shall no more deceive,
And Atheists tremble and believe.

He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applause from every tongue.
The mingled sound (now let me see,
Something by way of *simile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian cranes*,
Or *winds*, low murmuring, when it rains,
Or *drowsy hum* of clust'ring bees,
Or the hoarse roar of *angry seas*?
Or still to heighten and explain,
For else our *simile* is vain)
Shall we declare it like *all four*,
A *scream*, a *murmur*, *hum* and *roar*?

Let Fancy now in awful state
Present this *great* Triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent,
All *fools* in town to represent.

The clock strikes twelve—M—e starts and swears,
In *oaths*, we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a *Church* brother
May use at will or one or t' other.
Plausible from his cassock drew
A holy manual, seeming new;
F

A book it was of *private pray'r*,
 But not a pin the worse for wear;
 For, as we by the buy may say,
 None but *small* saints in private pray.
 Religion, fairest maid on earth,
 As meek as good, who drew her birth
 From that blest union, when in heaven
 Pleasure was bride to virtue given;
 Religion, ever pleas'd to pray,
 Possess'd the precious gift one day;
 Hypocrisy, of Cunning born,
 Crept in and stole it ere the morn,
 Whence—d, that greatest of all saints,
 Who always prays and never faints,
 Whom She to her *own* brothers bore,
 Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore,
 Receiv'd it from the *quintessence* dame;
 From *him* to Plausible it came,
 Who, with unusual care oppress'd,
 Now trembling, pulled it from his breast.
 Doubts in his boding heart arise,
 And fancied spectres blast his eyes.
 Devotion springs from abject fear,
 And stamps his pray'rs for *once* sincere.

Pomposo (insolent and loud,
 Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
 Whose very name inspires an awe,
 Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,
 For what his greatness hath decreed,
 Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
 Sacred through all the realm of *Wit*,
 Must never of repeal admit;
 Who, cursing flattery, is the tool
 Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
 Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
 And sickens at another's praise;
 Who proudly seiz'd of *Learning's* throne,
 Now damns all learning but his own;
 Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reasoning, Convincing and Persuading,
 But makes each sentence current pass
 With *Puppy, Coxcomb, Scoundrel, Ass*;
 For 'tis with him a certain rule,
 The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
 Who, to increase his native strength,
 Draws words six syllables in length,
 With which, assisted with a frown
 By way of club, he knocks us down;
 Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
 And sense of *decency* defies;
 For this same *decency* is made
 Only for bunglers in the trade,
 And like the *cobweb* laws, is still
 Broke thro' by *great ones* when they will)—
 Pomposo, with *strong sense* supplied,
 Supported and confirm'd by *pride*,
 His comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile;
 Features so horrid, were it light,
 Would put the Devil himself to flight.

Such were the *three* in name and worth,
 Whom Zeal and Judgment singled forth
 To try the *sprite* on Reason's plan,
 Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.

Dark was the night, it was that hour
 When Terror reigns in fullest pow'r,
 When, as the Learn'd of old have said,
 The yawning grave gives up her dead.

When Murder, Rapine by her side,
 Stalks o'er the earth with *giant* stride;
 Our Quixotes (for that *knight* of old
 Was not in truth by half so bold,
 Tho' Reason at the same time cries,
 Our Quixotes are not half so wise,
 Since they, with other follies, boast
 An expedition 'gainst a *Ghost*.)
 Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom,
 In close array, tow'rd FANNY's tomb
 Adventur'd forth.—Caution before,
 With heedful step, the *lanthorn* bore,
 Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
 Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear.
 The church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
 As in an ague, shook around;
 While in some dreary vault confin'd,
 Or riding on the *hollow wind*,
 Horror, which turns the heart to stone,
 In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.
 All staring, wild, and out of breath,
 At length they reach the place of death.

A Vault it was, long time apply'd
 To hold the last remains of *pride*:
 No *beggar* there, of humble race,
 And humble fortunes, finds a place;
 To rest in *pomp* as well as *ease*,
 The only way's to pay the *fees*.
 Fools, Rogues, and Whores, if *rich* and *great*,
 Proud e'en in death, Here rot in *state*.
 No thieves disrobe the *well-drest* dead,
 No plumbers steal the *sacred* lead;
 Quiet and safe the bodies lie,
 No sextons *sell*, no *surgeons* buy.

Thrice each the ponderous key apply'd,
 And *thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
 Till taught by *prudence* to unite,
 And straining with collected might,
 The stubborn wards resist no more,
 But open flies the *growling* door.

Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
 Like *statues* stood, like *madmen* gaz'd;
 The frighted blood forsakes the face,
 And seeks the heart with quicker pace:
 The throbbing heart its fears declares,
 And upright stand the bristled hairs;
 The head in wild distraction swims;
 Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
 Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill,
 Suspends her pow'rs, and Life stands still.

Thus had they stood till *now*, but Shame
 (An useful, tho' neglected dame,
 By Heav'n design'd the friend of Man,
 Tho' we degrade her all we can,
 And strive, as our first proof of wit,
 Her name and nature to forget)
 Came to their aid in happy hour,
 And with a wand of mighty pow'r,
 Struck on their hearts; vain fears subside,
 And baffled, leave the field to Pride.

Shall They, (forbid it *Fame*) shall They
 The *distates* of vile fear obey?
 Shall They, the *idols* of the Town,
 To *bugbears* Fancy form'd bow down?
 Shall They, who greatest zeal express,
 And undertook for all the rest,
 Whose matchless courage all admire,
 Inglorious from the task retire?

How would the *wicked ones* rejoice,
And *Infidels* exalt their voice,
If *M—e* and *Plausible* were found,
By *shadows* aw'd to quit their ground?
How would *fools* laugh, should it appear
Pomposo was the slave of fear?
“Perish the thought! Tho' to our eyes
In all its terrors *hell* should rise,
“Tho' thousand *Ghosts*, in dread-array,
“With glaring eye-balls, cross our way,
“Tho' Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
“Still we will on, and dare the proof.”
They said, and without farther halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.

What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of Death,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense,
Unless they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker sense such fights to bear,
And gain permission from the *State*,
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *rime*,
But always, on such grand occasion,
Prepare a *solemn invocation*,
A *psalm* for grim *Pluto* weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
But why this caution? Why prepare
Rites, needless now? for *thrice* in air
The spirit of the Night hath *snear'd*,
And *thrice* hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.

Descend then, Truth, and guard thy side,
My *Muse*, my *Patroness*, and *Guide*!
Let others at invention aim,
And seek by falsities for fame;
Our story wants not at this time,
Flounces and *farbelows* in *rime*:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the Poets, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a *Parallel*:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

B O O K III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *huswife Morn*
With *pearl* and *linen* hangs each thorn,
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their *Muse* with country air and ale
Ramble afield, to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up *sentiments* and *flow'rs*;
When dogs and 'Squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty;
When my Lord rises to the chase,
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.
These images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the country now;

For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for Bards we know
At present, never more than glow)
Was in the town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

IT WAS THE HOUR—tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The man who deals in humble prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes?
But they who court the vig'rous *Muse*,
Their carriage have a right to chuse.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The Poet darts from place to place,
And instant bounds o'er time and space;
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
Inflame our passions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applause.

Should there be still some rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling passage thro' the air,
Free leave have such at home to sit,
And write a *regimen* for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themselves to fly.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when devotees
Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To sanctify a night of sin;
When rogues of modesty, who roam
Under the veil of night, sneak home,
That free from all restraint and awe,
Just to the windward of the law,
Lest modest rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.

But hold—whilst thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no consequence expressing,
Describing now, and now *digressing*,
To the discredit of our skill,
The main concern is standing still.

In *Plays* indeed, when storms of rage
Tempestuous in the soul engage,
Or when the spirits, weak and low,
Are funk in deep distress and woe,
With strict propriety we hear
Description stealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour,
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
But in these *serious* works, design'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgrac'd
With all the nicer sons of Taste,
If once, the shadow to pursue,
We let the substance out of view.
Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry passage aptly join
To bring about the *one* design.

Our friends themselves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digressive Wit,
No—not those very friends, who found
Their credit on the self-same ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the solemn, formal duncce,
This Coxcomb shall your fears beguile—
We will be dull, that you may smile.

Come Method, come in all thy pride,
Dullness and Whitehead by thy side,
Dullness and Method still are one,
And Whitehead is their darling son.
Not He * whose pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty soul,
Made Folly tremble thro' her state,
And villains blush at being great,
Whilst he himself with steady face,
Disdaining modesty and grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ev'ry mean and servile sin,
Yet swear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
But He, who in the Laureat Chair,
By Grace not Merit planted there,
In aukward pomp is seen to sit,
And by his *patent* proves his wit;
For favours of the Great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank bestow,
And they who without one pretension,
Can get for fools a place or pension,
Must able be suppos'd of course
(If reason is allow'd due force)
To give such qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.

But He—who measures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,
And is too frugal to dispense
At once both Poetry and Sense;
Who, from amidst his *slumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a Charge to *subject Bards*,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of sleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates pass for law
With Beaux who simmer all around,
And Belles, who die at ev'ry sound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men mostly judge from *situation*,
Nor in a thousand find we one
Who really weighs what's said or done.
They deal out censure, or give credit,
Merely from him who did or said it.

But He—who, *happily serene*,
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can dispense
With all that humble insolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modest men can reach;
Who adds to Sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out Morals with an air
A gentleman would blush to wear;
Who, on the *chastest, simplest* plan,
As *chaste*, as *simple* as the man,
Without or *character*, or *plot*,
Nature unknown, and Art forgot;

* Paul Whitehead.

Can, with much racking of the brains,
And years consum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, smirking, call the thing a Play;
Who champion sworn in Virtue's cause,
'Gainst Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *prudence* stranger,
First blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurses sage, as caution works,
When children first use knives and forks,
For fear of mischief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wisely chuse,
Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.

Thee, Whitehead, Thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to Satire's gen'rous stroke,
Which makes unwilling Conscience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
Good-natur'd, easy creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born child,
Thy *heart* would never once admit
E'en *wholesome* rigour to thy wit;
Thy *head*, if Conscience should comply,
Its kind assistance would deny,
And lend thee neither force, nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy sacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my soul,
Damp every spark of genuine fire,
And languors like thine own inspire;
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As *moral*, and as *dull* as Thine.

Pois'd in mid-air—it matters not
To ascertain the very spot,

Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *gravitation*—)
Hung a *Watch-Tower*—by Vulcan plann'd
With such rare skill, by Jove's command,
That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the still bosom of the air
Is borne, and heard distinctly there,
The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call Fame.

A *prattling gossip*, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own trumpet made of brass;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attack of sleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the farthest quarters brings;
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.

Not all the virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point the chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My soul possess'd, ere Arrow died;
Or such as, Envy must allow,
The world enjoys in H—— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues e'en like theirs will strike,
And make faults, in the way of trade,
When she can't find them ready made.

All things she takes in, small and great,
 Talks of a *toy-shop* and a *state*;
 Of *quits* and *fools*, of *saints* and *king*s,
 Of *garters*, *stars*, and *leading-strings*;
 Of old lords *fumbling* for a *clap*,
 And *young ones* full of *pray'r* and *pap*;
 Of *courts*, of *morals*, and *tye-wigs*,
 Of *bears* and *serjeants* dancing *jigs*;
 Of *grave professors* at the *bar*
 Learning to *thrum* on the *guitar*,
 Whilst *laws* are *slubber'd* o'er in *haste*,
 And *Judgment* sacrific'd to *Taste*;
 Of *whited sepulchres*, *lawn sleeves*,
 And *God's house* made a *den of thieves*;
 Of *fun'ral pomps*, where *clamours* hung,
 And fix'd *disgrace* on ev'ry *tongue*,
 Whilst *Sense* and *Order* blush'd to see
Nobles without *Humanity*;
 Of *coronations*, where each *heart*,
 With *honest raptures*, bore a *part*;
 Of *City feasts*, where *Elegance*
 Was proud her *colours* to *advance*,
 And *Gluttony*, uncommon *case*,
 Cou'd only get the *second place*;
 Of *new-rai'd* pillars in the *state*,
 Who must be good as being *great*;
 Of *shoulders*, on which *Honours* fit
 Almost as *clumsily* as *Wit*;
 Of *doughty-knights*, whom *titles* please,
 But not the *payment* of the *fees*;
 Of *lectures*, whither ev'ry *fool*
 In *second childhood* goes to *school*;
 Of *grey-beards* deaf to *Reason's* call,
 From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,
 Whom youthful *appetites* enslave,
 With one foot fairly in the *grave*,
 By help of *crutch* a *needful brother*,
 Learning of *Hart* to *dance* with t'other;
 Of *doctors* *regularly bred*
 To fill the *mansions* of the *dead*;
 Of *quacks* (for *quacks* they must be still
 Who save when *forms* require to *kill*)
 Who *life*, and *health*, and *vigour* give
 To *Him*, not one would wish to *live*;
 Of *artists* who, with *noblest* view
 Disinterested *plans* pursue,
 For *trembling* worth the *ladder* raise,
 And mark out the *ascent* to *praise*;
 Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *profound*, and *all compleat*,
 A *Set* (whom at some *fitter time*
 The *Muse* shall *consecrate* in *rime*)
 Who *humble Artists* to *out-do*
 A far more *lib'ral* plan pursue,
 And let their *well-judg'd* *Premiums* fall
 On those who have no *worth* at all;
 Of *sign-post Exhibitions*, rais'd
 For *laughter* more than to be *prais'd*
 (Tho' by the way we cannot see
 Why *praise* and *laughter* may 'nt agree)
 Where *genuine Humours* runs to *waste*,
 And justly chides our want of *taste*,
 Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,
 Because they are not understood.
 To higher subjects now She soars,
 And talks of *politics* and *whores*
 (If to your nice and chaster ears
 That term *indelicate* appears,

Scripture politely shall *refine*,
 And melt it into *concubine*);
 In the same *breath* spreads *Bourbon's league*,
 And publishes the *grand intrigue*;
 In *Brussels* or our *own Gazette*
 Makes *armies* fight which never met,
 And circulates the *pox* or *plague*
 To *London*, by the way of *Hague*;
 For all the *lies* which there appear
 Stamp'd with *authority* come here;
 Borrows as freely from the *gabble*
 Of some *rude leader* of a *rabble*,
 Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
 Who lead a *nation* by the *nose*,
 As from those *storms* which, void of *art*,
 Burst from our *honest Patriot's* heart,
 When *Eloquence* and *Virtue* (late
 Remark'd to live in *mutual hate*)
 Fond of each other's *friendship* grown,
 Claim ev'ry *sentence* for their *own*;
 And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours, and *half-pay fights*,
 Perform'd by *heroes* of *fair weather*,
 Merely by dint of *lace* and *feather*,
 As those rare acts which *Honour* taught
 Our *daring sons* where *Granby* fought,
 Or those which, with *superior skill*,
Sackville achiev'd by *standing still*.

This Hag (the curious if they please
 May search from earliest times to these.

And Poets they will always see,
 With *gods* and *goddesses* make free,
 Treating them all, except the *Muse*,
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
 Who had beheld, from first to last,
 How our *Triumvirate* had pass'd
 Night's dreadful interval, and heard
 With strict attention every word,
 Soon as the *slow return* of *light*,
 On sounding pinions took her flight.

Swift thro' the regions of the sky,
 Above the reach of *human eye*,
 Onward she drove the *furious blast*,
 And rapid as a *whirlwind* past
 O'er *countries*, once the seats of *Taste*,
 By *Time* and *Ignorance* laid waste;
 O'er *lands*, where former ages saw
Reason and *Truth* the only law;
 Where *Arts* and *Arms*, and *Public Love*
 In gen'rous emulation strove;
 Where *kings* were proud of *legal* sway,
 And subjects *happy* to obey,
 Tho' now in *slav'ry* sunk, and broke
 To *superstition's* galling yoke;
 Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
 Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
 By tyrants aw'd, who never find
 The passage to their people's mind,
 To whom the joy was never known
 Of planting in their heart the throne,
 Far from all prospect of relief,
 Their hours in fruitless *pray'rs* and grief,
 For loss of blessings they employ,
 Which We *unthankfully* enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
 To amaze the reader with our skill,
 To pour out such a flood of knowledge,
 As might suffice for a whole College,

Whilst with a true poetic force
We trac'd the Goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing, in our flight,
Each common and uncommon fight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant,
With things long past, and things now present.

Rivers—once Nymphs—(a transformation
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From great authorities we know,
Will matter for a tale bestow.
To make the observation clear,
We give our friends an instance here.

The Day (that never is forgot)
Was very fine, but very hot;
The Nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her hair (we no exceptions find
Wav'd careless floating in the wind;
Her heaving breasts, like summer seas,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
Should fond Description tune our lays
In choicest accents to her praise,
Description we at last should find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inspire
In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Would to inflict she would not heal.
A God (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
Raging with lust, a godlike flame,
By chance, as usual, thither came;
With gloting eyes the fair-one view'd,
Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd.
She (for what other can she do?)
Must fly—or how can He pursue?
The Muse (so custom hath decreed)
Now proves her spirit by her speed,
Nor must one limping line disgrace
The life and vigour of the race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
Quite destitute of breath and strength,
To Heav'n (for there we all apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her virgin pray'r,
(Can virgins pray unpitied there?)
And when the God thinks he has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a stream, in which the Poet,
If he has any wit, may shew it.

A city once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce some fine reflection.

Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t'other moment's end?
Honour, Wit, Genius, Wealth and Glory,
Good luck! good luck! are transitory;
Nothing is sure and stable found,
The very earth itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay Ministers must die,
Must rot, must sink—*Ah me! ah why!*
Cities themselves in time decay,
If cities thus—*Ah, well-a-day!*
If brick and mortar have an end,
On what can flesh and blood depend!

Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!

England (for that's at last the scene,
Tho' worlds on worlds should rise between,
Whither we must our course pursue)
England should call into review
Times long since past indeed, but not
By Englishmen to be forgot,
Tho' England, once so dear to Fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name.
Here could we mention chiefs of old,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To Virtue kind, to Vice severe,
Strangers to bribery and fear,
Who kept no wretched clans in awe,
Who never broke or warp'd the law;
Patriots, whom, in her better days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raise;
Who, steady to their Country's claim,
Boldly stood up in Freedom's name,
E'en to the teeth of Tyrant Pride,
And when they could no more, THEY DIED.

There (striking contrast!) might we place
A servile, mean, degenerate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the best bidder bought and sold;
Truants from Honour's sacred laws,
Betrayers of their Country's cause;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the minion of an hour;
Lacques, who watch'd a favourite's nod,
And took a puppet for their God.

Sincere and honest in our rimes,
How might we praise these happier times!
How might the Muse exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praise!
Tell of a Prince in England born,
Whose virtue's England's crown adorn;
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaste, so pious, and so sage;
Who true to all those sacred bands
Which private happiness demands,
Yet never lets them rise above
The stronger ties of public love.

With conscious pride see England stand,
Our holy Charter in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the isle
See Liberty and Courage smile.
No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd
In subsidies to all the world;
No more by foreign threats dismay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out sums to petty States,
Whom Honour scorns, and Reason hates;
But, wiser by experience grown,
Finds safety in herself alone.

Whilst thus, she cries, my children stand,
An honest, valiant, native band,
A train'd Militia, brave and free,
True to their King, and true to Me,
No foreign hirelings shall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of our own.
Under a just and pious reign
The Statesman's sophistry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
These are my natural defence;
Their Faith I know, and they shall prove
The bulwark of the King they love.

These, and a thousand things beside,
 Did we consult a Poet's pride,
 Some gay, some serious, might be said,
 But ten to one they'd not be read;
 Or were they by some curious few,
 Not even those would think them true.
 For, from the time that Jubal first
 Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
 Poets have always been suspected
 Of having truth in rime neglected,
 That Bard except, who from his youth
 Equally fam'd for faith and truth,
 By prudence taught, in courtly chime
 To courtly ears brought Truth in Rime.

But tho' to Poets we allow,
 No matter when acquir'd or how,
 From Truth unbounded deviation,
 Which custom calls *Imagination*,
 Yet can't they be suppos'd to lye
 One half so fast as Fame can fly.
 Therefore (to solve the Gordian knot,
 A point we had almost forgot)
 To courteous readers be it known,
 That fond of verse and falsehood grown,
 Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
 Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
 And now pursues with double force
 And double speed her destin'd course;
 Nor stops, till she the place arrives
 Where Genius starves, and Dullness thrives;
 Where riches virtue are esteem'd,
 And craft is truest wisdom deem'd;
 Where Commerce proudly rears her throne
 In state to other lands unknown;
 Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
 Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
 Where Christians, Jews, and Turks shake hands,
 United in commercial bands,
 All of one faith, and that, to own
 No God but Interest alone.

When gods and goddesses come down
 To look about them here in town,
 (For change of air is understood
 By sons of Phyc to be good,
 In due proportion now and then
 For these same gods as well as men)
 By custom rul'd, and not a Poet
 So very dull, but he must know it,
 In order to remain *in cog*:
 They always travel in a fog.

For if we Majesty expose
 To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
 The force is lost, and free from awe,
 We spy and censure ev'ry flaw.
 But well preserv'd from public view,
 It always breaks forth fresh and new;
 Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
 It shines, and not a spot's descried.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
 And with his brethren of the sky
 Descend to earth, and frisk about,
 Like chattering N***, from rout to rout,
 He would be found, with all his host,
 A nine days wonder at the most.
 Would we in trim our honours wear,
 We must preserve them from the air;
 What is familiar, men neglect,
 However worthy of respect.

Did they not find a certain friend
 In novelty to recommend,
 (Such we by sad experience find
 The wretched folly of mankind)
 Venus might unattractive shine,
 And H*** fix no eyes but mine.

But Fame, who never car'd a jot
 Whether she was admir'd or not,
 And never blush'd to shew her face
 At any time in any place,
 In her own shape, without disguise,
 And visible to mortal eyes,
 On 'Change, exact at seven o'clock,
 Alighted on the weather-cock,
 Which, planted there time out of mind,
 To note the changes of the wind,
 Might no improper emblem be
 Of her own mutability.

Thrice did she sound her Trump (the same
 Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
 An old ill-favour'd instrument
 With which the goddess was content,
 Tho' under a politer race,
 Bag-pipes might well supply its place)
 And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
 A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
 Confusion thro' the City pass,
 And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.

Those fragrant currents, which we meet
 Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
 Affrighted from the usual course,
 Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their source;
 Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
 As when a Cesar breath'd his last;
 Horses, which always us'd to go
 A foot-pace in my Lord Mayor's Show,
 Impetuous from their stable broke,
 And Aldermen and Oxen spoke.
 Halls felt the force, towers shook around,
 And steeples nodded to the ground,
 St. Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
 To bow as humbly as the Dean.

The Mansion-House, for ever plac'd
 A monument of City Taste,
 Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
 Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,
 Remove the cause or sense of fears,
 Phyc, in college seated high,
 Would any thing but *med'cine* try.
 No more in Pewterers-Hall * was heard
 The proper force of ev'ry word;
 Those seats were desolate become,
 A hapless Elocution dumb.
 Form, City-born, and City-bred,
 By strict decorum ever led,
 Who threescore years had known the grace
 Of one, dull, stiff, unvaried pace,
 Terror prevailing over Pride,
 Was seen to take a larger stride;
 Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
 See Av'rice closer hug his bags;
 With her own weight unwieldy grown,
 See Credit totter on her throne;

* Where Mr. Sheridan, at this period, read Lectures on Elocution.

Virtue alone, had she been there,
The mighty sound, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual fools to sleep in state,
To sleep so sound that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dullman started at the sound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and star'd around.
Much did he wish to know, much fear
Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,
So much unlike those peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feast or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this same trumpet might portend.

Could the French—no—that could not be
Under Bute's *active* ministry,
Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
Have stolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland, indeed, we know,
Fleets of war unobserv'd may go;
Or, if observ'd, may be suppos'd,
At intervals when Reason doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleasure, health, and change of air.
But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound
To let an enemy be found
In our Land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.

Or could his *successor* (ambition
Is ever haunted with suspicion)
His daring *successor* elect,
All customs, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardless of the crime,
To seize the chair before his time?

Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his countrymen in pow'r,
Those countrymen, who, from the first,
In tumults and rebellion nurs'd,
How'er they wear the mask of art,
Still love a Stuart in their heart)
Could Scottish Charles——

Conjecture thus,

That mental Ignis Fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
'Till Information (in the shape
Of Chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd priest,
Well known at ev'ry City feast,
For he was seen much oft'ner there
Than in the House of God at Pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Tho', as the best historians write,
Less fam'd for Faith than Appetite,
His disposition to reveal,
The grace was short, and long the meal;
Who always would excess admit,
If Haunch or Turtle came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of self-denying abstinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;

Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to cheer the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That cheerfulness was kill'd by thought;
And from those premises collected,
(Which few perhaps would have suspected)
That none, who with due share of sense
Observ'd the ways of Providence,
Could with safe conscience leave off drinking,
'Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half-clos'd came waddling in,
And, having strok'd his double chin,
(That chin, whose credit to maintain
Against the scoffs of the profane,
Had cost him more than ever State
Paid for a poor *Electorate*,
Which after all the cost and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly, (for breakfast, you must know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cause of that uncommon sound;
Related too, that at the door,
Pompous, Plausible, and Moore*,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
Their shame to publish to the crowd;
That some new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be misapplied,
With as much ease and safety there,
As they are misapplied *elsewhere*)
By which it might be construed treason
In Man to exercise his reason;
Which might ingeniously devise
One punishment for truth and lies;
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That Truth and Falshood were but one;
Which Juries must indeed retain,
But their effect should render vain,
Making all real pow'r to rest
In one corrupted rotten breast,
By whose false gloss the very Bible
Might be interpreted a libel.

Moore, (who, his reverence to save,
Pleaded the Fool to screen the Knave,
Tho' all, who witness'd on his part,
Swore for his head against his heart)
Had taken down, from first to last,
A just account of all that past;
But, since the gracious will of Fate,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and state
E'en in the cradle, had decreed
The mighty Dullman ne'er should read,
That office of disgrace to bear
The smooth-lipp'd Plausible was there.
From H***** e'en to Clerkenwell
Who knows not smooth-lipp'd Plausible?
A preacher deem'd of greatest note,
For preaching that which others wrote.

Had Dullman now (and fools we see
Seldom want curiosity)
Consented (but the mourning shade
Of Gascoyne † hasten'd to his aid,
And in his hand, what could he more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)

* Clergyman, who unluckily involved himself in
the Cock-Lane Ghost imposition.

† Sir Crisp Gascoyne.

That our three heroes should advance,
And read their comical romance,
How rich a feast, what royal fare
We for our readers might prepare !
So rich, and yet so safe a feast,
That no one foreign blatant beast,
Within the purlieus of the law
Shou'd dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, growling, cry, with surly tone,
Keep off—this feast is all my own.

Bending to earth the downcast eye
Or planting it against the sky,
As one immers'd in deepest thought,
Or with some holy vision caught,
His hands to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,
Here Moore, in fraud well skill'd, should go,
All Saint, with solemn step and slow.
O that Religion's sacred name,
Meant to inspire the purest flame,
A prostitute should ever be
To that arch fiend Hypocrisy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with damn'd sneaking cowardice !
Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen ;
Past hope that man, who dares be mean.

There full of flesh, and full of grace,
With that fine round unmeaning face
Which Nature gives to sons of earth
Whom she designs for ease and mirth,
Should the *prim* Plausible be seen,
Observe his stiff affected mien ;
'Gainst Nature, arm'd by Gravity,
His features too in buckle see ;
See with what sanctity he reads,
With what Devotion tells his beads !
Now Prophet, shew me, by thine art,
What's the Religion of his heart ;
Shew there, if truth thou can'st unfold,
Religion center'd all in gold :
Shew him, nor fear correction's rod,
As false to friendship, as to God.

Horrid, unwieldy, without form,
Savage, as ocean in a storm,
Of *fine* prodigious, in the rear,
That *post* of honour, should appear
Pompous ; Fame around should tell
How he a slave to int'rest fell ;
How, for integrity renown'd,
Which booksellers have often found,
He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the book ?
No matter where—*Wise* fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe ;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends ?
No man alive, who would not swear
All's *safe*, and therefore *honest* there.
For spite of all the learned say,
If we to truth attention pay,
'The word *Dishonesty* is meant
For nothing else but punishment.
Fame too should tell, nor heed the threat
Of rogues, who brother rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft, to make her hold her tongue,
How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to old friends, nor to new,
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He damns the *penion* which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forsakes.
Nature (who justly regular
Is very seldom known to err,
But now and then in *sportive* mood,
As some rude wits have understood,
Or through much *work* required in *haste*,
Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
Pompous, form'd on doubtful plan,
Not quite a *beast*, nor quite a *man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the most subtle human wit
Find out a monster, which might be
The shadow of a *smile*.

THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE
Nor can the *Poet's* truth agree, [MIGHTY THREE,
Howe'er report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpose of his song,
Amongst the refuse of their race,
The sons of infamy, to place
That open, gen'rous, manly mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find.
These Three, who now are faintly shewn,
Just stretch'd, and scarcely to be known,
If Dullman their request had heard,
In stronger colours had appear'd ;
And friends, tho' partial at first view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their journal been display'd,
And the whole process open laid,
What a vast unexhausted field
For mirth must such a Journal yield !
In her own anger strongly charm'd,
'Gainst hope, 'gainst fear, by conscience arm'd,
Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, Lords, and Dukes, her destin'd prey.

But Prudence, ever sacred name
To those who feel not Virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the best
As the dull dupe of interest,
Whisper'd aloud (for this we find
A custom current with mankind,
So loud to whisper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence sure would never miss
A custom so contriv'd as this
Her candour to secure, yet aim
Sure death against another's fame)
Knights, Lords, and Dukes—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambush there ;
Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
Laugh at small fools, and lash small knaves,
But never, helpless, mean, and poor,
Rush on, where laws cannot secure ;
Nor think thyself, mistaken youth,
Secure in principles of truth.
Truth ! Why, shall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters !
Let ragged Virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof ;
Let ragged Wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call ?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by situation ;

The rich and great are understood
To be of course both wise and good.
Consult then int'rest more than pride,
Discreetly take the stronger side ;
Desert in time the simple few,
Who *Virtue's* barren path pursue ;
Adopt my maxims—follow me—
To Baal bow the prudent knee ;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend ;
So shalt thou rich and great be seen ;
To be great *now*, you must be mean.

Hence, *Tempter*, to some weaker soul,
Which fear and interest controul ;
Vainly thy precepts are address'd,
Where *Virtue* steels the steady breast.
Thro' meanness wade to boasted pow'r,
Thro' guilt repeated ev'ry hour ;
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels hast thou won ?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praise thee for virtues not thy own ;
But will, at once man's scourge and friend,
Impartial Conscience too commend ?
From her reproaches can'st thou fly ?
Can'st thou with worlds her silence buy !
Believe it not—her stings shall find
A passage to thy coward mind.
There shall she fix her sharpest dart,
There shew thee truly, as thou art,
Unknown to those by whom thou'rt priz'd ;
Known to thyself to be despis'd.

The man who weds the sacred Muse,
Disdains all mercenary views,
And he who *Virtue's* throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Tho' *Folly*, rob'd in purple, shines,
Tho' *Vice* exhausts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,
When *Satire* wields her mighty flail ;
Or should they, of rebuke afraid,
With *Melcombe* seek hell's deepest shade,
Satire, still mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to shame.

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honest, tho' poor, (and who shall dare
To disappoint my boasting there ?)
Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to speak,
Willing I bend at *Satire's* throne ;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.
Nor shall yon' *lawyer's* specious art,
Conscious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear,
To damp us in our bold career.
Why should we fear ? and what ? The laws ?
They all are arm'd in *Virtue's* cause ;
And aiming at the self-same end,
Satire is always *Virtue's* friend :
Nor shall that Muse, whose honest rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
Deep sunk in vice and indolence,
The spirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the *tyrant fiddler's* yoke)
Banish'd the rose from *Nero's* cheek,
Under a *Brunswick* fear to speak.

Drawn by *Conceit* from Reason's plan,
How vain is that *poor creature*, Man !
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himself !
After my promise made in time,
And meant in earnest at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curse of heart and head
To this *digression* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't stay in, nor well get out.

Could I, whilst *Humour* held the quill !
Could I *digress* with half that skill,
Could I with half that skill return,
Which we so much admire in *Sterne* ;
Where each *digression* seeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found on better recollection,
To have a just and nice connection,
To help the whole with wond'rous art
Whence it seems idly to depart ;
Then should our readers ne'er accuse
These wild excursions of the Muse,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before ;
Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
Each image past should start to view,
And we to Dullman now come in,
As if we ne'er had absent been.

Have you not seen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear ?
Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
The self-same cheek with joy turn *red* ?
These are *low* symptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honest features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart :
Our Dullman with a face was blest'd
Where no one passion was express'd ;
His eye, in a *fine* *stupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought ;
Nor was one line that whole face seen in,
Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To Avarice by *birth* ally'd,
Debauch'd by *marriage* into *pride*,
In age grown fond of youthful sports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,
And by success too mighty made
To love his country as his trade,
Stiff in opinion (no rare case
With blockheads in or out of place)
Too weak, and insolent of soul,
To suffer Reason's just controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim transient* toy, My Lord ;
The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in *war* contriv'd to place,
To scourge our crimes, and gall our pride)
A constant thorn in England's side ;
Whom first, our greatness to oppose,
He in his vengeance mark'd for foes ;
Then, more to serve his wrathful ends,
And more to curse us, mark'd for friends)
Deep in the State, if we give credit
To him, for no one else e'er said it ;
Sworn friends of great ones not a few,
Tho' he their titles only knew,

And those (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
 Merely to shew himself polite,
 He never would pronounce aright;
 An *Orator* with whom a host
 Of those which Rome and Athens boast,
 In all their pride might not contend;
 Who, with no pow'rs to recommend,
 Whilst *Jackey Hume*, and *Billy Whitehead*,
 And *Dickey Glover* sat delighted,
 Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,
 Just as those *able Verse-men* write,
 Great *Dullman* from his bed arose—
 Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
 Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
 And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
 Then silence broke—Crape, who am I?
 Crape bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply.
 Am I not, Crape—I am, you know,
 Above all those who are below.
 Have I not knowledge? and for *wit*,
 Money will always purchase it;
 Nor, if it needful should be found,
 Will I grudge ten, or twenty pound,
 For which the whole stock may be bought
 Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a groat.
 But lest I should proceed too far,
 I'll feel my friend the *Minister*,
 (Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
 How he in this point is affected;
 For, as I stand a magistrate,
 To serve him first, and next the State.
 Perhaps he may not think it fit
 To let his magistrates have wit.

Boast I not, at this very hour,
 Those large effects which troop with pow'r?
 Am I not mighty in the land?
 Do not I sit, whilst others stand?
 Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
 In seat of honour always plac'd?
 And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
 Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a Justice ought,
 The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
 That *Fornication*, in disgrace,
 Is now afraid to shew her face,
 And not one whore these walls approaches,
 Unless they ride in our own coaches?
 And shall this *Fame*, an old poor strumpet,
 Without our licence sound her trumpet,
 And, envious of our City's quiet,
 In broad day-light blow up a riot?
 If insolence like this we bear,
 Where is our state? our office where?
 Farewell all honours of our reign,
 Farewell the neck-embelling Chain,
 Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe,
 Farewell the solemn-spreading Robe,
 Farewell the Sword—farewell the Mace,
 Farewell all Title, Pomp, and Place.
 Remov'd from men of high degree,
 (A loss to them, Crape, not to me)
 Banish'd to *Chippenham*, or to *Frame*,
Dullman once more shall ply the Loom.

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Dullman—the *Loom*—at *Chippenham*—cries,
 If there be Pow'rs which greatness love,
 Which rule below, but dwell above,

Those Pow'rs united all shall join
 To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn *Will* lay down
 His opposition with his gown,
 Sooner shall *Temple* leave the road
 Which leads to *Virtue's mean* abode,
 Sooner shall *Scots* this country quit,
 And *England's* foes be friends to *Pitt*,
 Than *Dullman* from his grandeur thrown,
 Shall wander out-cast, and unknown,
 Sure as that *cane* (a *cane* there stood
 Near to a *table*, made of *wood*,
 Of *dry fine wood* a *table* made,
 By some rare artist in the trade,
 Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
 If he had liv'd in *Homer's* days)
 Sure as that *cane*, which once was seen,
 In pride of life all fresh and green,
 The banks of *Indus* to adorn;
 Then, of its leafy honours shorn,
 According to exactest rule,
 Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,
 And which at present we behold
 Curiously polish'd, crown'd with gold,
 With gold well-wrought; sure as that *cane*
 Shall never on its native plain
 Strike root afresh, shall never more
 Flourish in tawny *India's* shore,
 So sure shall *Dullman* and his race
 To latest times this station grace.

Dullman, who all this while had kept
 His eye-lids clos'd as if he slept,
 Now looking stedfastly on Crape,
 As at some God in human shape—
 Crape, I protest, you seem to me
 To have discharged a prophecy;
 Yes—from the first it doth appear,
 Planted by Fate, the *Dullmans* here
 Have always held a quiet reign,
 And here shall to the last remain.

Crape, they're all wrong about this *Ghost*—
 Quite on the wrong side of the post—
Blockheads, to take it in their head
 To be a message from the dead,
 For that by *mission* they design,
 A word not half so good as mine,
 Crape—here it is—start not one doubt—
 A plot—a plot—I've found it out.

O God!—cries Crape, how blest the nation,
 Where one son boasts such penetration!

Crape, I've not time to tell you now
 When I discover'd this, or how;
 To *Stentor* go—if he's not there,
 His place let *Bully Norton* bear—
 Our Citizens to council call—
 Let all meet—'tis the cause of all.
 Let the three witnesses attend
 With *allegations* to befriend,
 To swear just so much, and no more,
 As we instruct them in before.

Stay—Crape—come back—what, don't you see
 Th' effects of this discovery?
Dullman all care and toil endures—
 The profit, Crape, will all be yours.
 A *Mitre* (for, this arduous task
 Perform'd, they'll grant what'er I ask)
 A *Mitre* (and perhaps the best)
 Shall thro' my interest make thee blest.

And at this time, when *gracious* Fate
Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,
Who is more fit (and for your use
We could some instances produce)
Of England's *Church* to be the *Head*,
Than you, a *Presbyterian* bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like *old* Newcastle, be forgot.

But an affair, Crape, of this size
Will ask from Conduct vast supplies;
It must not, as the vulgar say,
Be done in *hugger-mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meet;
They should in public go, no doubt,
Whose business is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Processionade*—
Be all the City pomp display'd,
Let the *Train-bands*—Crape shook his head—
They heard the trumpet and were fled—
Well—cries the Knight—if that's the case,
My servants shall supply their place—
My servants—mine alone—no more
Than what *my servants* did before—
Dost not remember, Crape, that day,
When, Dullman's grandeur to display,
As all too simple, and too low,
Our City friends were thrust below,
Whilst, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My servants—mine—and why not now?
In haste then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But send up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
(Reach me my *spectacles* and *cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accomplishment of *dancing*.

Not quite so fast as lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the skies;
Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove,
Iris descends on wings of Love;
Not quite so fast as Terror rides,
When he the chafing winds bestrides;
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faster than he cou'd?

Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block by Justice led,
The *rebel* Scot hath often bled,
Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,
'Twere sin they should be foil'd in fight,
Where brutes of *foreign* race are shewn
By brutes much greater of *our own*;
Fast by the crowded *Thames*, is found
An ample square of sacred ground,
Where artless *Eloquence* presides,
And *Nature* ev'ry sentence guides.

Here *Female Parliaments* debate
About Religion, Trade, and State;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot's soul,
Disdaining *foreign* base controul,
Despising *French*, despising *Erse*,
Pours forth the *plain old English* curse,

And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the *vulgar tongue*.

Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest Virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;
Thames, (who enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the Bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him*, at lowest tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *rev'rend* slave of Dullman came.

Stentor—with such a serious air,
With such a face of *solemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
Stentor—cries Crape—I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent,
Great Dullman's orders to convey;
Dullman commands, and I obey.
Big with those throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some secret which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and tosses in his breast,
Tumbles and tosses to get free;
And thus the chief commands by me.

To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Processionade*—
Be all the City pomp display'd—
Our Citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'tis the cause of all.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
'Bove other men, and, *gravely wise*,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp: They would not go
For millions to a *puppet-show*,

Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *pantomime*;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r.
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one play'r to second it,
They must, obeying *Folly's* call,
Thrive by mere show, or not at all.

With these *grave* fops, who (bless their brains)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains

For wretchedness, and would be thought
 Much wiser than a wise man ought
 For his own happiness to be ;
 Who, what they hear, and what they see,
 And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
 Distrust, till Reason, sets her seal,
 And, by long trains of consequences
 Ensur'd, gives sanction to the *Senses* ;
 Who would not, Heav'n forbid it ! waste
 One hour in what the world calls Taste,
 Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
 Unless they know some reason why ;
 With these *grave* fops, whose system seems
 To give up certainty for dreams,
 The Eye of Man is understood
 As for no other purpose good
 Than as a door, thro' which of course
 Their passage crouding objects force,
 A downright usher, to admit
 New-comers to the court of *Wit*,
 (Good Gravity, forbear thy spleen,
 When I say *Wit*, I *Wisdome* mean)
 Where (such the practice of the Court,
 Which legal precedents support)
 Not one idea is allow'd
 To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
 But ere it can obtain the grace
 Of holding in the brain a place,
 Before the Chief in congregation
 Must stand a *strict examination*.

Not such as *those*, who Physic twirl,
 Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl ;
 Who prove, with all becoming state,
 Their voice to be the voice of Fate ;
 Prepar'd with *Essence*, *Drops*, and *Pill*,
 To be another Ward, or Hill,
 Before they can obtain their ends,
 To sign death-warrants for their friends,
 And talents vast as their's employ,
Secundem artem to destroy,
 Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)
 Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
 Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroll'd,
 In *pow'r* and *lethargy* grown old,
 Most fit to take, in this blest land,
 The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
 Her lawful throne great Dullness rears,
 Still more herself as more in years ;
 Where she (and who shall dare deny
 Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
 Calling to mind, in ancient time,
 One Garth who err'd in wit and rime,
 Ordains from henceforth to admit
 None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
 And makes it her peculiar care
 That Schomberg never shall be there.

Not such as *those*, whom Folly trains
 To letters, tho' unblest'd with brains ;
 Who destitute of *pow'r* and will
 To learn, are kept to learning still ;
 Whose heads, when other methods fail,
 Receive instruction from the tail,
 Because their fires, a common case
 Which brings the children to disgrace,
 Imagine it a certain rule,
 They never could beget a fool,
 Must pass, or must compound for, ere
 The *Chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,

Will give his *reverend perm't*,
 Announcing them for Orders fit,
 So that the Prelate (what's a name ?
 All Prelates now are much the same)
 May with a conscience safe and quiet,
 With holy hands lay on that *fiat*,
 Which doth all faculties dispense,
All sanctity, all faith, all sense,
 Makes Madan quite a faint appear,
 And makes an oracle of Cheere.

Not such as in that solemn seat,
 Where the *Nine Ladies* hold retreat,
 The *Ladies Nine*, who, as we're told,
 Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
 The banks of Isis now prefer,
 Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,
 Are held for form ; which Balaam's *ass*
 As well as Balaam's self might pass,
 And with his master take degrees,
 Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
 O'erload the storehouse of the head
 With furniture they ne'er can use,
 Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
 This wild excursion ; cannot see
 Why *Physic* and *Divinity*,
 To the surprize of all beholders,
 Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders ;
 Or how, in any point of view,
 Oxford hath any thing to do ;
 But men of nice and subtle learning,
 Remarkable for quick discerning,
 Thro' spectacles of critic mould,
 Without instruction, will behold
 That we a method here have got,
 To shew what is, by what is not,
 And that our drift (*parenthesis*
 For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the Brain's most secret cells
 A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells
 Of sov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
 With common voice, we Reason call ;
 Tho' for the purpose of satire,
 A name in truth is no great matter,
 Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
 It means a Lord Chief Justice still.
 Here, so our great projectors say,
 The Senses all must homage pay ;
 Hither they all must tribute bring,
 And prostrate fall before their King.
 Whatever unto them is brought,
 Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
 Before his throne, where, in full state,
 He on their merits holds debate,
 Examines, cross-examines, weighs
 Their right to censure or to praise ;
 Nor doth his equal voice depend
 On narrow views of foe and friend ;
 Nor can or flattery or force
 Divert him from his steady course ;
 The channel of enquiry's clear,
 No *sham examination's* here.

He, upright Justicer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
 Adjusts and settles in a trice
 What virtue is, and what is vice,
 What is perfection, what defect,
 What we must chuse, and what reject ;

He takes upon him to explain
What pleasure is, and what is pain;
Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
And resting all our faith on him,
True members of the *Stoic* weal,
Must learn to think, and cease to feel.

This glorious system form'd, for Man
To practise when and how he can,
If the five Senses in alliance
To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater slav'ry hold;
Than Jewish bondage was of old;
Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in sport,
To hold a mimic formal court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of Puppet King,
And suffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold the globe, but not employ;
Our *system-mongers*, struck with fear,
Prognosticate destruction near;
All things to anarchy must run;
The little world of Man's undone.

Nay should the *Eye*, that nicest Sense,
Neglect to send intelligence
Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,
Of all that passes in her sphere;
Should the presumptuous joy receive,
Without the Understanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treason
Against the monarchy of Reason,
Not thinking, tho' they're *wound'rous* wise,
That few have *Reason*, most have *Eyes*;
So that the pleasures of the Mind
To a small circle are confin'd,
Whilst those which to the Senses fall,
Become the property of all.
Besides (and this is sure a case
Not much at present out of place)
Where Nature Reason doth deny,
No art can that defect supply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to state the argument)
A Man should want an eye or two,
The remedy is sure, tho' new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the *Chevalier*—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.

But, argument apart, which tends
T'embitter foes and sep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,
Would I, tho' bred up a divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
What's He to Me, or I to Him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in *ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrisy,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.

I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
E'en Annet censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a diff'rent mind.

Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in Liberty,
Profuse in love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If Freedom did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way;
Determin'd still, they plod along
By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
But Man, had he the heart to use
His freedom, hath a right to chuse;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will:
To her last work, her fav'rite Man,
Is giv'n on Nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to err.
Nor let this phrase resentment stir
Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
The little merit Man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions should be free as air;
No man, what'er his rank, what'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let those, who rigid Judgment own,
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne;
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind;
Their's be slow wisdom: Be my plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for 't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

But if, by Error led astray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found disease, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wise;
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
To *being* happy here below,
Is to *believe* that we are so.

Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
I place my comfort in *belief*.

Some for *Reality* may call,
 Fancy to me is all in all.
Imagination, thro' the trick
 Of Doctors, often makes us sick ;
 And why, let any Sophist tell,
 May it not likewise make us well ?
 This am I sure, whate'er our view,
 Whatever shadows we pursue,
 For our pursuits, be what they will,
 Are little more than shadows still,
 Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
 For man to catch, or hold them long.
 But joys which in the Fancy live,
 Each moment to each man may give.
 True to himself, and true to ease,
 He softens Fate's severe decrees,
 And (can a mortal wish for more ?)
 Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
 Mocks boasted vain *Reality*,
 And *It*, whate'er he wants to Be.
 Hail, Fancy—to thy pow'r I owe
 Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe ;
 To thee I owe a mighty debt,
 Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
 Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
 A large encrease of ev'ry joy.
 When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
 A *knave's* guard, ordain'd by Law
 To keep poor *Honesty* in awe ;
Authority, severe and stern,
 To intercept my wish'd return ;
 When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
 And laughter seiz'd each sober fool ;
 When Candour started in amaze,
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise ;
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that she was wise :
 When all around me, with an air
 Of hopeless sorrow, look'd despair ;
 When they or said, or seem'd to say,
 There is but one, one only way
 Better, and be advis'd by us,
 Not be at all, than to be thus ;
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
 Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear ;
 Health in her motion, the wild grace
 Of Pleasure speaking in her face,
 Dull Regularity thrown by,
 And Comfort beaming from her eye ;
 Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
 Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
 Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
 And, more to bless me, came in *rime*.
 Nor is her pow'r to Me confin'd,
 It spreads, it comprehends Mankind.
 When (to the spirit-stirring sound
 Of trumpets breathing courage round,
 And sifes, well mingled to restrain,
 And bring that courage down again,
 Or to the melancholy knell
 Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
 Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
 Muffled, to mortify the pride
 Of those, who, England quite forgot,
 Paid their vile homage to the Scot,

Where Asgill held the foremost place,
 Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
 Whether they are of Stage or State)
 Move on, so very very slow,
 'Tis doubtful if they move or no ;
 When the Performers all the while
 Mechanically frown or smile,
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
 A vacancy of sense declare,
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
 Into a labyrinth of thought,
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
 And, once got in, cannot get out ;
 What cause sufficient can we find
 To satisfy a thinking mind,
 Why, dup'd by such vain farces, Man
 Descends to act on such a plan ?
 Why they, who hold themselves divine,
 Can in such wretched follies join,
 Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
Themselves and *Nature* to expose ?
 What cause, but that (you'll understand
 We have our remedy at hand,
 That if perchance we start a doubt,
 Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
 As surgeons, when they lop a limb,
 Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
 Or mere experiment to try,
 Must always have a *syptic* by)
 Fancy steps in, and stamps that *real*,
 Which, *ipso facto*, is *ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
 All must remember that rare show,
 When to the country Sense went down,
 And Fools came flocking up to town,
 When *Knights* (a work which all admit
 To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
 Built booths for hire ; when *Parsons* play'd,
 In robes canonical array'd,
 And, fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
 The price of tickets to advance ;
 Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
 Running from booth to booth about,
 To ev'ry scoundrel, by retail,
 True pennyworths of beef and ale,
 Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
 For present grand *Electioneering* ;
 When *Heralds*, running all about
 To bring in Order, turn'd it out ;
 When, by the prudent *Marshal's* care,
 Left the rude populace should stare,
 And with unhallow'd eyes profane
 Gay puppets of patrician strain,
 The whole procession, as in spite,
 Unheard, unseen, stole off by night ;
 When our lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
 Solemnly took that sacred oath,
 Whence mutual firm agreements spring
 Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
 By which, in usual manner crown'd,
 His head, his heart, his hands he bound,
 Against himself, should passion stir
 The least propensity to err,
 Against all *slaves*, who might prepare
 Or open force, or hidden snare,
 That glorious Charter to maintain,
 By which *We* serve, and *He* must reign ;

Then Fancy, with unbounded sway,
 Revell'd sole mistress of the day,
 And wrought such wonders, as might make
Egyptian forcerers forsake
 Their baffled mockeries, and own
 The palm of *magic* her's alone.

A Knight (who in the silken lap
 Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap,
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
 Nor even that, unless a *guide*
 Was plac'd to amble by his side,
 And troops of slaves were spread around
 To keep his Honour safe and sound;
 Who could not suffer for his life
 A point to sword, or edge to knife,
 And always fainted at the sight
 Of blood, tho' 'twas not shed in fight,
 Who disinherited one son
 For firing off an *elder* gun,
 And whipt another, six years old,
 Because the boy, presumptuous, bold
 To madness, likely to become
 A very Swiss, had beat a drum,
 Tho' it appear'd an instrument
 Most *peaceable* and *innocent*,
 Having from first been in the hands
 And service of the *City Bands*)
 Grac'd with those ensigns which were meant
 To further Honour's dread intent,
 The minds of warriors to inflame,
 And spur them on to deeds of fame,
 With little sword, large spurs, high feather,
 Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
 (And all must own, who pay regard
 To charity, it had been hard
 That in his very first *campaign*
 His *honours* should be soil'd with rain)
 A hero all at once became,
 And (seeing others much the same
 In point of valour as himself,
 Who leave their courage on a shelf
 From year to year, till some such rout
 In proper season calls it out)
 Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
 Than ever hero did before;
 Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
 Like Mavors, grimly smil'd and frown'd;
 Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
 To fight, that he might rout them all;
 And personated Valour's stile
 So long, spectators to beguile,
 That passing strange, and wond'rous true,
 Himself at last believ'd it too,
 Nor for a time could he discern,
 Till Truth and Darknefs took their turn,
 So well did Fancy play her part,
 That Coward still was at the heart.

Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
 By the impartial voice of Fame
 Recorded first, thro' all this land,
 In Vanity's illustrious band ?)
 Who, by all-bounteous Nature meant
 For offices of hardiment,
 A modern Hercules at least,
 To rid the world of each wild beast,
 Of each wild beast which came in view,
 Whether on four legs or on two,

Degenerate, delights to prove,
 His force on the *parade* of Love,
 Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
 And for the distaff quits the sword;
 Who fond of women would appear
 To public eye, and public ear,
 But, when in private, lets them know
 How little they can trust to show;
 Who sports a woman as of course,
 Just as a jockey shews a horse,
 And then returns her to the stable,
 Or vainly plants her at his table,
 Where he would rather *Venus* find,
 (So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
 Than, by some great occasion led,
 To seize her panting in her bed,
 Burning with more than mortal fires,
 And melting in her own desires;
 Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
 Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling wild;
 Whate'er in others, who proceed
 As Sense and Nature have decreed,
 From real passion flows, in him
 Is mere effect of mode and whim;
 Who laughs, a very common way,
 Because he nothing has to say,
 As your *choice* Spirits oaths dispense
 To fill up vacancies of sense;
 Who having some small sense, defies it,
 Or, using, always misapplies it;
 Who now and then brings something forth,
 Which seems indeed of sterling worth,
 Something, by sudden start and fit,
 Which at a distance looks like wit,
 But, on examination near,
 To his confusion will appear
 By Truth's fair glass, to be at best
 A threadbare jester's threadbare jest:
 Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
 Sings without voice, rides without seat,
 Plays o'er his tricks, like *Æsop's* ass,
 A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
 Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
 Acts without sense, talks without thought,
 Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
 Who led by forms, without the pow'r
 Of *Vice*, is vicious; who one hour,
 Proud without pride, the next will be
 Humble without humility;
 Whose vanity we all discern,
 The spring on which his actions turn;
 Whose aim in erring, is to err,
 So that he may be singular,
 And all his utmost wishes mean,
 Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen;
 Such (for when Flattery's soothing strain
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
 And found a method to persuade
 Her art to soften ev'ry shade,
 Justice enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
 From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
 Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
 From life this striking likeness caught)
 In mind, in manners, and in mien,
 Such Whiffle came, and such was seen
 In the World's eye; but (strange to tell !)
 Miss'd by Fancy's magic spell,

Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own,
O bow, bow all at Fancy's throne,
Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf
With patience bear that thing, *himself*.

But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative Fancy, what are these,
These pageant's of a trifler's pen,
To what thy power effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all find, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or whence it goes,
Fancy at once in ev'ry part
Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.

Here, in a face which well might ask
The privilege to wear a mask
In spite of law, and Justice teach
For public good t' excuse the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
Like centinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall,
Which, once notorious for a *shop*,
Is now become a *Justice-shop*)
Which are so manag'd, to go out
Just when the time comes round about,
Which yet thro' emulation strive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongst the children of mankind)
As they grow *weaker*, would seem stronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrind,
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wad'd her wand around, whose force
Chang'd in an instant Nature's course.
And, hardly credible in rime,
Not only stopp'd, but call'd back Time.
The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came;
On the arch'd brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full bosom *Cupid* laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for eyes a supplement;
Teeth, white as teeth were ever seen
Deliver'd from the hand of *Green**,
Started, in regular array,
Like *Train-bands* on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ——— was fifteen.

Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious *Dashwood's* eyes,

Temples which built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
In solemn form herself, before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over *Melcomb's* feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phyz,
More of another world than this,
To a dwarf *Muse* a *Giant Page*,
The last grave top of the last age,
In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with verse,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a *cast* rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd* plaid,
Naked, as when (in those drear cells
Where, *self-bless'd*, *self-curs'd* *Madness* dwells)
Pleasure, on whom, in *Laughter's* shape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
First brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witness of her shame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling *Stuarts*, hand in hand,
Some, who to curse mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er must think of more,
Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paste,
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute
Spread raptures o'er the soul of *Bute*.

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
Which wrought the busy soul of man
To her full bent, the *Civil Law*,
Fit code to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewish frontlets* were of old,
The famous *Charter* of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By *Tories* guarded all around,
Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
He saw the honours of his race,
He saw their lineal glories rise,
And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies.
Not the most distant mark of fear,
No sign of *axe*, or *scaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,
Of such a place as *Tower-Hill*.

Curse on this *Muse*, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen.
Her tongue, (for as when bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rime
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Altho' it is plain the *Muses* do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'r my theme (our themes we chuse
In modern days without a *Muse*,
Just as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,

H

* An eminent Dentist at this period.

As if, tho' they must be the play'rs,
 The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
 Whate'er my theme, the *Muse*, who still
 Owns no direction but her will,
 Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
 By ways oblique and indirect,
 At once quite over head and ears,
 In fatal *politics* appears.
 Time was, and, if I aught discern
 Of fate, that time shall soon return,
 When *decent* and *demure* at least,
 As grave and dull as any priest,
 I could see *Vice* in robes array'd,
 Could see the game of *Folly* play'd
 Successfully in Fortune's school,
 Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
 Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
 I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
 Scoundrels in office, and would bow
 To cyphers great in place; but now
 Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
 To compliment a shatter'd state,
 Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
 To shoulder up the firmament;
 And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
 The Heavens would tumble from my back;
 Time was, when rank and situation
 Secur'd the great ones of the nation
 From all controul; *Satire* and *Larv*
 Kept only little knaves in awe;
 But now, *decorum* lost, I stand
Bemur'd, a pencil in my hand,
 And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
 Careless of safety and of fame,
 The names of scoundrels minnte down,
 And libel more than half the Town.

How can a Statesman be secure
 In all his villainies, if poor
 And dirty authors thus shall dare
 To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time
 In dressing out the poet's rime
 With bills and ribbands, and array
 Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
 When the hot burning fit is on,
 They should regale their restless son
 With something to allay his rage,
 Some cool Castalian beverage,
 Or some such draught (tho' *they*, 'tis plain,
 Taking the *Muses* name in vain,
 Know nothing of their real court,
 And only fable from report)
 As makes a *Whitehead's Ode* go down,
 Or flakes the *feverette* of Brown:
 But who would in his senses think
 Of *Muses* giving gall to drink,
 Or that their folly should afford
 To raving poets gun or sword?
 Poets were ne'er design'd by fate
 To meddle with affairs of State,
 Nor should (if we may speak our thought
 Truly as men of honour ought)
 Sound policy their rage admit,
 To launch the thunderbolts of wit
 About those heads, which, when they're hot,
 Can't tell if 'twas by wit, or not.

These things well known, what Devil in spite
 Can have seduc'd me thus to write

Out of that road, which must have led
 To riches, without heart or head,
 Into that road, which, had I more
 Than ever poet had before,
 Of Wit and Virtue, in disgrace
 Would keep me still, and out of place,
 Which, if some *Judge* (you'll understand
 One famous, famous thro' the land
 For making law) should stand my friend,
 At last may in a pill'ry end,
 And all this, I myself admit,
 Without one cause to lead to it.

For instance now—this book—the *GHOST*—

Methinks I hear some Critic Post
 Remark most gravely—"The first word
 "Which we about the *GHOST* have heard."
 Peace my good Sir—not quite so fast—
 What is the first, may be the last,
 Which is a point, all must agree,
 Cannot depend on you or me.
FANNY, no Ghost of common mould,
 Is not by forms to be controul'd;
 To keep her state, and shew her skill,
 She never comes but when the will.
 I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
 And shrewdly, what I wrote about,
 Believe me, much to my disgrace,
 I too am in the self-same case)
 But still I wrote, till *FANNY* came
 Impatient, nor could any shame
 On me with equal justice fall,
 If she had never come at all.

An underling, I could not stir
 Without the cue thrown out by her,
 Nor from the subject aid receive
 Until she came, and gave me leave.
 So that (ye Sons of Erudition
 Mark, this is but a supposition,
 Nor would I to so wise a nation
 Suggest it as a *revelation*)
 If henceforth dully turning o'er
 Page after page, ye read no more
 Of *FANNY*, who, in sea or air,
 May be departed God knows where,
 Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
 No censure can be laid on me,
 For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,
 A secret worth its weight in gold
 To those who write, as I write now,
 Not to mind where they go, or how,
 Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile;
 Make it but worth the reader's while,
 And keep a passage fair and plain
 Always to bring him back again.
 Thro' dirt, who scruples to approach,
 At Pleasure's call, to take a coach?
 But we should think the man a clown
 Who in the dirt should set us down?

But to return—if Wit, who ne'er
 The shackles of restraint could bear,
 In wayward humour should refuse
 Her timely succour to the Muse,
 And to no rules and orders tied,
 Roughly deny to be her guide,
 She must renounce *decorum's* plan,
 And get back when, and how she can

As *Parsons*, who, without pretext,
As soon as mentioned, quit their text,
And, to promote sleep's genial pow'r,
Groped in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reason (for we know
Reason is vulgar, mean and low)
Why they come back (should it befall
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give why they went out.

But to return—this book—the GHOST—

A mere amusement at the most,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day,
A slight shot silk, for summer wear,
Just as our modern statesmen are,
If rigid honesty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him, who, were we all to steal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this book, where Ease should join
With Mirth to *sugar* ev'ry line,
Where it should all be mere *chit-chat*,
Lively, good-humour'd, and *all that*,
Where *honest* Satire, in disgrace,
Should not so much as shew her face,
The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *Science*, *Trade*, and *Politics*.

But why should the distemper'd scold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In Power's dread book, whose mighty skill
Can twist an empire to their will;
Whose voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, *Liberty*, and *Life* are hung;
Whom, on enquiry, Truth shall find
With Stuarts *link'd*, time out of mind
Superior to their Country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrant's cause;
Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old;
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue
The end which they had first in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much less honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the streets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge she meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should she wild clamours vent; or why,
The minds of *groundlings* to inflame,
A *Dashwood*, *Bute*, and *Wyndham* name?
Why, having not to our surprize
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should she an argument afford,
For blood, to men who *wear a sword*;
Men, who can nicely *trim and pare*
A point of honour to a hair
(Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which *my Lord* quite in rapture feels
Dangling and rattling with his Seals—
Honour—a word which all the *Nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thousand Lockes—

Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour is, on their wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their way,
And this we sure may dare to say
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *Law*, *Honesty*, or *Sense*);
Men, who all spirit, life and soul,
Neat butchers of a *button-hole*,
Having more skill, believe it true
That they must have more courage too;
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes speechless as their fame,
Would by the sword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than starve?
At *Coronations*, a vast field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good sound food, at once most fit
For purposes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious Satire rest,
Content with what she might digest?
Could she not feast on things of course,
A *Champion*, or a *Champion's horse*?
A *Champion's horse*—No, better say,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A *horse*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rime, a *Pegasus*;
A *rider*, who, when once got on,
Might pass for a *Bellerophon*,
Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand instead of whip,
The world with *noble* horsemanship,
To twist and twine, both horse and man,
On such a well-concerted plan,
That *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We scarce could think they were not one?
Could she not to our itching ears
Bring the new-names of *new-coin'd* peers,
Who walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour; for whose sake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, because they could not find,
Great predecessors to their mind?
Cou'd she not (tho' 'tis doubtful since
Whether he *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a simple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*;
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And *Robinson* was *Aquitain**;
Tell how her City-Chiefs disgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd?
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive;
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with City appetites;
Of all those canons, which we find
By *gluttony*, time out of mind,
Establish'd; which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold:

Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—

* At the Coronation Sir Thomas Robinson walk'd
as the representative of the Duke of Aquitain.

Thus stumbling on my City friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends
In line direct, and shall pursue
The point which I had first in view,
Nor more shall with the reader sport,
Till I have seen him safe in port.
Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the wide regions of the air
The reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to Allen * I resign
Allen, the honour of this nation,
Allen, himself a *corporation*,
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
Allen, the first of *letter'd* men,
Since the good Bishop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his stand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *Digression* hence—
Let us return to *Common Sense*;
The car of Phœbus I discharge,
My carriage now a Lord Mayor's barge.

Suppose we now—we may suppose
In verse, what would be fin in prose—
The sky with darkness overspread,
And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside;
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Desire triumphant thro' the night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight;
Chastity, Woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the night;
Dull *Ceremony*, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To see the candles safely out,
Bearing a mighty *master-key*,
Habited like *Oeconomy*,
Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean *Av'rice* creeping at her heels.

Suppose we too, like sheep in pen,
The Mayor and Court of Aldermen
Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
The rowers more than half asleep,
Mov'd slow, as over-charg'd with state;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *baroque* heavier far,
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies shed,
Each head, by Dullness render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Thro' the whole passage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half sound was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The steersman nodding o'er the helm;

* Ralph Allen, Esq; of Prior Park, near Bath, the correspondent of Pope, of whom Allworthy in Tom Jones is said to have been the representative.

The rowers, without force or skill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;
The sluggish oars suspended hung,
And even Beardmore † held his tongue.
Commerce, regardless of a freight
On which depended half her *State*,
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of sand,
Where, stranded, our West-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muses can survey
Objects by night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and light to them the same)
They past that building, which of old
Queen-Mothers was design'd to hold;
At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
Where *Dowagers* have laid their head.
Why should we mention *Surrey-Street*,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,
In proper form to draw out law,
To see all causes duly tried
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* should we stay?
What of the *Temple* dare we say?
A dangerous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the brethren of the seas
For *fares*, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, most wisely made
To serve the purposes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By stopping up the navigation,
And to that sand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of sense,
But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterfon, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
In solemn manner had decreed,
That on the other side the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne ‡, a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deserving, just arriv'd in town;
One Mylne, an artist perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as he,
With glorious *Patavinity*,
To build inscriptions worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,
Was this a season to pursue
The theme, our Muse might tell in rime:
The wish she hath, but not the time;

† An Attorney, and Common-Council-Man, supposed to have afforded some assistance at times to "The Monitor."

‡ The Architect of Blackfriars Bridge.

For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a Goddess comes, we know,
Surpassing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar nor sail)
The vessel past, and reach'd the shore
So quick, that Thought was scarce before.

Suppose we now our *City-Court*
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their state regardless quite,
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night;
The solemn Magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown
With ev'ry other ensign gone,
Suppose the woollen night-cap on:
The *fish-brush* us'd with decent state
To make the spirits circulate,
(A form, which, to the senses true,
The liquorish Chaplain uses too,
Tho', something to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid instead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To shew the vigour of threecore,
The vigour of threecore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppose the mighty Dullman led
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;
Suppose the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The drone as fast asleep as he
Must in the course of Nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.

There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be shewn
Court-pride by *City-pride* outdone.

The jealous mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.

The wretch, of God and Man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his *patrons*, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward doxy shine
The treasures of *Golconda's* mine;
Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments, well-fav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-fav'd, which first were made,
When taylor, to promote their trade,
Against the *Picts* in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like names, and titles, which descend
Successively from fire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this solemnity, to void
That scent, which *Russia's* leather gave
From vile and impious moth to save.

Each head was busy, and each heart,
In preparation bore a part.

Running together all about,
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worst speed:
Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smuggled toilet dos'd;
The *Waiting-maid*, whom story notes
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall:
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of soppery from Court;
With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be *superbly* fine;
Nature, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
And cried, with spirited disdain,
Be H—— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a car by *Vulcan* made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till out-run
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.

The trumpet—hark!—It speaks—It swells
The loud full harmony—It tells
The time at hand, when Dullman, led
By form, his Citizens must head,
And march those troops, which at his call
Were now assembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To Court and City, Church and State.

From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal and obey;
But Dullman, who, his charge forgot,
By *Morpheus* fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet, but the last.

Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at Dullman's side.
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamant chain,
On Dullman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd;
And what, an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind
The proverb kept, *Fast bind, fast find*)
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away assay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
 In elbow chair, and morning-gown;
 Behold him, in his latter bloom,
 Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
 Behold him bending with the weight
 Of robes and trumpery of state;
 Behold him (for the maxim's true,
 Whate'er we by another do,
 We do ourselves; and Chaplain paid,
 Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,
 Had mutter'd over God knows what,
 Something which he by heart had got)
 Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
 Go *titter totter* to the stairs;
 Behold him for descent prepare,
 With one foot trembling in the air;
 He *starts*, he *pauses* on the brink,
 And, hard to credit, seems to *think*;
 Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
 The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
 At once, as with infection caught,
 Each *started*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
 He turns, and they turn; big with care,
 He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
 At last with Crape begins to reason:
 But first of all he made a sign
 That ev'ry soul, but the *Divine*,
 Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
 He may all confidence repose.

Crape—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
 Before this awful step I take,
 On which my future all depends,
 I ought to know my foes and friends.
 By foes and friends, observe me still,
 I mean not those who well or ill
 Perhaps may wish me, but those who
 Have 't in their power to do it too.
 Now if, attentive to the State,
 In too much hurry to be great,
 Or thro' much zeal, a motive, Crape,
 Deserving praise, into a scrape
 I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
 I, like a wise man, should get out.
 Not that, remark without replies,
 I say that to get out is wise,
 Or, by the very self-same rule
 That to get in was like a fool:
 The marrow of this argument
 Must wholly rest on the event;
 And therefore, which is really hard,
 Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they *stand*,
 And Bute prevail thro' all the land
 Without a rival, by his aid,
 My fortunes in a trice are made;
 Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,
 And stamp me Earl of some great isle:
 But if, a matter of much doubt,
 The present Minister goes out,
 Fain would I know on what pretext
 I can stand fairly with the next?
 For as my aim at ev'ry hour
 Is to be well with those in pow'r,
 And my material point of view,
 Whoever's in, to be in too,
 I should not, like a blockhead, chuse
 To gain *these* so as *those* to lose:

'Tis good in ev'ry case, you know,
 To have two strings unto our bow.

As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
 His Lord, who thus his speech pursu'd.

This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
 And as the times are out of joint,
 The greater caution is requir'd
 To bring about the point desir'd.

What I would wish to bring about,
 Cannot admit a moment's doubt,
 The matter in dispute, you know,
 Is what we call the *quomodo*.

That be thy task.—The *rev'rend* slave,
 Becoming in a moment grave,
 Fix'd to the ground and rooted stood,
 Just like a man cut out of wood;
 Such as we see (without the least
 Reflection glancing on the Priest)
 One or more, planted up and down,
 Almost in ev'ry church in town:
 He stood some minutes; then like one
 Who wish'd the matter might be done,
 But could not do it, shook his head,
 And thus the Man of Sorrow said:

Hard is this task, too hard I swear,
 By much too hard for me to bear;
 Beyond expression hard my part,
 Could mighty Dullman see my heart,
 When he, alas! makes known a will,
 Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
 Was ever my obedience barr'd
 By any trifling nice regard
 To Sense and Honour? Could I reach
 Thy meaning without help of speech,
 At the first motion of thy eye
 Did not thy faithful creature fly?
 Have I not said, not what I ought,
 But what by earthly master taught?
 Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,
 In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
 Did ever int'rest, to whom thou
 Can'st not with more devotion bow,
 Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
 In contradiction run to thine?
 Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
 When business call'd aloud for haste,
 Torn myself thence, yet never heard
 To utter one complaining word,
 And had, till thy great work was done,
 All appetites as having none?
 Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
 Of voluntary servitude;
 Pursu'd without or shame or fear,
 Thro' the great circle of the year;
 Now to receive, in this grand hour,
 Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
 Commands which baffle all my skill,
 And leave me nothing but my will:
 Be that accepted; let my Lord
 Indulgence to his slave afford;
 This task, for my poor strength unfit,
 Will yield to none but Dullman's wit.

With such gross incense gratified,
 And turning up the lip of pride,
 Poor Crape—and shook his empty head—
 Poor *puzzled* Crape, wife Dullman said,
 Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
 For things of lower note design'd,

For things within the vulgar reach,
To run of errands, and to preach,
Well hast thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person, or my place;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then:
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is, that they may not breed contempt.
Great use they have, when in the hands
Of one, like me, who understands;
Who understands the time and place,
The persons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring,
A joke's a very serious thing.

But to our business—My design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad-cloth, I can, with ease,
Cut out in any shape I please.

Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit found,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By threadbare ways and means would try
To bear their point; so will not I.
New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our City Wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dullman bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear;
Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a Statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
The public eye be with one set,
In private with a second herd,
And be by proxy with a third;
Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his Cat I found,
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all Lord-Mayors should have by heart)
A *Queen* (O might those days begin
A fresh when *Queens* would learn to spin)

Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,
The cause of which I've now forgot,
During the absence of the sun
Undid what she by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What's sworn by day, by night unswear.

Such be their arts, and such perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new system mine shall spring,
A *Locum-Tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan.—To obligate
The present Ministers of State,
My shadow shall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my coach;
My fine state coach, superb to view,
A fine state coach, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of those who're out of place:
In the mean time I—that's to say—
I proper, I myself—here stay.

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the Ministry;
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true essence of the Mayor:
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No coach—a horse—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Fast on his back shall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his side:
Then for a horse—thro' all the land.
To head our solemn City-band,
Can any one so fit be found,
As he, who in *Artillery-ground*,
Without a rider, noble sight,
Led on our bravest troops to fight.

But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that horse, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit.
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of justice) whether horse or man
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That pow'r must tyranny appear,
Which should, *pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint judges over-awe
To bias the free course of law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dullman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.

Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey.
Not without trouble, be assur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a Lord to represent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other side of *London-wall*.

The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
Behold the grand procession go,
All moving on, at after kind.
As if for motion ne'er design'd.

Constables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For use of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treasurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty Treasury;
Churchwardens, who their course pursue
In the same state, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since *Peirson* taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like *Almanacks* chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They open and shut it when they please;
Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curses of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Professor Sheridan*:
A man of *twire*, a mere *Pantime*,
A downright *animal machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher *Ammon's* son
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occasions next the Chair
He stands for service of the Mayor,
And to instruct him how to use
His *a's* and *b's*, and *p's* and *q's*.
O'er *letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *syllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *words* disjointed, and o'er *sense*
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Crijs-Crofs-Rosuv*.
Before him, ev'ry *Consonant*
In agonies is seen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghosts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.

Next *Hart* and *Duke*, well worthy grace
And *City* favour, came in place.
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age.
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Resolv'd, is wed to *City* spouse,
Their aid with *Madam's* aid must join
The awkward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kit, and each
To shew how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a string a *dancing bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Custom, and Custom's all in all,
Commands that we should have regard
On all high seasons, to the *Bard*.
Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.

This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty *Lockman* * came;
And, ne'er forgot in *Dullman's* reign,
With proper order to maintain
The uniformity of pride,
Brought brother *Whitehead* by his side.

On horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great *Dymock*, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the Coronation.

Not so our *City Dymock* came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd.
He on a mighty *dray-horse* doz'd.
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride;
Nor find a man, with strictest care,
So fit for such a horse to bear.

Hung round with instruments of death
The sight of him would stop the breath.
Of braggart *Cowardice*, and make
The very *Court Dravancansir* quake.

With *dirks*, which, in the hands of spite,
Do their damn'd business in the night,
From *Scotland* sent, but here display'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With *swords*, unblest, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;
With *blunderbusses*, taught to ride,
Like *pocket pistols*, by his side,
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving *armory*.

One thing much wanting to complete
The fight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horse (a courtesy
In horses found of high degree)
Instead of going forward on,
All the way backward should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some scruple make to turn their back,
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The *independent* (can you get
A better suited epithet)
The *independent Amyand* came,
All burning with the sacred flame
Of *Liberty*, which well he knows
On the great stock of *Slav'ry* grows.
Like *Sparrow*, who, depriv'd of mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the house-top,
Or like himself, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting both hands in the defence
Of *Interest* and *Common-Sense*;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,

* John Lockman, Secretary to the British Herring
Fishery, Author of Many forgotten Poems, and
Translator of several works from the French.

The *left-hand* had been lonesome quite,
If he had not held up the *right*.
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which in letters worthy note,
There "Twenty Thousand Pounds" was wrote:
False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound.
Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,
Doubting the certainty.—To swear
In such a case I should be loth—
But Perry Cuft * may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim quaker Fraud came Trade;
Connivance to improve the plan,
Habited like a *Fury-man*,
Judging as interest prevails,
Came next with measures, weights, and scales;
Extortion next, of hellish race,
A cub most damn'd, to shew his face
Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came;
Corruption, Midas-like, behold
Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold;
Impotence led by Lust, and Pride
Strutting with Ponton by her side;
Hypocrisy, demure and sad,
In garments of the Priesthood clad,
So well disguis'd, that you might swear,
Deceiv'd, a very Priest was there;
Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in *well-far'd* wealth,
Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B—— in her hand;
Victory hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland stallion led;
Peace, cloth'd in fables, with a face
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
Which spake a deep and rooted shame
Both of herself and of her name,
Mourning creeps on, and blushing feels
War, grim War treading on her heels;
Pale Credit, shaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
Look'd wistful all around for Pitt;
Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
My spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am Freedom's son—
Freedom came next, but scarce was seen,
When the sky, which appear'd serene
And gay before, was overcast;
Horror bestrode a *foreign* blast,
And from the *prison* of the North,
To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth.

A *car* like those, in which, we're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, six horses bear
Thro' the blank region of the air,
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame

From their wide nostrils; ev'ry steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The flesh of man, their drink his blood.

On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, *that* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders side by side,
And Poverty was yok'd with Pride.
Union most strange it must appear,
Till other unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
With rage which words can ill express,
With unforgiving rage, which springs
From a false zeal for holy things,
Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
False prophet's placed in Peter's chair;
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd; where to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of fainted devils where all round
Vile *reliques* of vile men were found,
Who, worse than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
Pointing at *axes, wheels, and ropes,*
And *engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer Man
Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to use;
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth Peace amongst men, Good-will,
Love bearing, and forbearing still,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of those
Who rather death than falsehood chose;
On her breast (where in days of yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the High-priest wore
Those oracles which were decreed
T' instruct and guide the chosen seed)
Having with glory clad and strength,
The Virgin pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilst at her feet, in small pourtray'd,
As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid;
Came Superstition fierce and fell,
An imp detested, e'en in hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully besmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* she rode;
Fast at her heels Death proudly strode,
And grimly smil'd, well-pleas'd to see
Such havock of mortality.

Close by her side, on mischief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, savage, wild,
The mother fit of such a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of sin and death, came Ignorance.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd,
Where loudly witnessing a mind
Of savage more than human kind,
Not chusing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd.

* See North Briton, Vol. III.
VOL. VIII.

With eyeballs glaring fiery red
Enough to strike beholders dead,
Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorse
Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny; disdaining awe,
And trampling over *Sense* and *Law*.
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would pursue,
Tho' less (so low doth passion bring)
Than man, he would be more than King.

With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook;
When simple most, most to be fear'd;
Most crafty when no craft appear'd;
His tales no man like him could tell,
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Those who had cheated been before:
Such Flatt'ry came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by *prostitution* great,
Would be first Minister of State.

Within the chariot, all alone,
High seated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Justice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of those, who dare offend,
'Gainst Justice, and pervert her end:
But, if the Muse afford me grace,
Description shall supply the place.
In *foreign* garments he was clad:
Sage ermine o'er the glossy *plaid*
Cast rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of art,
In silver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly star,
Shone a *White Rose*, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere;
Of that dread Lord, who with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *bonnet*, most superbly grac'd
With mighty *thistles*, nor forgot
The sacred motto, *Touch me not*.

In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South:
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless innocents;
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable woe,

Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In his left-hand, in *wax* impress,
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
An *image*, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd overjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kifs,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the Antitype.
What if to that *Pretender's* foes
His greatness, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains,
Tho' he the friend of George appear:
Diffimulation's Virtue here.

Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,
Unless *out-bullied* by his friend:
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himself a coward slave;
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a subtle train he springs,
And, secret, saps the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainst the resistance of a worm:
Born in a country, *where the will*
Of one is law to all, he still
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To spread it where'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The prostitute of pow'r and pride:
Law he with ease explains away,
And leads bewild'ring *Sense* astray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rarest stamp and size,
To Nature false, he misapplies,
And turns to poison what was sent
For purposes of nourishment.

Paleness, not such as on his wings
The messenger of sickness brings,
But such as takes its coward rise
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
O'erspread his cheeks; *Disdain* and *Pride*,
To upstart fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Insidious, lurking like a spy
To Caution principled by Fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *Mischief*; *Passion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breast
All that makes Villain found a nest,
All that, on hell's completest plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the car reach'd land, he rose,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's best blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
In cities than elsewhere, to make
The very stoutest quail and quake,

He cast his baleful eyes around,
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprize, all stood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood:
No more they thought of *pomp*, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of *Law* they thought; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or Ghost, or Plot,
Which drew them there. They all stood more,
Like statues than they were before.

What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both direct a proper course
To make this savage monster tame,
Or send him back the way he came?
What neither art, nor force, nor both
Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
A *Lord* to that base wretch allied
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effect'd: from the self-same land,
(Bad news for our blaspheming band
Of scribblers, but deserving note)
The poison came, and antidote.
Abash'd the monster hung his head;
And like an empty vision fled;
His train, like virgin snows which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy fun,
To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in air;
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
Loyalty, Liberty, and Law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
And burning with the glorious flame
Of public virtue, Mansfield came.

END OF THE GHOST.

THE CONFERENCE.

GRACE said in form, which Sceptics must
agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me;
The servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord, and his threadbare guest;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
Churchill, you have a poem coming out.
You've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your Muse in general is too severe;
Her spirit seems her int'rest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend, makes twenty
foes.

C. Your Lordship's fears are just, I feel their
force,
But only feel it as a thing of course.
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,

At his first setting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen,
Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in Schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? Point out one wholesome end:
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Can'st thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun
Barely by saying, Thou art Virtue's son?
Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.

Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True Virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?
To be successful try thy utmost force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of course.

Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed
Of that kind master who first gave him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco for the wretch is poor!
"Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
"By all detested live, and die forgot;
"Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
"Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in
death."

Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue:
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels;
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'rest taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such men, if such men can have
peace,

Let their possessions, let their state increase;
Let their base services in Courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let those who have the will,
And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us ad-
vance

For once to real life, and quit romance.

Starve ! pretty talking ! but I fain would view
That man, that honest man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.

C. What proof might do what hunger might effect,

What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, defend to bear,
Trusting to Fate, I neither know nor care.

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which Fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed,
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,

Which brings such mighty aid to Virtue's plan ;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd ;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith ; 'till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should bafe shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave ;
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear ?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet ;
That I from place to place this carcase bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air ;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn,
At suff'ring favours which I can't return ;
That, from dependence and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I my Lord should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer ;
That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms ;
That, kind to others, to myself most true,
Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,
And with the will have power to aid distress :
These, and what other blessings I possess,

From the indulgence of the Public rise ;
All private patronage my soul defies.
By candour more inclin'd to save, than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave ; just Mem'ry bears
The grateful stamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cause,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purposes of private fraud.
Prudence by public good intends her own ;
If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
What do we mean by Country and by Court ?
What is it to Oppose, what to Support ?
Mere words of course, and what is more absurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word ?
Majors and Minors differ but in name,
Patriots and Ministers are much the same ;
The only difference, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is *in*, the other *out*.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wife,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim most dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great Mover, and our last great End,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.
This, which unwilling Faction shall admit,
Guided in different ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made Tyrants break, made Kings observe the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and a Nassau.

Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pride)
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside ?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,
Or from a spring more pure doth action flow ?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us ; or is that Self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in thee ?
Fond man, believe it not ; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
Think, and confess thyself like other men ;
Think but one hour, and to thy conscience led
By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head ;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyself now, and own with strictest truth,
That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's
way

Farther than Folly would have dar'd to stray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs ; with boundless will
Let Self maintain her state and empire still,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring ; let her range
Thro' better pastures, and learn how to change ;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? Why to view
Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Must speak me something more or less than man;
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul.
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call;
Arm'd at all points bids scorpion Vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up Reflection glass;
The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt
groan,

And hates that form the knows to be her own.

Enough of this—let private sorrows rest—
As to the Public I dare stand the test;
Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
The good of England, and my Country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by Reason's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
Men who, with fervile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To spread destruction o'er my native land.
What! shall I not, e'en to my latest breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little strength which Nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?

L. When I look backward for some fifty years,
And see protesting Patriots turn to Peers;
Hear men most loose, for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels assert the cause of God,
And meek divines wield persecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See Whitehead* take a place,† Ralph change his
pen,

I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport,
Who rail at Ministers, and curse a Court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rime,
Shall some preferment, offer'd at a time
When Virtue sleeps, some sacrifice to pride,
Or some fair victim, move to change thy side.
Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
Using, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's sword,
Galling thy present friends, and praising those,
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes.

C. May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
May I (tho' to his service deeply tied
By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)

* Paul Whitehead.

† James Ralph. See Lord Melcombe's "Diary."

With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And use his name for some base private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,
And still must hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to succeeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilst mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all those evils which, to stamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known,
Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft blush'd to own.

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reason I oppose.

Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.
What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl,
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.

'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and fires without a name?
'Tis not the star, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;
'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of state
From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe
Whose Pride is Reason, whose defence is Law.

L. Suppose (a thing scarce possible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part;)
Suppose thy writings so well fenc'd in law,
That Norton‡ cannot find, nor make a flaw,
Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd asleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the Russian hand of Force,
Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its course?
Art thou assur'd, that, for destruction ripe,
Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same gripe?
What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rimes,
Thy life, thy freedom to secure?

C. The times.

'Tis not on law, a system great and good,
By wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whose royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce 'twere sin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws dispense,
(Blest be the hour and hand which sent them
hence)

For something, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, unheard.

‡ Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General.

Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour :
But Envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign.

If, slave to party, to revenge, or pride,
If, by frail human error drawn aside,
I break the Law, strict rigour let her wear ;
'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear ;
Nor by the voice of Justice doom'd to death,
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath.
But, anxious only for my Country's good,
In which my King's, *of course*, is understood ;
Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends,
My spirits cannot sink ; tho' from the tomb
Stern Jeffries should be plac'd in Mansfield's room ;
Tho' he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some black Attorney, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,
The modest Norton from his maiden seat ;
Tho' both, in ill confederates, should agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilst George is King, I cannot fear endure ;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state ;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe ;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet Justice from her even course ;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witness 'gainst my left ;
Should they, abroad by Inquisitions taught,
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought ;
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still
write,

'Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

Thou God of Truth, thou great, all-searching
eye,

To whom our thoughts, our spirits open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,
With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, tho' I deeply feel.

Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death ;
And, if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word ;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear,
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to Reason, and who dies a Man.

END OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom Fate ordains in
spite,

And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write !
What need of letters ? Wherefore should we spell ?
Why write our names ? A mark will do as well,

Much are the precious hours of youth mis-spent,
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent ;
When to the top the bold adventurer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of Ignorance below,
Folly and Vice to rank luxuriance grow ;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown ;
To praise each senior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place ;
Vice-Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And Chancellors, who nothing know at all :
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science blest'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.

But now, when Dullness rears aloft her throne,
When Lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread ;
To bear those labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore ?
When with much pains this boasted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.

In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school ;
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn ;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir,
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.

Is this—O death to think ! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd ;
Where Poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patron sanctify'd their praise ?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, description hung ;
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd ;

Where Nature lift'ning stood, whilst Shakespeare
play'd,

And wonder'd at the work herself had made ?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large ;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of sense ;
Where Health and Honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide ;
Pointed the way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile ;
Bade those, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all ?
Is this the land, where in some tyrant's reign,
When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up their liberties, and fold our laws ;
When Pow'r was taught by Meaneſs where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe ;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her fores Corruption spread,
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of Vice ; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slavery's chain ;
Is this the land, where in those worst of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honest rimes
To dread rebuke, and bade contumelious speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek,
Bade pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not Law ?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls ;
Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their Mammon and neglect their God ;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools ;
Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Gospel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news :
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like these,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rime ?

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary groan
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse ;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious strains ;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May ?
" All sacred is the name and pow'r of Kings,
" All States and Statesmen are those mighty things
" Which, howsoever they out of course may roll,
" Were never made for Poets to controul."

Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme :
I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The Poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed Saints above in numbers speak
The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak ;
In numbers here below the Bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villains reach ;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English Poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, tho' in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain ;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them.
" What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit, but his own,
" Great Nobles last, and Lords, like common
men,

" Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen ?"

What's in this name of *Lord*, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear ?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins ?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Would'st thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love,
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought ;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours, thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his Virtues' heir.
But if, regardless of the road to fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame ;
If such thy life, that should thy fire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee
birth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of
earth.

Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head ;
If such thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a scoundrel made before ;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods ! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart !
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair,

Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
 And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
 He talks of conscience, which good men secures
 From all those evil moments guilt endures,
 And seems to laugh at those, who pay regard
 To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
 " Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
 " The mind of man, must always make her way;
 " Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
 " Is all her malice worth a single thought.
 " The Wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
 " To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,
 " Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
 " Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
 " All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
 " I can no patent for exemption claim,
 " Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
 " Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
 " Tho' pointed at myself, be Satire free;
 " To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
 Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
 There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach;
 Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
 Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
 When Satire flies abroad on Falshood's wing,
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
 But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
 When in the tomb thy pamp'ring flesh shall rot,
 And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Haft thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
 S—, who from the moment of his birth,
 Made human nature a reproach on earth;
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness led the way,
 Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
 Those actions which he blush'd not to commit;
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
 And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
 Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course;
 Carries me back to times, when Poets, blest'd
 With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
 When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
 The bad to punish, and reward the good;
 When, to a flame by public Virtue wrought,
 The foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
 And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
 A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?
 Ah! what are Poets now? As slavish those
 Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose.
 Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
 In whom true worth and real spirit's found?
 The slaves of bookfellers, or (doom'd by Fate
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of State;
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
 Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
 Others half-paralys'd only, mutes become,
 And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnson dumb.

Why turns yon villain pale? Why bends his eye
 Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?

Dost thou fawn Murphy for a blockhead take,
 Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's sake?
 No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.
 His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
 Bid Cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight,
 Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right.
 Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
 Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
 Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make
 way

Into my breast, and flatter to betray:
 Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
 Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
 Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
 And make them take my life who eat my bread;
 On authors for defence, for praise depend;
 Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
 He, he shall ready stand with venal rimes,
 To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes;
 To make Corruption in false colours shine,
 And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.

But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
 And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
 Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
 Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
 What tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
 Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honour taught,
 He ne'er can be a friend, who stoops so low
 To be the base betrayer of a foe;

What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
 Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
 To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
 Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
 To slander Government, and libel Kings,
 With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
 Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
 To talk of William with insidious art,
 Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
 And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
 Flattering the living, to abuse the dead,
 Where is Shebbear? O, let not foul reproach,
 Travelling thither in a City coach,
 The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
 Of that parade was Fame, not Punishment,
 And that old staunch Whig Beardmore standing by
 Can in full Court give that report the lye.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
 Half Scotch, half English, a declining Court;
 To make most glaring contraries unite,
 And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
 To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
 Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
 To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
 That to be fav'd must mean to be undone,
 Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him can call
 All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
 He calls forth living waters from the rock;
 He calls forth children from the barren stock;
 He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
 Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
 He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
 In wedd'g's sacred bands joins man to man;

And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
By some rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's *English Peers*;

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which Nature shudders but to name;
Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
Dost thou contrive for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promise life, to work him surer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a Parson at thy elbow stands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheist Chaplain of an Atheist Lord.

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty Dullness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working Priest,
But hop'd, I should have been a Dean at least;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend beggary* to appear,
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.

What creature's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wond'rous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the *casquet d'beau*;
That's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanor, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The Preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile Priest is Gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes,
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.

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Are these the arts, which policy supplies?
Are these the steps, by which grave Churchmen rise?
Forbid it, Heav'n; or, should it turn out so,
Let ingand mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom interest controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls.
We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

END OF THE AUTHOR.

THE
D U E L L I S T.
IN
THREE BOOKS.
BOOK I.

THE clock struck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Distill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but phantastic, schemes,
Who, when asleep, ne'er knows that rest
With which the humbler soul is blest,
Was building castles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading; but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.

Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant dos'd,
And mean distrust not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not,

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring sleeping round,
Snor'd *restless* Labour; by his side
Lay Health, a coarse, but comely bride.

Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the soft arms of sleep was laid,
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,
Could not be physick'd into rest.

Thou bloody Man! whose ruffian knife
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
And never scruples to descend
Into the bosom of a friend.

A firm, fast friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *secret* service tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly secur'd from law.

Thou man of Lust! whom passion fires
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires

K

O'er honest bars with ease make way,
 Whilst *idiot* beauty falls a prey,
 And to indulge thy brutal flame,
 A Lucretia must be brought to shame;
 Who dost, a brave, bold sinner, bear
 Rank incest to the open air,
 And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
 Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou simular of Lust! vain man,
 Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
 Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
 Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,
 Whilst in thy marrowless dry bones,
 Desire without enjoyment groans.
Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom falsehood cloaths
 E'en like a garment; who with oaths
 Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant
 To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,
 In the days broad and searching eye
 Making God witness to a lye,
 Blaspheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
 And hanging friends to save thyself.
Thou son of Chance! whose glorious soul
 On the four aces doom'd to roll,
 Was never yet with Honour caught,
 Nor on poor Virtue lost one thought;
 Who dost thy wife, thy children set,
 Thy all, upon a single bet,
 Risking, the desperate stake to try,
 Here, and hereafter on a die;
 Who, thy own private fortune lost,
 Dost game on at thy country's cost,
 And, grown expert in sharpening rules,
 First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools.
Thou noble Gamester, whose high place
 Gives too much credit to disgrace;
 Who, with the motion of a die,
 Dost make a mighty island fly,
 The sums, I mean, of good French gold
 For which a mighty island fold;
 Who dost betray intelligence,
 Abuse the dearest confidence,
 And, private fortune to create,
 Most falsely play the game of State;
 Who dost within the Alley sport
 Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
 And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
 With good Earl Talbot, was not there.
Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
 And sin have drawn from Reason's side;
 Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
 Dost wish not to believe a God;
 Whose hope is founded on a plan,
 Which should distract the soul of man,
 And make him curse his abject birth;
 Whose hope is, once return'd to earth,
 There to lie down, for worms a feast,
 To rot and perish, like a beast;
 Who dost, of punishment afraid,
 And by thy crimes a coward made,
 To ev'ry gen'rous soul a curse,
 Than hell and all her torments worse,
 When crawling to thy latter end,
 Call on destruction as a friend,
 Chusing to crumble into dust,
 Rather than rise, tho' rise you must.
Thou Hypocrite! who dost prophane,
 And take the patriot's name in vain,

Then most thy Country's foe, when most
 Of love and loyalty you boast;
 Who for the filthy love of gold,
 Thy friend, thy King, thy God hast sold,
 And, mocking the just claim of Hell,
 Were bidders found, thyself wouldst sell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
 Whatever rank, to whom the claim
 Of Hell is certain, on whose lids
 That worm which never dies, forbids
 Sweet sleep to fall, come and behold,
 Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,
 Behold, by pitiless Conscience led,
 So Justice wills, that holy bed,
 Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
 And Innocence with Holland sleeps.

Bid Terror, posting on the wind,
 Affray the spirits of mankind,
 Bid earthquakes heaving for a vent,
 Rive their concealing continent,
 And, forcing an untimely birth
 Thro' the vast bowels of the earth,
 Endeavour in her monstrous womb
 At once all Nature to entomb;
 Bid all that's horrible and dire,
 All that man hates and fears, conspire
 To make night hideous, as they can;
 Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous man,
 Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breast
 Inhabit, and insure thy rest;
 Still shall thy Aviliff, taught, tho' late,
 Thy friendly justice in his fate,
 Turn'd to a guardian angel, spread
 Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the night by Fate decreed
 For the contrivance of a deed
 More black than common, which might make
 This land from her foundations shake
 Might tear up Freedom from the root,
 Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
 The sky in fullen drops of rain
 Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
 Which, op'ning, laid its bosom bare,
 Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning stream'd;
 The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,
 The screech-owl, prophet dire, whose breath
 Brings sickness, and whose note is death;
 The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
 All sad and silent, thro' the gloom,
 The ghosts of men, in former times
 Whose public virtues were their crimes,
 Indignant stalk'd; sorrow and rage
 Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
 The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
 Felt after death the gen'rous care;
 Sidney by grief from Heav'n was kept,
 And for his brother patriot wept:
 All friends of Liberty, when Fate
 Prepar'd to shorten Wilkes's date,
 Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
 And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
 In other countries scarcely heard,
 Or heard but as a thing of course,
 Without or energy or force;
 Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd the springs,
 Far, far beyond the reach of kings,

Fresh blooming from our mother earth :
With pride and joy she owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids us our breasts her genius burn ;
Bids us with all those blessings live
Which Liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that spirit die,
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the Senate hung,
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd !
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd !
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep
Promiscuous with the common heap,
And (gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the stream of time
In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot ?
No—they shall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on Honour's basis, fast
As the round earth to ages last.
Some virtues vanish with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
Himself lost in eternity,
An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.

But should some slave-got villain dare
Chains for his Country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst ;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in vice, and perfect ill ;
May his broad crimes each day increase,
Till he can't live, nor die in peace ;
May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That Satan may not endure his name,
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him for their birth ;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires !

But should some villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing Court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepest shame,
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim ;
Should such a wretch, with sword or knife,
Contrive to practise 'gainst the life
Of one, who honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious stand ;
Whose chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at such a time
May dare her sentiments to tell)
That he his Country loves too well ;
May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak—
May he—O for a noble curse
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple stood ;
Antient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unsound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof,
Seem'd to support the tottering roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving wanted aid.

The structure, rare and curious, made
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall ;
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which Art would treason hold,
To mention with those names of old.

Builders, who had the pile survey'd,
And those not *Flitcrofts** in their trade,
Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
Merely sometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wisely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It must not, in all parts unsound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground ;
Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
Shall raise a building to compare)
Art, if they should their art employ,
Meant to preserve, might not destroy :
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and hastening to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art despair,
Cannot those very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can restore,
And make them healthy as before.

To LIBERTY, whose gracious smile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the isle,
Our grateful ancestors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her strength
In spring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave father's us'd to train
Their sons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and steel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurse, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung ;
Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they first drew breath,
The best of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood ;
Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,
And Glory sparkled in her eyes.

* Henry Flitcroft was the architect of St. Giles's
in the Fields, St. Olave Southwark, &c.

The instruments of husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place supplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew:
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear;
Their fathers felt a pleasing fear;
And even Courage, standing by,
Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
Each stripling, lesson'd by his fire,
Knew when to close, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himself a War.

Their wives, their mothers all around,
Careless of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a son's or husband's brow,
With eager fingers laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the sacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and spirits, fit
To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire
Of the young, rugged, peasant fire,
When from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He saw his babe resign the breast,
And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
With which hereafter he shall make
The proudest heart in Gallia quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honest pride,
Did each fond, wishing, rustic bride
Behold her manly swain return!
How did her love-sick bosom burn,
Tho' on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleasure height'ning all her charms,
She strain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,
A son, a son just like his fire!

Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore;
Such were the men, who free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways
On which a King should found his praise;
When stern Oppression, hand in hand
With Pride, stalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping Justice was mis'd
From her fair course, and Mercy dead;
Such were the men, in virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their Country's wrong;
Who left the mattock, and the spade,
And, in the robes of war array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more, or see them free;
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side

By threats or bribes; who, Freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with scorn;
Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which Sense
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent stations rise;
Could never be to slav'ry led,
For Property was at their head;
Such were the men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her Temple on the sacred green,
In martial pastimes oft were seen—
Now seen no longer—in their stead,
To laziness and vermin bred,
A race who, strangers to the cause
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To interest, and slaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their van;
Discretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear,
Discretion, Valour's better half;
Dependence hold's the General's staff.

In plain and home-spun garb array'd,
Not for vain shew, but service made,
In a green flourishing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of portage untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the Temple-door;
Full on his breast a glass he wore,
Thro' which his bosom open lay
To ev'ry one that pass'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the house reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honest glee,
The Steward Hospitality,
Old Welcome smiling by his side,
A good old servant, oftentried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'rest too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her state a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern use) resign'd.

Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Detested, and detesting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
Than ever steward did before,
Succeeded one, who, to engage
The praise of an exhausted age,
Assum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himself Oeconomy.

Within the Temple, full in sight,
Where, without ceasing, day and night,
The workmen toil'd, where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm, where Art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a Printing-Press arose;

Each workman knew his task; and each
Was honest and expert as Leach.

Hence Learning struck a deeper root.
And Science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,
Even when banish'd from the Court;
Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence
Religion fought, and found defence;
Hence England's fairest fame arose,
And liberty subdu'd her foes.

On a low, simple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by *Allegiance*, scarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
Safely consist with social good,
The Goddess sat; around her head
A chearful radiance Glory spread;
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovely stern, possess'd a place
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat Honour, cloth'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which some great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the basis of her reign:
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast
Two smiling twin-born infants prest;
At her feet couching, War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd;
Justice and Mercy, hand and hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And Truth walk'd all about at large;
Health for the royal troop the feast
Prepar'd and Virtue was High-Priest.

Such was the fame our Goddess bore,
Her Temple such in days of yore.
What changes ruthless Time presents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herself (by ministerial arts
Depriv'd e'en of the People's hearts,
Whilst they, to work her surer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell
With some poor hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If she walks forth, she walks unknown,
Hooted and pointed at with scorn,
As one in some strange country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of spoilers, seize her place:
With looks, which might the heart dis-seat,
And make life found a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *flaunt*, old blood-hound at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breast
Mark'd with a greyhound, stood confest.
Controlement waited on their nod,
High-wielding Persecution's rod;
Confusion follow'd at their heels,
And a *cast Statesman* held the seals,

Those seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful Justice takes her day.

The Printers saw—they saw and fled—
Science declining, hung her head,
Property in despair appear'd,
And for herself destruction fear'd;
Whilst under foot the rude slaves trod
The works of men, and word of God;
Whilst close behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A bold, bad man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Gospel stamp'd an L.

LIBERTY fled, her friends withdrew,
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Cloathing herself with Honour's name,
Usurp'd his station; on the throne
Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,
(Gods, that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good a King,
So lov'd, so loving, thro' the arts
Of Statesmen cur'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpose sit,
Behold in triumph State-Craft sit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a State,
Whether to strengthen, or oppose!
False are his friends, and firm his foes.
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risking for those both life and limb,
Who would not risque one groat for him!

Under the Temple lay a cave,
Made by some guilty, coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.

In a dark corner, shunning light
Of man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,

With curious, but destructive art:
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
 Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,
 Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
 Wave plumes of feathers for the head;
Garters the haz contrives to make,
 Which as it seems, a babe might break,
 But which ambitious madmen feel
 More firm and sure than chains of steel;
 Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
 Forbid a Freeman to be free;
Purses she knew (did ever curse
 Travel more sure than in a purse?)
 Which, by some strange and magic hands
 Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.

Here Flatt'ry, eldest-born of Guile,
 Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,
 The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
 The private squeeze, the levee vow,
 With which, no frange or recent case,
 Fools in deceive fools out of place.

Corruption (who, in former times,
 Thro' fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
 And what she did contriv'd to do it
 So that the public might not view it)
 Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
 For their dark councils, and expell'd,
 Since in the day her business might
 Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
 Planning some dark and deadly wound,
 Holding a dagger, on which stood,
 All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
 Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
 By Treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
 By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made,
 Assassination, her whole mind
 Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd.
 Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
 And held forth instruments of blood,
 Vile instruments, which cowards chose,
 But men of honour dare not use;
 Around his Lordship and his Grace,
 Both qualified for such a place,
 With many a Forbes*, and many a Dun†,
 Each a resolv'd, and pious son,
 Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd,
 As the around her orders shar'd,
 Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
 And bid the destin'd victim die,
 Posting on Villainy's black wing,
 Whether he Patriot is, or King.

Oppression, willing to appear
 An object of our love, not fear,
 Or at the most a rev'rend awe
 To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.
 A book she held, on which her eyes
 Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise
 Joy in her breast; a book, of might
 Most wonderful, which black to white
 Could turn, and without help of laws,
 Could make the worse the better cause.

* A Scotch officer who challenged Mr. Wilkes.

† A poor Lunatic, who was charged with an intention to assassinate Mr. Wilkes.

She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
 She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believ'd,
 To make that book for ever stand
 The rule of wrong through all the land;
 On the back, fair and worthy note,
 At large was Magna Charta wrote,
 But turn your eye within, and read,
 A bitter lesson, Norton's Creed.
 Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
 Fast as the coursers of the sun,
 To worry Virtue, at her hand
 Two half-starv'd greyhounds took their stand.
 A curious model, cut in wood,
 Of a most ancient castle stood
 Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
 And soldiers on the watch kept guard;
 In the front, openly, in black
 Was wrote, "the Tow'r;" but on the back,
 Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
 In bloody letters, the Bastille."

Around a table, fully bent
 On mischief of most black intent
 Deeply determin'd, that their reign
 Might longer last, to work the bane
 Of one firm patriot, whose heart, tied
 To Honour, all their pow'r defied,
 And brought those actions into light
 They wish'd to have conceal'd in night,
 Begot, born, bred to infamy,
 A Privy-Council sat of Three;
 Great were their names, of high repute
 And favour thro' the land of Bute.

The First (entitled to the place
 Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
 Who never let occasion slip
 To take right-hand of fellowship,
 And was so proud, that should he meet
 The twelve Apostles in the street,
 He'd turn his nose up at them all,
 And shove his Saviour from the wall;
 Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
 Still go together side by side)
 That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
 And hold a stirrup for the Devil,
 If in a journey to his mind,
 He'd let him mount and ride behind;
 Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,
 For patrons first, then for a wife;
 Wrote *Dedications* which must make
 The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
 Made one man equal to, or more
 Than God, then left him, as before
 His God he left, and drawn by pride,
 Shifted about to t' other side)
 Was by his fire a parson made,
 Merely to give the boy a trade;
 But he himself was thereto drawn
 By some faint omens of the lawn,
 And on the truly Christian plan
 To make himself a Gentleman,
 A title in which form array'd him,
 Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.

The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
 But took them, as all wise men do,
 With an intent, if things should turn
 Rather to temporize, than burn.
 Gospel and Loyalty were made
 To serve the purposes of trade;

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Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A Curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary Brain
With more than she could well contain,
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the Poet's parasite.
With Wits conversing (and Wits then
Were to be found 'mongst Noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same;
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace;
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry songs to a Psalm tune;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their memories after death.

To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his wit,
And make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote too of the Inward Light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that Influencing Grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place:
He wrote too of the Holy Ghost,
Of whom no more than doth a post
He knew; nor, should an Angel shew him,
Would he or know, or chuse to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, to advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on rimes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-sufficient air
Plac'd himself in the Critic's chair,
Ufurp'd o'er Reason full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain simple Man of Law*,
He arm'd dead friends †, to vengeance true,
To abuse the man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,
Most characters are mix'd, we find;

And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the same breast to beat and burn.
Our Priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim spark in his soul;
Vice, glorious Vice possess'd the whole,
And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.

Injurious Satire, own at least
One snivelling virtue in the Priest,
One snivelling virtue which is plac'd,
They say, in or about the waist,
Call'd Chastity; the prudish dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In shape scarce of the human kind;
A man, without a manly mind;
No husband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and tho' oblig'd, no friend;
A heart, which Virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A head, where Learning runs to waste;
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge of genius, tho' confess
With not one spark of genius blest;
Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taste;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
A great divine, as Lords agree,
Without the least divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false Saint, and true Hypocrite.

Next sat a Lawyer, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through.
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they pass,
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan,
He saw her helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm, which fear'd and prais'd
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.

Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad lawyers was the worst.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave and perfect dunce.

Who will for him may boast of sense,
His better guard is Impudence.

* Thomas Edwards, Esq. See Canons of Criticism.

† See Notes to Pope.

His front with ten-fold plates of brass
 Secur'd, Shame never yet could pass,
 Nor on the surface of his skin
 Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
 How often in contempt of laws,
 To sound the bottom of a cause,
 To search out ev'ry rotten part,
 And worm into its very heart,
 Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
 And undertaken the defence
 Of trusting fools, whom in the end
 He meant to ruin, not defend?
 How often, e'en in open court,
 Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,
 And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,
 Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
 Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
 Had struck a little villain dead.

Causés, whatever their import,
 He undertakes, to serve a court;
 For he by heart his rule had got,
 Pow'r can affect, what law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
 If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
 His weak soul sickens at the sight,
 And strives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, so very loud,
 He is an Angel with the crowd,
 Whilst he makes justice hang her head,
 And Judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that nature, on a plan
 Most intimate, makes dear to man,
 All that with grand and gen'ral ties
 Binds good and bad, the fool and wise,
 Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,
 No entrance there such suitors gain.
 Bid kneeling Kings forsake the throne;
 Bid at his feet his Country groan;
 Bid Liberty stretch out her hands;
 Religion plead her stronger bands;
 Bid parents, children, wife and friends;
 If they come, 'twart his private ends,
 Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
 And bravely tramples on them all.
 Who will for him may cant and whine,
 And let weak Conscience with her line
 Chalk out their ways; such starving rules
 Are only fit for coward fools,
 Fellows who credit what Priests tell,
 And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
 His spirit dares contend with grace,
 And meets damnation face to face.

Such was our *Lawyer*; by his side,
 In all bad qualities allied,
 In all bad counsels, sat a *third*,
 By birth a Lord. O sacred word!
 O word most sacred, whence men get
 A privilege to run in debt;
 Whence they at large exemption claim
 From Satire, and her servant Shame;
 Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
 Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air,
 He seems, which strangers well might swear,
 The Master, or by *courtesy*,
 The Captain of a Colliery.
 Look at his visage, and agree
 Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree

Escap'd; a rope may sometimes break,
 Or men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not virtue, (in the school
 Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
 Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt
 Who know the man) to live without.
 His life is a continued scene
 Of all that's infamous and mean;
 He knows not change, unless grown nice
 And delicate, from vice to vice;
 Nature design'd him, in a rage,
 To be the Wharton of his age,
 But, having giv'n all the sin,
 Forgot to put the Virtues in.

To run a horse, to make a match,
 To revel deep, to roar a catch,
 To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
 To sweat a woman of the town,
 By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
 In turn to give a pox, or take it,
 He is, in faith, most excellent,
 And in the world's most full intent,
 A true Choice Spirit we admit;
 With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit:
 Hear him but talk, and you would swear
 Obscenity herself was there;
 And that Prophaneness had made choice,
 By way of trump, to use his voice;
 That, in all mean and low things great,
 He had been bred at *Billinggate*;
 And that, ascending to the earth
 Before the season of his birth,
 Blasphemy, making way and room,
 Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;
 Too honest (for the worst of men
 In forms are honest now and then)
 Not to have, in the usual way,
 His bills sent in; too great, to pay;
 Too proud to speak to, if he meets,
 The honest tradesman whom he cheats;
 Too infamous to have a friend,
 Too bad for bad men to commend,
 Or good to name; beneath whose weight
 Earth groans; who hath been spar'd by Fate
 Only to shew, on Mercy's plan,
 How far and long God bears with man.

Such were the Three, who, mocking sleep,
 At midnight sat, in counsel deep,
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a head,
 Whose wisdom could not be mislead;
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart,
 Which ne'er from honour would depart.

"Is he not rank'd amongst our foes?
 Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose
 Our dearest measures, made our name
 Stand forward on the roll of shame?
 Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
 By scornful menaces and bribes,
 And proving, that his darling cause
 Is of their Liberties and Laws
 To stand the champion? In a word,
 Nor need one argument be heard
 Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
 To quicken our resolves, and steel
 Our steady souls to bloody bent,
 (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
 Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
 Hath dar'd to make the Truth appear."

They said, and, by resentment taught,
 Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
 Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
 To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain;
 Scheme after scheme they brought to view;
 All were examin'd, none would do.
 When Fraud, with pleasure in her face,
 Forth issu'd from her hiding-place,
 And at the table where they meet,
 First having blest them, took her seat.
 "No trifling cause, my darling boys,
 "Your present thoughts and cares employs;
 "No common snare, no random blow
 "Can work the bane of such a foe:
 "By Nature cautious as he's brave,
 "To *Honour* only he's a slave;
 "In that weak part without defence,
 "We must to *Honour* make pretence:
 "That lure shall to his ruin draw
 "The wretch, who stands secure in law.
 "Nor think that I have idly plann'd
 "This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand,
 "With three months training on his head,
 "An instrument, whom I have bred,
 "Born of these bowels, far from sight
 "Of Virtue's false, but glaring light,
 "My youngest-born, my dearest joy,
 "Most like myself, my darling boy.
 "He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
 "Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
 "Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
 "Most *mine*, when most he *Honour's* seems;
 "Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
 "So firm and full a slave of Fraud."
 She said, and from each envious son
 A discontented murmur run
 Around the table; all in place
 Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
 Wond'ring what stranger she had got,
 Who had one vice that they had not.
 When strait the portals open flew,
 And; clad in armour, to their view
 M——, *The Duellist*, came forth;
 All knew, and all confess his worth,
 All justified, with smiles array'd,
 The happy choice their dam had made.

END OF THE DUELLIST.

G O T H A M.

I N

THREE BOOKS.

B O O K I.

FAR off (no matter whether *East* or *West*,
 A real country, or one made in jest)
 Nor yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
 Nor by *Map-jobbers* wretchedly misplac'd,
 VOL. VIII.

There lies an *Island*, neither great nor small,
 Which, for distinction-sake, I *GOTHAM* call.

The man who finds an unknown country out,
 By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
 A Gospel title, tho' the people there
 The pious Christian thinks not worth his care.
 Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
 The claim of Europe to the *Western World*.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
 Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
 A beam in proper form transversely laid;
 Of his Redeemer's Cross the figure made,
 Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
 From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
 His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
 Without more process, the whole race enslav'd;
 Cut off that Charter they from Nature drew,
 And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,
 Under this title the most Christian Lords
 Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the
 ball;

O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
 For never yet might any Monarch dare,
 Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
 Pretend that Christ (who came, we all agree,
 To bless his people, and to set them free)
 To make a convert ever one law gave,
 By which converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting Priest,
 Who talks of charity, but means a feast;
 Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel
 The holy glowings of a real zeal)
 To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
 To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd of
 earth,

Never shall one, one truly honest man,
 Who, blest with Liberty, reveres her plan,
 Allow one moment, that a savage fire
 Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
 By a wild grant, their All, their Freedom pass,
 And sell his Country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barbarous right, let Spain and
 France,

In slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance,
 Let them, whilst Conscience is at distance hurl'd,
 With some gay bawble by a golden world;
 An Englishman, in charter'd Freedom born,
 Shall spurn the slavish merchandize, shall scorn
 To take from others, thro' base private views,
 What he himself would rather die, than lose.

Happy the savage of those early times
 Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's
 crimes!

Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of earth,
 Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
 In full content he found the truest wealth;
 In toil he found diversion, food, and health;
 Stranger to ease and luxury of Courts,
 His sports were labours, and his labours sports;
 His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
 Life's morn was vigorous, and her eve serene;
 No rules he held, but what were made for use;
 No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
 False lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
 He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.
 Happy, thrice happy now the savage race,
 Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace!

L

Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on sure grounds the Gospel pile to rear,
Sends *missionary* felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,
Her want of prudence means, and arms supplies,
Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
Rising in blood, adopts the *scalping-knife*;
Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their state, how deep their woe;
The worth of Freedom strongly she explains,
Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks with chains;

Faith too she plants, for her own ends imprest,
To make them bear the worst, and hope the best;
And whilst she teaches on vile Int'rest's plan,
As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend?
Are they design'd for any, or no end?
Briefly but this—To prove, that by no act
Which nature made, that by no equal pact
Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice
heard,

Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd
Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold
The sons of India, and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accursed hour,
She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
Or wish in thought that title overthrown,
Which coincides with, and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first; I found
My right to Gotham on the self-same ground:
I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
To her be granted, and denied to me.
I plead possession, and 'till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that possession hold:
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the Western world, be Gotham *mine*.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry instrument of music play,
Ancient and modern; those which drew their birth
(Punctilio's laid aside) from *Pagan* earth,
As well as those by *Christian* made and *Jew*;
Those known to many, and those known to few;
Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And those which swell the slow and solemn note;
Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by)
Make some *complexions* laugh and others cry;
Those which by some strange faculty of sound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Those which can tear up forests by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like
brutes;

Those which whilst Ridicule leads up the dance,
Make clowns of Monmouth ape the fops of France;

Those which, where *Lady Dullness* with *Lord*
Mayors

Presides, disdain light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feast with *Psalmody*; and those
Which, planted in our churches to dispose
And lift the mind to Heav'n, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish organist calls *Taste*:
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert son of dull fire, discharg'd from school,
Serves an apprenticeship in College ease,
And rises thro' the *gamut* to degrees)
To those which (tho' less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd *Saint Giles's*, and more fam'd *Vine-*
street,

(Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old house, and an older aunt)
Thornton, whilst Humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an Ode*;
All instruments (attend ye list'ning spheres
Attend ye sons of men, and hear with ears)
All instruments (nor shall they seek one hand
Imprest from *modern Music's coxcomb* band)
All instruments, *self-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises; whilst *gay Nature*, in a robe,
A *coxcomb Doctor's robe*, to the full sound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Infancy, straining backward from the breast,
Techy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond father sits on t' other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with
pride,

Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter, thro' Gotham's land.

Childhood, who like an *April* morn appears,
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In reason weak; who, wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep:
Who, with a sev'rish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd;
His trembling-lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, sickle, insolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood past,
In the *mid-chase*, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye,
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with
health,

* A burlesque Ode on St. Cecilia's day, by Bonnet
Thornton, performed at Ranelagh.

When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain,
When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
And e'en the *hunter* stop to cry *Amen*.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Tho' worlds should crack around him; on his brow
Wisdom serene, to passion giving law,
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;
Courage attempt'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue supreme enthron'd; within his breast
The image of his Maker deep impress'd;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reason blest'd, and only less than God;
Manhood, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
Tho' cloth'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
By wicked Elders chain'd, redemption waits,
Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

Old Age, a *second child*, by Nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of self,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting on his shatter'd brain,
Tho' the false registers of youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men who liv'd in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young;
Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue,
Praising grey hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
E'en whilst he curses time which made him gray;
Scoffing at youth, e'en whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd;
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Things without life shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

The *Snow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *herald* of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb *Crocus*, flow'r of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a *herald's* coat;
The *Tulip*, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The top of flow'rs, the *More* of a parterre;
The *Wood-bine*, who her *Elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets;
The *Lily*, silver mistress of the vale;
The *Rose* of Sharon which perfumes the gale;
The *Jessamine*, with which the Queen of Flow'rs
To charm her God adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness dress'd,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast,

Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the sun into strength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *Daisy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Forming a gloom, thro' which to spleen-struck
minds

Religion, horror-stamp'd, a passage finds,
The *Ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *Myrtle* ever-green,
Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen;
The *Willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *Cypress* sacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love snatch'd away; the *Laurel* worn
By Poets in old time, but destin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The *Fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itself a grove, gave our first parents cloaths,
The *Vine*, which, like a blushing new-made bride,
Clust'ring, empurples all the mountain's side;
The *Yew*, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,
Marks out the resting-place of men unknown;
The hedge-row *Elm*, the *Pine* of mountain race,
The *Fir*, the Scotch *Fir*, never out of place;
The *Cedar*, whose top meets the highest cloud,
Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of such a child, and his vast body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;
The *Oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The English *Oak*, which dead, commands the flood;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The *Shew'rs* which make the young hills, like
young lambs,

Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the *Streams* which glide,
Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,
And from their bosom rising Commerce springs;
The *Winds* which rise with healing on their wings,
Before whose cleansing breath contagion flies;
The *Sun*, who, travelling in eastern skies,
Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds stir,
Step by step, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west,

As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or *post-boys* for an inn;
The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses;
The *Stars*, who by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who without reason govern those, who most
(How truly, judge from thence!) of reason boast,
And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The *Moment*, *Minute*, *Hour*, *Day*, *Week*, *Month*,
Year,

Morning and *Even*, as they in turn appear;
Moments and *Minutes* which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by Parliaments to be restor'd;
The *Hours*, which dress'd by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The *Day*, those hours I mean when light presides,
And Business in a cart with Prudence rides;
The *Night*, those hours I mean with darkness hung,
When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
The *Morn*, when Nature rousing from her strife
With death-like Sleep, awakes to second life;
The *Eve*, when, as unequal to the task,
She mercy from her foe descends to ask;
The *Week*, in which six days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heaven;
The *Months*, twelve sisters all of different hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeness too;
Not such a likeness, as, thro' Hayman's works,
Dull mannerist, in Christians, Jews; and Turks,
Cloys with a sameness in each female face,
But a strange something, born of Art and Grace,
Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At different times of the same parents born;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

From January, leader of the Year,
Minc'd-pies in van, and *calves-heads* in the rear;
Dull February, in whose leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain;
March various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd
cheeks,

By wilder Welchmen led, and crown'd with leeks!
April with fools, and May with bastards blest;
June with white roses on her rebel breast;
July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,
Saint James gives oysters, and *Saint Swithin* rain;

August, who, banish'd from her *Smithfield* stand,
To *Chelsea* flies, with Dogget in her hand*;
September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
Whilst the Priest, not so full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unblest, nor gives the Saint a bit;
October, who the cause of Freedom join'd,
And gave a second George to bless mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boasts, and our *Augusta's* birth;
December, last of months, but best, who gave
A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,
Whilst falsely grateful, Man, at the last feast,
To do God honour, makes himself a beast;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The *Seasons* as they roll; Spring, by her side
Letch'ry and *Lent*, *Lay-Folly*, and *Church-Pride*,
By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of *sainted salt-fish* on her head;
Summer, in light, transparent gawze array'd,
Like Maids of Honour at a masquerade,
In bawdry gawze, for which our daughters leave
The Fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, enflamed with lustful fires,
Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each step, and lumbers on his feet;
Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what she wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without Excise:
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, since furs became our own;
A hag, who loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloth'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who mighty grown,
Would rule the Ruler, and foreclose the throne,
Would turn all State-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggat at home a people fear'd abroad
And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The *Year*, grand circle, in whose ample round
The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the same things which he had seen before;
The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun
Runs in the track where he from first hath run;

* Dogget the celebrated Comedian's Badge, rowed
for on the first of August.

† Princess Dowager of Wales.

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The same moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow;

Man is a puppet, and this world a show;
Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He ——— a Lord (now fair befall that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a Lord he died)
Dishwood is pious, Berkeley fix'd as fate*,
Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) first Minister of State;
And, tho' by fools despis'd, by saints unblest'd,
By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd,
Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,
Founded on Honour, Wilkes is still himself)
The Year, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, he happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,
Who fell out monthly trash, and call it Sense,
Too lightly of our present labours deem,
Or judge at random of so high a theme;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen;
But when kind time a proper season brings,
In serious mood to treat of serious things,
Then shall they find, disdainful idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those
Who shrink from ev'ry blast of pow'r which blows;
Who with tame cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own;

Who, (lest bold truths, to do sage Prudence spite,
Should burst the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep)
Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap.
When brave occasion bids, for some great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a friend,
Then shall they find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to speak, what they scarce dare to think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK. II.

HOW much mistaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without restraint, may
drink,
May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy

* A phrase used by Lord Bottetourt, then Nor-
bom Berkeley, in an address to his electors.

May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, Music comes of course.

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her sports; when Wit should

Speak,
And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air;
To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One Critic in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture shine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy Rhime
Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time;
To make proud Sense against her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhime, yet call her friend.

Some fops there are among the scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their business to describe,
No matter whether in, or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull Propriety in state preside
O'er her dull children, nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges, Judgment, Taste, and
Sense,

Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Person, Place, and Time*.

Let liquid gold embleze the sun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon,
Let furies hoarse lash the surrounding shore,
Let streams meander, and let torrents roar,
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze
To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees,
Let vales embroid'ry wear, let flow'rs be ring'd
With various tints, let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.

Others there are, who in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On Sense to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their course
delay,

Nor for a moment step out of their way,
To make the barren road those graces wear,
Which nature would, if pleas'd, have planted
there.

Vain men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of Man,
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who destitute of humour, wit, and taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of Learning with a sloven's air.
Tho' solid reasoning arms each sterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine;"
Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.

Sense, mere, dull, formal Sense, in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,
Nor can she for an hour ensure her reign,
Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the streets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride,
Taking for once Experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull College mode;
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
Write, or at least appear to write with ease,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice blest'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a
plan!

This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success:
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which faints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble, and despair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which she nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that Goddess, whom they'd have engage
Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence.
But, to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made man, she leaves her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye.
In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around the breast;
To conquer Vice, of Vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.
The sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart,
Until they find it rooted in their heart.

'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, cursing that, themselves too they have curs'd;
They see not, 'till they fall into the snares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.
Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
When pregnant horror lies, and broods o'er wind,
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,
The patient to those manly sports, which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rimes
In other lands, and here, in other times,

Whom, waiting at their birth, the *midwife* Muse
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews,
To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by just degrees led up to men;
Some few, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd be-
tween

These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean:
Sense in their works maintains her proper state,
But never sleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from Sense to run astray:
So nice the master's touch, so great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They set each other off, like light and shade,
And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
'Tis hard to say, where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Sense perfects Grace, and Grace enlivens Sense.

Peace to the men who these high honours claim,
Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame;
Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
Observe, and mark their passage to the sky;
From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
And praise their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow, and Life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst Pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the Town:
Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of Rime,
And the poor *flattern* Muse is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulses play
Through the dull dubious mass, no breath makes
way,

Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glass they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all:
Others, on the grounds, objections frame,
And granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt as the sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it, Verse or Prose.

E'en what my masters please; Bards mild, meek
men,

In love to critics stumble now and then.
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the small compass of my careless page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Macon can feed one.

When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state,
To praise the man I love, curse him I hate;
When Sense, in tides of passion borne along,
Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song;
The Censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,
With as high relish on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* Earl fed at a turtle feast,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,

Eat, 'till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
Yet still eat on, and dying call'd for more.

When *loose Digression*, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *Connection*, and her formal yoke,
Bounds thro' the forest, wanders far astray
From the known path, and loves to lose her way,
'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.

When *gay Description*, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's fresh dew,
And like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, the not one mark imprints,
Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints;
When thus *Description* sports, e'en at the time
That drums should beat, and cannons roar in rime,
Critics can live on such a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty *Monthly Judges*, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
Of my materials, which against your will
Of't you've confess'd, and shall confess it still;
Materials rich tho' rude, enflam'd with thought,
Tho' more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought;
Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
Which suits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom, with critic art,
'Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,
To your dull taste a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swears it surpasses Rome, and rivals Greece.

Nor think this much, for at one single word,
Soon as the mighty critic *Fiat*'s heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd!
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher business calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge:
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise;
The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.

O my poor people, O thou wretched earth,
To whose dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How (by the father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the best degree)
How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how must Freedom's pile,
The boast of ages, which adorns the isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud!
How must that pile, by ancient wisdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace

The royal seat of empire! But what care,
What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,
Tho' that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's King.

Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror stalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust; that court which now is our's
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harvest rise, be brambles found:
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the ground;
Dry in her thousand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thousand hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd, let tygers prowl for prey;
Where Justice lodges, let wild asses bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
And on the sails of Commerce bitterns rest;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuse, see Gotham's ruin'd state
By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a Stuart wear a crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's host,
Those servants who their Maker know, who boast
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil
Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with destruction big, o'er Gotham sweep;
Let rains rush down, 'till Faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky;
Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulph let all my subjects sink
Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
And, having own'd the justice of my God,
Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
And die with those for whom I wish'd to live.

This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my Crown should wear,
That Crown, where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun;
Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud mis-
rule,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at
school,

To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madness brought
By the dread vision: at the mere surmise
The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise;
My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, distraction meets.

O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high achievements, can your spirits bend
Thro' base controul (ye never can descend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in Freedom's seat a Stuart reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,

The tyranny and falsehood of those Lords,
Contents you not, search England's fair records;
England, where first the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham, my best love is due;
There once they rul'd, tho' crush'd by William's
hand,

They rul'd no more, to curse that happy land.

The *first*, who, from his native soil remov'd,
Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which
spring

In souls of vulgar stamp to be a King;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft gave, what wisdom had denied.

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a Coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed.

Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's
throne,
He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was
caught,

Or *English* knaves who would be Scotchmen thought.
To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those Senates rich, whom, poor, he
prais'd:

From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a Daughter * red,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men,
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his play-things, Parliaments his sport,
Book-worms and Catamites engross'd the Court:
Vain of the Scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The *pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,
And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the croud;
False Friend, false Son, false father and false King,
False Wit, false Statesman, and false ev'ry thing,
When he should act, he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the state.

Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion's sake but argument;
More vain, if some sly, artful, *Hug-Dutch* slave,
Or, from the *Jesuit* school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
By his full soldiery, worlds hail'd him Lord.

* The Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George
the First

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will
The pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.

But what he wish'd, what he made *Bishops* preach,
And *Statesmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not seize: Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the realm his will denied.

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe: Peace was his coward care,
E'en at a time when Justice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword, submit.
Truth fairly must record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with Mercy, Justice may forgive.
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by those, whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not lov'd by those, whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above;
To answer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuse the throne;
Leaving behind a curse to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.

With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men; with few which grace a King,
And speak the monarch; at the time of life
When Passion holds with Reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean fire undone,
Who envied virtue even in a son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up, ere he left the child;
His soul was eager for imperial sway,
Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong:
Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
And all his follies let to run to feed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must spring!
What ills to such a land from such a King!
What could the hope! what had the not to fear!
Bafe Buckingham posses'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engross'd his love, and made him all their own;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now:
Each strove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne!)
That all mankind were made for Kings alone,
That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim
Or worse in common men, was law in him:
Drunk with *prerogative*, which fate decreed
To guard good Kings, and tyrants to mislead;
Which in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not; which to hold too high
No good can wish, no coward King can dare,
And held too high, no *English* subject bear;
Besieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness, made their King their tool,
Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule;
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one;

Lift'ning uxorious, whilst a woman's prate
Modell'd the Church, and parcell'd out the State,
Whilst (in the State not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious
head;

Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes;
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;
Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
He heard a nation hearing one or two;
Taught by State-Quacks himself secure to think,
And out of danger on danger's brink;
Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilst murmurs ran thro' an insulted land,
As if to sanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, crush'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,
Lament her Senates lost, her Hampden mute.
Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,
In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the State,
New Courts were rais'd to give new doctrines waight;
State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd *Star-Chambers* made, or rul'd the law;
Juries were pack'd, and Judges were unfound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
He hated Senates, for they told him truth,
At length against his will compell'd to treat,
Those whom he could not fright, he strove to cheat,
With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And, often giving, often broke his word.
O where shall helpless Truth for refuge fly,
If Kings, who should protect her, dare to lie?

Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their Country's good their Monarch's
fame;

Those who were anxious for his safety; those
Who were induc'd by duty to oppose;
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne;
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past; till pow'r
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.

Hence (be the curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War arose;
All acts of outrage, and all acts of shame,
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with Honour's
name;

Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
Spread universal havock thro' the land;
With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
In public rage all private love was sunk;
Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
And the son's weapon drank the father's blood;
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stuart! harshly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame,
To see my King before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed.

VOL. VII.

What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
What tho' they shook the basis of the State,
In royalty secure thy person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile Ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
Who dar'd seduce a King to be unjust,
Vengeance, with Justice leagu'd, with pow'r made
strong,

Had nobly crush'd: *The King could do no wrong.*

Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes
blame;

They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
From which the sun in glory is not clear.

Had'st thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath
At Nature's call; had'st thou laid down in death
As in a sleep; thy name, by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity the virtue of a gen'rous soul,

Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole;
Misfortunes gave what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the Tyrant slain, the Martyr live.

Ye Princes of the earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue;
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reason but your will,
And scorn restraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only blest'd when they make others curst;
Think not for wrongs like these unforg'd to live;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive:
But, when ye least expect, in Sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Ner think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone:
No; like some base dissembler, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly.
Not daries, like a King, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another Charles succeeded. In the school
Of Travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
To shame their Country on the Continent,
From love of England by long absence wean'd,
From ev'ry Court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, so close do evil habits cling,
'Till crown'd, a Beggar; and when crown'd, no
King.

Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n de-
sign'd

An instance of his mercy to mankind,
Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;
Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
And of the present fond, forgets the past,
He chang'd and chang'd, but ev'ry hope to
curse,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worse;

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State he resign'd to those whom state could please,
 Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
 Pleasure, and pleasure only was his aim;
 Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame;
 Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a sport,
 Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at Court;
 Morality was held a standing jest,
 And Faith a necessary fraud at best;
 Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
 Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
 Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
 Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
 (So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
 Stood all absolv'd in that poor bauble, Wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read,
 He let his father's servants beg their bread,
 His father's faithful servants, and his own,
 To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
 Thro' love of ease, and not thro' want of sense;
 He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
 As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women rul'd all, and Ministers of State
 Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
 Women, who have, as monarchs grac'd the land,
 But never govern'd well at second-hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
 In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
 In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
 Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
 Amboyna stands—Gods, that a King should hold
 In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
 And of his duty be so careless found,
 That, when the blood of subjects from the ground
 For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
 And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
 Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
 And butcher'd subjects wander'd unton'd!
 O, dear, deep injury to England's fame,
 To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame!
 Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
 Avarice is that which least becomes a King.

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
 Which thro' his reign he little understood,
 Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
 He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim;
 And, having made time-serving Senates bow,
 Suddenly died, that brother best knew how.

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,
 And James his brother reigned in his stead.
 But such a reign—so glaring an offence
 In ev'ry step 'gainst Freedom, Law, and Sense,
 'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
 'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
 That the relation would mere fiction seem,
 The mock creation of a poet's dream,
 And the poor bard's would, in this sceptic age,
 Appear as false as *their* historian's page.

Ambitious Folly seiz'd the seat of Wit,
 Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit;
 Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
 Made daring inroads on the common-weal;
 Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
 And call'd the pride of Kings, the power of God;
 Confidence and Fame were sacrific'd to Rome,
 And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.

Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd
 From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd

Beyond a coward's suff'rance, conscience forc'd,
 And healing justice from the Crown divorc'd,
 Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
 Her patriot Bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
 Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
 Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
 She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew,
 At Honour's call th' avenging sword she drew,
 Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
 And sent him in despair to beg his bread;
 Whilst she (may ev'ry State in such distress
 Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
 Whilst she (may Gotham, should my abject mind
 Chuse to enslave rather than free mankind)
 Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
 Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
 Whilst she thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
 Written in gold let Revolution stand)
 Whilst she, secur'd in Liberty and Law,
 Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

B O O K III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart,
 Can she forget the darling of her heart,
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,
 Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed?
 To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
 And in whose life alone she seem'd to live?
 Yes, from herself the mother may depart,
 She may forget the darling of her heart,
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,
 Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
 To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
 And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;
 But I cannot forget, whilst Life remains,
 And pours her current thro' these swelling veins,
 Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine,
 But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
 From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child;
 Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone?
 Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
 From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child;
 Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone;
 But I, (forbid it Heav'n) but I can ne'er
 The love of Gotham from this bosom tear;
 Can ne'er so far true Royalty pervert
 From its fair course, to do my people hurt.

With how much ease, with how much confidence,
 As if, superior to each grosser sense,
 Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,
 To manifest her will, and be obey'd,
 Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
 The motions of the mind! With how much ease
 In such resolves doth Passion make a flaw,
 And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
 * In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne,
 The dangers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,
 Pleas'd, tho' I scarce know why, like some young child,
 Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
 How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
 And wanton with dominion! how lay down,

Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of most large and absolute extent;
Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring,
And all at once commence a Patriot King.

But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are stak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Must from my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name, deserve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my heart,
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unsuspected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thousand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treacherous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myself made known?

A Patriot King—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of Heav'n; which wears
The nearest, best resemblance we can shew
Of God above thro' all his works below.

To still the voice of discord in the land,
To make weak Faction's discontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
Like different bodies with one soul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That sacred balance, temperate, yet bold,
With such an equal hand, that those who fear
May yet approve, and own my justice clear;
To be a common father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,
To make Corruption dread to shew her face;
To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,
And be at last acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, nor let the artists starve;
To make fair plenty through the realm increase,
Give fame in war, and happiness in peace;
To see my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from me;
O 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought;
'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard,
But not less great, less glorious the reward,
The best reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than earth, and little short of heav'n;
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down!
With outside show and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.

The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what woe from grandeur
springs,

And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

Call'd up by health he rises with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards
faint,

Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears what we should think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighbour's brook,
Nor asks for sauce where appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the sun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean, coarse food,
Which, season'd with good-humour, his fond bride
'Gainst his return is happy to provide;
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
creeps

Into his straw, and 'till the morning sleeps.

Not so the King—With anxious cares oppress'd,
His bosom labours, and admits not rest.
A glorious wretch, he sweats beneath the weight
Of Majesty, and gives up ease for state.
E'en when his smiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side,
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm!
Care, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
With all the nest of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when Night bids Sleep
Sweet nurse of Nature o'er the senses creep,
When Misery herself no more complains,
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
Tho' his sense weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,
That rest which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night she watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head;
Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for
Kings."

Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vast ball,
Who rules most absolute o'er me, and all;
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the dutious vow;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (blessed be that season, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more;

One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life to die and pass away)
Since I became a King, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice re-
new'd,

Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes.
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless
The people whom I love, shall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions Lord, sole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that Monarch wears his crown,
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
How can a King (yet on record we find
Such Kings have been, such curses of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf,
Which Conscience tells him he hath broke himself?
Can he some petty rogue to justice call
For robbing one, when he himself robs all?
Must not, unless extinguish'd, Conscience fly
Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
To scourge th' oppressor, when the State, distress'd
And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?
Against himself doth he not sentence give?
If one must die, t' other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground;
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would perish to obtain.
Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway
Makes it their real int'rest to obey;
When Kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not less in virtue than in pow'r excel.

Be that my object, that my constant care,
And may my soul's best wishes center there.
Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to those virtues which from Reason spring,
And grace the man, join those which grace the King.

First (for strict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)

First (and that method Reason shall support)
Before I look into, and purge my Court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the State,
Let me fix things which to myself relate.
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye slaves, who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains, when your King is just.

Are there, amongst those officers of State,
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm;
Are there, who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,

And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant;
Are there such men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a Statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myself, and to my State unjust,
Shall I from Ministers take things on trust,
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I must not weigh;
Do what they bid: and what they dictate say;
Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?

Perish the thought—'tis treason to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Insults me more, than he, who leagu'd with Hell,
Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.

The wicked Statesman, whose false heart pursues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face; whose base designs
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
E'en whilst he seems his wishes to support;
Who seizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the judgment-seat
To screen his crimes, and make his frauds com-
plete;

New-models armies, and around the throne
Will suffer none but creatures of his own;
Conscious of such his baseness well may try,
Against the light to shut his master's eye,
To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those,
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where Truth, unwelcome Truth, may wound his
ear.

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves
proclaim,

And, whilst they publish, baulk their author's aim.
Kings must be blind, into such snares to run;
Or worse, with open eyes must be undone.

The Minister of honesty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the day, and seek the shades of night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the light;
None with their King in ignorance to hold,
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden guilt, and that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held;
Confusion wait them, and by Justice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where Kings have oft been lost, shall I submit,
And rust in chains like these? Shall I give way,
And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance sit down,
Nor dare assert the honour of my crown?
When stern rebellion (if that odious name
Justly belongs to those, whose only aim

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Is to preserve their Country ; who oppose,
 In honour leagu'd, none but their Country's foes ;
 Who only seek their own, and found their cause
 In due regard for violated laws)
 When stern Rebellion, who no longer feels
 Nor fears rebuke, a Nation at her heels,
 A Nation up in arms, tho' strong not proud,
 Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
 For due redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,
 A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men ;
 How must that King be humbled, how disgrace
 All that is royal in his name and place,
 Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
 No other plea but that of Ignorance !
 A vile defence, which was his All at stake,
 The meanest subject well might blush to make ;
 A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs ;
 A stain to all, but most a stain to Kings.
 The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
 Panting for knowledge, rests not till inform'd :
 And shall not I, sir'd with the glorious zeal,
 Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel ?
 Or can a just excuse from ignorance flow
 To me, whose first, great duty is—To Know ?
 Hence Ignorance—thy settled, dull, blank eye
 Wou'd hurt me, tho' I knew no reason why—
 Hence Ignorance—thy slavish shackles bind
 The free-born soul, and lethargy the mind—
 Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn
 On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
 That grave inflexibility of soul,
 Which Reason can't convince, nor Fear controul ?
 Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
 And nothing less than utter ruin teach—
 Hence Ignorance—hence to that depth of night
 Where thou wast born, where no tone gleam of light
 May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell,
 Where Monks with Superstition love to dwell ;
 Or in some College soothe thy lazy pride,
 And with the Heads of Colleges reside ;
 Fit mate for Royalty thou can't not be ;
 And if no mate for Kings, no mate for me.
 Come Study, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
 Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
 Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
 Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind ;
 Come Study—painful tho' thy course and slow,
 Thy real worth by thy effects we know—
 Parent of Knowledge, come ! Not thee I call,
 Who, grave and dull, in College or in Hall
 Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh
 Things, which when found, thy labours can't repay—
 Nor, in one hand, sit emblem of thy trade,
 A rod ; in t' other gaudily array'd
 A hornbook, gilt and letter'd ; call I Thee,
 Who dost in form preside o'er A B C— :
 Nor (siren tho' thou art, and thy strange charms,
 As 'twere by magic lure men to thy arms)
 Do I call Thee, who thro' a winding maze,
 A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,
 Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,
 Where, in full glory, real Science reigns :
 Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
 Tho' full rewards in thy possession lie
 To crown man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,
 Tho' (was I station'd in an humbler place)
 I could be ever happy in thy sight,
 Toil with thee all the day, and through the night

Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
 Fast rivetted on Science, sleep defy ;
 Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)
 Must I thy sweet society forego,
 And to some happy rival's arms resign
 Those charms, which can, alas ! no more be mine.
 No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
 Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
 Where eager love of Science calls ; no more
 Attempt those paths which man ne'er trod before.
 No more the mountain scal'd, the desert cross,
 Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
 Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to night,
 From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
 And having found thee, lay me down content,
 Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.
 Farewell ye Muses too—for such mean things
 Must not presume to dwell with mighty Kings—
 Farewell ye Muses—tho' it cuts my heart
 E'en to the quick, we must for ever part.
 When the fresh morn bade lusty Nature wake ;
 When the birds, sweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
 Tun'd their soft pipes ; when from the neighb'ring
 bloom,
 Sipping the dew, each Zephyr stole perfume ;
 When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
 And seem'd to say they never could be tir'd ;
 How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive time
 Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
 O'er hill, o'er dale ! how often laugh'd to see,
 Yourself made visible to none but me,
 The clown, his work suspended, gape and stare,
 And seem'd to think that I convers'd with air !
 When the Sun, beating on the parched soil,
 Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil ;
 When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breast,
 And things most us'd to labour, wish'd for rest ;
 How often, underneath a t'v'nd oak,
 Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke,
 Some sacred Dryad liv'd, or in some grove,
 Where with capricious fingers Faery wave
 Her fairy bow'r, whilst Nature all the while
 Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a smile,
 Have we held converse sweet ! how often laid,
 Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring shade,
 Amongst those Poets which make up your train,
 And, after death, pour forth the sacred strain,
 Have I, at your command, in verse grown grey,
 But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
 Which might have drawn an angel from his sphere,
 And kept him from his office list'ning here.
 When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her
 train,
 Led on by Silence to resume her reign,
 With darkness covering, as with a robe,
 This scene of levity, blank'd half the globe ;
 How oft, enchanted with your heav'nly strains,
 Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains
 Of Music bound my soul, how oft have I,
 Sounds more than human floating thro' the sky,
 Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will,
 Transported with the harmony, stood still !
 How oft in raptures, which man scarce could bear,
 Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there ;
 Still heard their music ; and, as mute as death,
 Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
 Left, breathing all too rudely, I should wound,
 And mar that magic excellence of sound ;

Then, Sense returning with return of day,
Have chid the Night, which fled so fast away.

Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy sure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)
With some few friends, and some small share of
praise,

Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I disavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix disgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engross'd, each private view withstood,
And task'd to labour for the public good;
Be this my study, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.

Let me the page of History turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former Kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs sleep, where laurels
bloom

Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er these scenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a Post which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to someletcher fold,
Three wretched months she lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the
breath

Of the rude North, and timorous of death,
To its kind mother Earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,
Bids in full splendor all her beauties rise;
The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
The Bee goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treasur'd sweets; robbing those flow'rs, which
left,

Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she sit on Pleasure's silken wing,
Ne'er doth she, loitering, let the bloom of Spring
Unristled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest.
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which Chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse
Due to the hive, and selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils.

Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the stock she brings her booty home.

Be this my pattern—As becomes a King,
Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing;
Let mine eye, like the lightning, thro' the earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Escape my note: be all, from the first day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those, whom Time at the desire of Fame
Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame;
From those, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest;
No—let them spread—th' effects let Gotham share;
And reap the harvest of their Monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.

Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!)
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth
Assist my weakness, and direct me right;
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought
Try men and things; let me, as Monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of Government; how empire first began;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.

Let me consider, as from one great source
We see a thousand rivers take their course,
Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent still supply'd and fed,
That Government (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands apply'd),
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the same;
The same her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.

Let me find out, by Reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems,
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use:
Let me find, too, where, by fair Reason try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,
Till they seem founded on Perfection's base;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence they hasten to decay)

Let me, whilst Observation lends her clue,
Step by step to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell,
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.

Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all States from common causes grow,
But likewise those which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait;
Which in its very constitution lurk,
Too sure at last to do its destin'd work;

Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each system, learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to re-assure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me, (tho' great grave brethren of the gown
Preach all Faith up, and preach all Reason down,
Making those jar whom Reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me thro' Reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry
Which law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
What's form; what's essence; what, like vagrant air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time;
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal
Which without knowledge furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.

The times have been when priests have dar'd to tread,

Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head;
When whilst they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they banish'd common sense;
When some soft King, too open to deceit,
Easy and unsuspecting join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name
To serve the vilest purposes of shame.
Fear not, my people! where no cause of fear
Can justly rise—your King secures you here;
Your King, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of priests the voice of God.

Let me, (tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their monarch to behold what they wish hid,
And for the purposes of knavish gain,
Would have their trade a mystery remain)
Let me, disdain all such slavish awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the spirit find,
Till from the parts made master of the whole,
I see the Constitution's very soul.

Let me, (tho' statesmen will no doubt resist,
And to my eyes present a fearful list
Of men whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to resign)
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a King,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my Country's good)
Unravel all low ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them step by step; let me well know
How places, pensions, and preferments, go;
Why Guilt's provided for when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside,
And dare to know my way without a guide.

Let me, (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,
As if the sun shone with less pow'rful ray,
Less grace, less glory, shining ev'ry day,
Tho' when she comes forth into public sight,
Unbending as a ghost she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor at her presence, tho' base myriads crook
The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look)

Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aside,
All ornament, and needless helps of art,
All those big looks which speak a little heart)
Know (which few Kings, alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Destroys all fear, bids love with reverence live,
And gives those graces pride can never give.
Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my subjects have access to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whose cause we know.

And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a King,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redress thee, may my reign
Close up that very moment—To prevent
The course of Justice from her fair intent,
In vain my nearest dearest friend shall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—my soul may bleed,
But must not change—When Justice draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it Duty, and I feel it Fame.

END OF GOTHAM.

T H E

C A N D I D A T E.

ENOUGH of *Actors*—let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut,
and stare.

Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when these *tasty* days,
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n some little share of wealth,
Could'st thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st thou presume t' envy that wealth she gave?
Could'st thou repine at laws ordain'd by thee,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade,
By Need made tradesmen, Pride had bankrupts made;
Whom Fear made drunkards, and by modern rules,
Whom Drink made wits, tho' Nature made them
fools;

With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,

Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of *Authors*—Why, when scribblers fail,
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a brother in distress?

Let those who boast th' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
Let those, who without genius write, and write,
Versemen or Prosemen, all in Nature's spite,
The pen laid down, their course of Folly run
In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone,
Why should I tell, to cross the will of fate,
That Francis * once endeavour'd to translate?
Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion pour away †;
With *Friendship* and with *Fancy* trifle here,
Or sleep in *Pastoral* at Lelvedere ‡?
Sleep let them all, with Dullness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of *Critics*—let them if they please,
Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees;
Wide and extensive be their infant state,
Their subjects many, and those subjects great,
Whilst all their mandates as sound Law succeed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What tho' they lay the realms of Genius waste,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned close intrigues,
Against the Commonwealth of Letters leagues;
Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our Sense and Honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.

Enough of *Scotland*—let her rest in peace,
The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease.
Why should I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and by destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread,
Whilst riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the River God, convince'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides.

Enough of *States*, and such like trifling things;
Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;

* Dr. Philip Francis, the translator of Horace and Demosthenes.

† See the *Effusions of Friendship and Fancy*, by Dr. Langhorne, 2 vols. 12mo. 1763.

‡ See the *Enlargement of the Mind*, Langhorne's Poems.

Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
Spread the Court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroll'd
By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of *Patriots*—all I ask of man,
Is only to be honest as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their Country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine—*Persevere*.
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their King and Country sell, with endless shame
Th' avenging Muse shall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to Honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful Country shall their fame record,
And I myself descend to praise a Lord.

Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful, and unjust,
But foist'ring France shall ne'er betray her trust;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impose,
To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.

Enough of *Self*—that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight.
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride!
What man can from himself divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfied) is love of fame,
Some little fame deriv'd from some brave few,
Who prizing Honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely speak,
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.

Let none of those, whom blest'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
Or which, if mine, I living, blush'd to own.
Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of those, whom I despise tho' great,
Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
Publish my life; let no false sneaking Peer,
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor soul-gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some riming guest
Roams thro' the church-yard whilst his dinner's dress'd,

Let it hold up this comment to his eyes ;
 " Life to the last enjoy'd, *here Churchill lies ;*"
 Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)
 Reading my Works, he cries—" *Here Churchill*
lives."

Enough of *Satire*—in less harden'd times
 Great was her force, and mighty were her rimes.
 I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
 Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave,
 Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
 From her one line, than from a world in arms.
 When, in her faithful and immortal page,
 They saw transmitted down from age to age
 Recorded villains, and each spotted name
 Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
 Succeeding villains fought her as a friend,
 And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend.
 But in an age, when actions are allow'd
 Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
 Too terrible to suffer the report,
 Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a Court ;
 Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
 High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn ;
 When she is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
 And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame ;
 When Prudence a much easier task must hold
 To make a new world, than reform the old ;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
 And if she cannot cure, she will not wound.

Come, Panegyrick—tho' the Muse disdains,
 Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains
 At the base instance of those men, who hold
 No argument but pow'r, no God but gold ;
 Yet, mindful that from heav'n she drew her birth,
 She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
 Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,
 And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.

Come, Panegyrick—in a former hour,
 My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
 Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
 Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r ;
 E'en at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
 The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,
 Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
 Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
 Whilst, Hayter * brought too quickly to his end,
 I lost a subject, and mankind a friend.

Come, Panegyrick—bending at thy throne,
 Thee and thy pow'r my soul is proud to own.
 Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
 And lead me safe thro' passes yet untry'd.
 Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
 Which to the house of *Satire* leads mankind ;
 Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
 Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.

What tho' no theme I chuse of vulgar note,
 Nor wish to write as brother-Bards have wrote,
 So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
 Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream ;
 What tho' a theme I chuse, which might demand
 The nicest touches of a master's hand ;
 Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
 Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
 And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
 The Poet praising, and the Patron prais'd.

* Dr. Thomas Hayter, Bishop of London. He died January 9, 1762.

What Patron shall I chuse ? Shall public voice
 Or private knowledge influence my choice ?
 Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
 Or, seeking Patriots, to friend Wildman's † go ?
 To Wildman's ! cry'd Discretion, (who had heard,
 Close-standing at my elbow, ev'ry word)
 To Wildman's ! Art thou mad ? Can'st thou be sure
 One moment there to have thy head secure ?
 Are they not all (let observation tell)
 All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
 In *Doomsday* book by Ministers set down,
 Who stile their pride the honour of the Crown ?
 Make no reply—let Reason stand aloof—
 Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
 That settled faith, that love which ever springs
 In the best subjects for the best of Kings,
 Must not be measur'd now, by what men think,
 Or say, or do—by what they eat, and drink ;
 Where and with whom, that question's to be try'd,
 And Statesmen are the Judges to decide ;
 No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
 They, facts confess, in themselves vest the law.
 Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks ;
 Blasphemy may be gospel at Almack's.

Peace, good Discretion, peace—thy fears are vain ;
 Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
 Never the vengeance of the great incur,
 Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.
 If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,
 Weigh my profession, to my gown be just ;
 Dost thou one Parson know so void of grace
 To pay his court to patrons out of place ?

If still you doubt (tho' scarce a doubt remains)
 Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins ;
 There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
 A convert made by Sandwich to the Court.
 Let madmen follow error to the end,
 I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
 Strive to act better, being better taught,
 Nor blush to own that change, which Reason wrought,
 For such a change as this, must Justice speak ;
 My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one man, or set of men,
 Without one selfish view, I drew my pen ;
 My Country ask'd, or seem'd to ask my aid,
 Obedient to that call, I left off trade ;
 A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
 'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong ;
 Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more ?
 And have not greater patriots chang'd before ?)
 Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less ?
 Without a single blush, that change confess ;
 Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
 And quit the losing for the winning side ;
 Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
 What Bute for ages might have fought in vain.

Hail, Sandwich—nor shall Wilkes's resentment
 shew,

Hearing the praises of so brave a foe—
 Hail, Sandwich—nor, thro' pride, shalt thou refuse
 The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse—
 Sandwich, all hail—when Bute with foreign hand,
 Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land,
 When *Scots*, or slaves to *Scotsmen*, steer'd the helm,
 When peace, inglorious peace, disgrac'd the realm,

† Master of the Tavern where the then Opposers of Administration used to meet.

Disfruit, and gen'ral discontent prevail'd ;
 But when (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd ;
 When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
 Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head ;
 When like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
 We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
 Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
 A perfect connoisseur in Statesmanship ;
 When, like another Machiavel, we saw
 Thy fingers twisting and untwisting law,
 Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
 She warrant'd thy mercy, pleas'd to spare ;
 Saw thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
 To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right ;
 All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
 Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
 All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
 What virtues such as thine must needs produce.

Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
 Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
 In fullen silence sit ; thy friends (some few,
 Who friends to thee, are friends to Honour too)
 Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal
 Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
 A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
 And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
 To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
 And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.

From his youth upwards, to the present day,
 When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
 When riotous excess with wasteful hand
 Shakes Life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
 Unsainted with one deed of real worth,
 Lothario, holding Honour at no price,
 Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
 Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (Reason left without the least defence)
 Laughter was Mirth, Obscenity was Sense,
 Where Impudence made Decency submit,
 Where Noise was Humour, and where Whim was Wit.

Where rude, untemper'd Licence had the merit
 Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit,
 Where the best things were ever held the worst,
 Lothario was, with justice, always first.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
 To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
 To play at push-pin with dull brother Peters,
 To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
 To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
 To be the gaping Chairman's oracle,
 Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
 Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out Encore,
 Whilst grey Authority, who slumbers there
 In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair ;
 With midnight howl to bay, th' affrighted moon,
 To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon,
 To force plain Nature from her usual way,
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day ;
 To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
 To make one leg run races with his brother ;
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
 Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind ;
 To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em ;

Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
 Without a rival stands, tho' March * yet lives.

When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
 Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
 Whilst they who, in the presence, upright stand,
 Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
 Queen ev'ry where, but most a Queen in Courts,
 Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports,
 Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
 And prove her right to reign from age to age ;
 Lothario, great above the common size,
 With all engag'd, and won from all the prize ;
 Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
 And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd ;
 Folly may share, but can't engross his mind ;
 Vice, bold substantial Vice, puts in her claims,
 And stamps him perfect in the books of shame :
 Observe his follies well, and you would swear
 Folly had been his first, his only care ;
 Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
 And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some hapless maid
 Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd ;
 Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
 And he who wrought her guilt, declare her shame ?
 Is some brave friend, who, men but little known,
 Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
 And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
 To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile ?
 Is Law to be perverted from her course ?
 Is abject fraud to league with brutal force ?
 Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son,
 Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone ?
 Is base Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
 To plan, and work her ruin, under hand,
 With regular approaches, sure tho' slow ?
 Or must she perish by a single blow ?
 Are Kings, (who trust to servants, and depend
 In servants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend,
 To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
 In darkness thicker than the shades of death ?
 Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
 His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
 His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
 His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd ?
 Are debauchees in morals to preside ?
 Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide ?
 Is Science by a blockhead to be led ?
 Are States to totter on a drunkard's head ?
 To answer all these purposes, and more,
 More black than ever villain plann'd before,
 Search earth, search hell, the Devil cannot find
 An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.

Is this Nobility, which, sprung from Kings,
 Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs,
 Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
 Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root ?
 Were there but two (search all the world around)
 Were there but two such Nobles to be found,
 The very name would sink into a term
 Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
 Than be a Lord ; but Nature, full of grace,
 Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,

* Afterwards Duke of Queensbury.

Made only one ; and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor stopp'd she there, but like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, she strove to mend ;
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit brought forth Sandwich too.

Gods ! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
Of ev'ry art which great ones in the State
Practise on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight, alas ! more rare
Than Honesty could wish) the Noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his father from the grave,
And pays with int'rest back that fame he gave.
Cur'd of her splenetic and fullen fits,
To such a Peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield,
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such (for that truth e'en Envy shall allow)
Such Wyndham * was, and such is Sandwich now.

O gentle Montague, in blessed hour
Did'st thou start up, and climb the stairs of Pow'r ;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was once displeas'd.
France heard the news, and told it *Cousin* Spain ;
Spain heard, and told it *Cousin* France again ;
The Hollander relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine,
Of Indian villainies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore ;
Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from East to West, from North to South)
The Western World shall yield us her increase,
And her wild sons be soften'd into peace ;
Rich Eastern Monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
And pour unbounded wealth, on Albion's shores ;
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And all *acquir'd by honourable means*,
Some *honourable Chief* shall hither steer,
To pay our debts, and set the nation clear,

Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown,
Shall freely as their King our King receive—
Provided the *Directors* give them leave.

Union at home shall mark each rising year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, tho' severe ;
Envy her own destroyer shall become,
And Faction with her thousand mouths be dumb ;
With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail ;
Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
And some be converts to thy princely wit ;
Rev'rence for thee shall still a Nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand excise ;
And unbelievers of the first degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
Possess'd the region of each heated brain ;
When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways ;
When Commonwealth's-men, starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,

* Earl of Egremont. He died August 1763.

Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with State-bloodhounds hunted Freedom down ;
When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty Kings by their own subjects slain,
And in each friend of Liberty and Law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell saw ;
Thy manly zeal stepp'd forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace ;
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-chearing eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die ;
And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live ;
Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
Shall not well know, whether to live or die.

When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, Commerce shiv'ring stood ;
When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that she saw her grave ;
When Property, transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly thro' the land ;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend ;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of State ;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none ;
Like England's better Genius, born to bless,
And snatch his sinking Country from distress,
Did'st thou step forth, and without fail or oar
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore ;
Nor shalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast !

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Oeconomy her needful aid shall join
To forward and compleat thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have sly and subtle Sophists tried
Private from public justice to divide ;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High-treason in the eye of Common Sense,
To think a Statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
But now, tho' late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honesty, fair fall that hour,
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wond'rous man,
With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder must behold,
And stamp thy age the only age of gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here—That Discord fled,
And fought with grief the hell where she was bred ;
That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb

That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends ;
That our offended friends (such terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes ;
That Credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows stronger from disease ; that thou hast sav'd
Thy drooping Country ; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of brass defies the rage of time ;
Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rime
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muse alone can give ;
These heights of Virtue, these rewards of Fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.

But that poor sickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold shade,
By those who knew her purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knew her not.
Whilst Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t' other side,
Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
Puts on new health, and cloaths herself with strength,
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land.
This praise, tho' in a Court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas ! alone.

With what fond rapture did the Goddess smile,
What blessings did she promise to this isle,
What honour to herself, and length of reign !
Soon as she heard, that thou did'st not disdain
To be her steward ; but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment shook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
When youth was insolent, and age was mute.

That young men should be fools, and some wild
few,

To wisdom deaf, be deaf to int'rest too,
Mov'd not her wonder ; but that men grown grey
In search of wisdom, men who own'd the sway
Of Reason, men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion, men who wore the gown,
That they should cross her will, that they should
dare

Against the cause of int'rest to declare,
That they should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, scorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all those honours which on Mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of State,
That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,
And talk within the hearing of a Court,
Of that vile beggar Conscience, who undone,
And starv'd herself, starves ev'ry wretched son ;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Tho' Dullness there unrivall'd state *dash* keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton* sleep ;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far beyond the search of *English* eye,

* Dr. John Burton, Master of Winchester School.

And reign amongst the Scots : to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in Aberdeen.
O, stay thy flight, fair Science ! What tho' some,
Some base-born children rebels are become,
All are not rebels ; some are detestable still,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will ;
Thy int'rest is oppos'd by those alone,
Who either know not, or oppose their own.

Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black † Smith of Trinity ; on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renown'd.

Next (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next (if old story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece.
Her, wretched maid ! committed to his trust,
To a rank lecher's coarse and bloated lust,
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a College bred,
No woman knew but those which made their bed,
Who, planted Virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
Continued still Male Virgins at threescore,
Comes Sumner ‡, wife, and chaste as chaste can be.
With Long §, as wife, and not less chaste than he.

Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause,
Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,
Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jersey and the Isle of Man ?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee ?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo still,
Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more,
Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind ?

With such a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood ; better in the field
To leave our carcases, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, sound retreat.

But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton ? Why to Scotland go ?
Is there not Oxford ? She with open arms
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms ;
Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banish'd Stuarts, to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall kneel thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone ;

† Dr. Robert Smith, Master of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

‡ Dr. John Sumner, Provost of King's College, Cambridge.

§ Dr. Roger Long, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway,
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only is obedience seen,
When, by command, they dare do all that's mean.
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy (for Fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And brother Litchfield * brother Sandwich greet!
Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace,
Blest to yourselves, and to the human race.
Sick'ning at virtues which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last,
No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.

Phillips †, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the common-weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bless'd his
tongue,

When on his lips the cause of rebels hung;
Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Mednam lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst Paul the aged chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up;
Dashwood ‡ shall pour, from a communion cup,
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And *hob or nob* in Cyder and Excise.

From those deep shades, where Vanity, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone;
Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
Where she sees all, but can be seen by none;
Where she no longer, mistress of the Schools,
Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a distance; in despair
To join the croud, and put in for a share,
Twisting each thought a thousand different ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praise,
Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
It serves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
§ King shall arise, and bursting from the dead,
Shall hurl his *piebald* Latin at thy head.

Burton (whilst awkward Affectation's hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads
speak,
Ignorant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;

* The Earl of Litchfield, then High Steward of Oxford.

† Sir John Phillips. At this juncture he was so unpopular as to excite the rage of a mob at Monmouth against him.

‡ Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Le Despenser.

§ Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.

Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a string,

They're praise, and censure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and stile so full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and
and they're both

Shall (tho' by Nature ever loth to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase;
Obscurely stiff, shall crush poor Sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name;
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it *Stile*.

Hush'd be all Nature as the land of death;
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one found of care,
Pressing for audience, wake the slumbering air;
Brown comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.

Physick, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound,
Physick, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden.
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *Scholar*, stop their rebel breath,
And in each Recipe send *Classic* death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink,
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex,
With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide, and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
The scowling Blackstone || bears the train of law.

Divinity, enrob'd in College fur,
In her right-hand a *New Court Kalendar*
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.

Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
Shall with much pleasure and more wonder view
Men great at Court and great at Oxford too.

O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd be those
Who seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes;
Who prostitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
And soothe their passions to betray their fame:
Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud nature clings
Contempt of Government, and hate of Kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the State not wholesome, like the dreams,

|| Sir William Blackstone, afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas.

Children of Night, of Indigestion bred,
Which, Reason clouded, seize and turn the head.
Loyalty without Freedom is a chain
Which men of lib'ral notice can't sustain;
And Freedom without Loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.

Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade which thy own labours wrought
And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,
Secure of lib'ral praise, since Isis flows,
True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for Tweed,
And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd
twine
To grace a Stuart brow, she plants on thine.

END OF THE CANDIDATE.

T H E

F A R E W E L L.

P. FAREWELL to Europe, and at once fare-
well!

To all the follies which in Europe dwell!
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but time,
The Muses steer their course, and fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, desire to range;
Resolv'd at least, since they the fool must play,
To do it in a diff'rent place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?

Why into foreign countries would you roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?

If Satire be thy object, and thy lays

As yet have shewn no talents fit for praise,

If Satire be thy object: search all round,

Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found

Like England, where to rampant vigour grown

Vice choaks up ev'ry virtue; where, self-sown,

The seeds of Folly shoot forth rank and bold,

And every seed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. No more of this—tho' Truth (the more our
shame

The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
And justify her part in this, yet here,

For the first time, e'en Truth offends my ear.

Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,

Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,

I hear, and hate—be England what she will,

With all her faults she is my Country still.

F. Thy Country, and what then? Is that mere
word

Against the voice of Reason to be heard?

Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,

To counter-act, and make thee hate the truth?

'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul,

To draw its grand attachment from the whole,

And take up with a part: men's not confin'd

Within such paltry limits, men design'd

Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,

Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,

Where'er the blessed Sun, plac'd in the sky

To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,

Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,

Consider every country as their own.

At one grand view they take in Nature's plan,

Not more at home in England than Japan.

P. My good, grave Sir of Theory, whose wit,

Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,

'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine

On vain refinements vainly to refine,

To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,

To boast of apathy when out of pain,

And in each sentence, worthy of the Schools,

Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules

Most fit for practice but for one poor fault,

That into practice they can ne'er be brought.

At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair,

You praise Japan, tho' you was never there.

But was the ship this moment under sail,

Would not your mind be chang'd, your spirits fail,

Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,

And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?

Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal

Those passions which we cannot chuse but feel,

There's a strange something, which without a brain

Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,

Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,

In dearest ties, from whence he draw his birth.

If Honour calls, where'er she points the way,

The sons of Honour follow, and obey;

If need compels, wherever we are sent,

'Tis want of courage not to be content;

But, if we have the liberty of choice,

And all depends on our own single voice,

To deem of ev'ry country as the same,

Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim

Of Nature: and such dull indifference

May be Philosophy, but can't be Sense.

F. Weak and unjust distinction, strange design,

Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine

Philosophy, and throw her empire down

By means of Sense, from whom she holds her

crown.

Divine Philosophy, to thee we owe

All that is worth possessing here below;

Virtue and Wisdom consecrate thy reign,

Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.

When, like a garden, where for want of toil,

And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil

Teems with incumbrances; where, all around

Herbs noxious in their nature make the ground,

Like the good mother of a thankless son,

Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone;

Like such a garden, when the human soul,

Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,

Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,

Which spread, and stifle ev'ry herb of grace,

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Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Scorn,
Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born,
Philosophy steps in; with steady hand
She brings her aid, she clears th' encumber'd land:
Too virtuous to spare Vice one stroke, too wise
One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
See with what godlike, what relentless pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed

P. and ev'ry flow'r.

Philosophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,
By the proud sage, who, whilst he strove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride:
Philosophy, whom Nature had design'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,
Herself misled by the philosopher,
At once her Priest and Master, made us err;
Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and e'en made Virtue sour.

Had she, content within her proper sphere,
Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real use,
The heart of man unrivall'd she had sway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.
But when she, overturning Reason's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When she with apathy the breast would steel.
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When she would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our passions, but destroy;
When, not content our nature to restore,
As made by God, she made it all new o'er;
When, with a strange and criminal excess,
To make us more than men, she made us less;
The good her dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe,

Truth with a simple and unvarnish'd tale
E'en from the mouth of N—— might prevail,
Could she get there; but Falsehood's sugar'd strain
Should pour her fatal blandishments in vain,
Nor make one convert, tho' the firen hung,
Where she too often hings, on M—— tongue.
Should all the Sophs, whom in his course the sun
Hath seen, or past or present, rise in one;
Should he, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in prose;
Should he, full orator at once, impart
Th' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art,
Genius and Art should in this instance fail,
Nor Rome tho' join'd with Athens here prevail:
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
And, wanting judgment, think that she wants love;
Blame where we ought in reason to commend,
And think her most a foe, when most a friend.
Such be Philosophers—their specious art,
Tho' Friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart;
Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.

F. Forgiving, as a friend, what, whilst I live,
As a Philosopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at last I join with you;
To Nature pay all that is Nature's due;
But let not clouded Reason sink so low,
To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe,

Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear,
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear
As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
Are laid aside, when we can walk alone.
But on thyself, by peevish humour sway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
Wilt thou make faults, whilst Judgment weakly errs,
And then defend, mistaking them for her's?
Dar'st thou to say, in our enlighten'd age,
That this grand master passion, this brave rage,
Which flames out for thy Country, was imprest
And fix'd by Nature in the human breast?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and scorn
On fair comparison; if on that land
With lib'ral and a more than equal hand
Her gifts as in profusion Plenty sends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a patron 'mongst the great;
If Honesty is Minister of State;
If Pow'r, the guardian of our rights design'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If riches are employ'd to bless the poor;
If Law is sacred, Liberty secure;
Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight;
Reason declares, thy love can't be too great;
And in this light could he our Country view,
A very Hottentot must love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To some most barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this Life denied,
Her real wants are scantily supplied,
Where Pow'r is Reason, Liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke;
To fix thy love on such a wretched spot,
Because in Lutt's wild fever there begot,
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee
there,

Is, Folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be Nature, for it is not Sense.
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When Falsehood's insolent let Truth be bold)
If propagation can in torments dwell,
A Devil must, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in punishment confess a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untry'd,
On purpose made to mortify my pride,
Where the Sun never gave one glimpse of day,
Where Science never yet could dart one ray;
Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign;
Or in some kingdom, where men, weak or worse,
Turn'd Nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse,
Where crowns of Freedom by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate son;
In spite of all the wisdom you display,
All you have said, and yet may have to say,
My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
I, as my Country, had not lov'd her less.

Whether strict Reason bears me out in this,
Let those who, always seeking, always miss
The ways of Reason, doubt with precious zeal;
Their's be the praise to argue, mine to feel.
With us to trace this passion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,

From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling ;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reason call adore ;
This, if not Reason, must be something more.

But, (for I wish not others to confine,
Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a spice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide :
If it is virtuous, soothe an honest pride
With lib'ral praise, if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent ;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n, shall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
Is it a virtue ? That you scarce pretend :
Or can it be a vice, like Virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole ?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile,
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to soar,
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reason's creed, tho' found in yours,
That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together ; that however loth,
We neither serve, attempting to serve both ;
I could not doubt a moment which to chuse,
And which in common reason to refuse.

Invented oft for purposes of art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confess'd
A barren speculation at the best.
Not one man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.

The love we bear our Country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit ;
'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring
Of glorious actions, which become a King,
Nor less become a subject ; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget ;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practise ev'ry day.

Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument), can I desert
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my Country can remove,
And make me of necessity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
The ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
Mounts by degrees 'till she includes the whole.
That spring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,

Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social charities of blood, and friends,
'Till smaller streams included, not o'erpass,
It rises to our Country's love at last ;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to Common Sense,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your Country ?

P. Can the son,
(Shame, shame, on all such sons) with ruthless
eye,

And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
All virtue, see his honour'd mother forc'd !
Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
Beyond redemption, all her glories cross'd
E'en when occasion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while she awakes to shame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her sinking state, than basely to decline,
So great a cause, and in despair resign ?

P. Beyond my reach, alas ! the grievance lies,
And, whilst more able patriots doubt, she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the streets,
'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
Against the subject, whilst she wears no sting
To disappoint the purpose of a King ;
These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With those, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd,

Tell me, Philosopher, is it a crime,
To pry into the secret womb of Time ;
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
To reach events, and read the future there ?
Why, be it so—still 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what's to come, by what is past.

Should there be found in some not distant year
(O how I wish to be no prophet here),
Amongst our British Lords should there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unfound,
Who look on Freedom with an evil-eye,
In whom the springs of loyalty are dry ;
Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings ;
Who would divide the People and the Throne
To set up separate int'rests of their own ;
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with, to destroy them both ;
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the Book of Fate
When ruin must involve our equal State ;
When law, alas ! must be no more, and we,
To Freedom born, must be no longer free ;

Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor tied upstarts league to rob the realm:
Let not, whatever other ills assail,
A damned Aristocracy prevail.

If, all too short, our course of Freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a King.

F. Poets, accusom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your case.—But grant, to soothe your pride,
That you know more than all the world beside,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Resolv'd, and like a man, at once speak out,
Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to ensure our safety, make us wise.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools
fray;

The proud will rather lose than ask their way;
To men of sense what needs it to unfold
And tell a tale which they must know untold?
In the bad, int'rest warps the canker'd heart;
The Good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilst arch, subtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of discontent alive,
Whilst they, with arts to honest men unknown,
Breed doubts between the People and the Throne,
Making us fear, where Reason never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded
stand

On Shame's black roll, and stink thro' all the land.

P. That might some courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks;

But may not Judges sometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your Country's laws in doubt then you reject?

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect:
Amongst twelve Judges may not one be found,
(On bare, bare possibility I ground
This wholesome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create and uncreate, and from the bench,
With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts;
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights controul;
Who may, tho' Judge, turn Advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving law without the least defence,
May damn his conscience to approve his sense?

F. Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd
land,

In full and perfect vigour, juries stand,

A Judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppose I should be tried in Middlesex?

F. To pack a Jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occasion to pack Juries there.

F. 'Gainst prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reason herself without effect must speak.
Fly then thy Country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her int'rest, and her laws defy.

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But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?

Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?

Cannot thy misbegotten Musel'ay bare

Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counsel taken, what should Satire do?

Where could she find an object that is new?

Those travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,

And send abroad to see and to be seen,

With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,

A Tutor's sent, by way of a dry nurse,

Each of whom just enough of spirit bears,

To shew our follies, and to bring home their's,

Have made all Europe's vices so well known,

They seem almost as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpose better do?

P. In one respect at least—there's something new:

F. A harmless people, in whom Nature speaks

Free and untainted; 'mongst whom Satire seeks,

But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,

One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.

P. From knowledge speak you this, or doubt on doubt

Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath Reason found it out?

Neither from knowledge, nor by Reason taught,

You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought.

India or Europe—What's there in a name?

Propensity to vice in both the same,

Nature alike in both works for man's good,

Alike in both by man himself withstood.

Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,

Deserve a cord much better than a crown,

And a Mogul can thrones as much debase

As any polish'd Prince of Christian race.

F. Could you, a talk more hard than you suppose;

Cou'd you, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,

Make all their follies to the life appear,

'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here.

Howe'er well-drawn, the picture after all,

Because we know not the original,

Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try;

And if your observations sterling hold,

If the piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,

To make it to the side of Nature lean;

And, meaning nothing, something seem to mean,

To make the whole in lively colours glow,

To bring before us something that we know,

And from all honest men applause to win,

I'll grouse the Company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by shame suppress'd;

Add not distress to those too much distress'd.

Have they not, by blind zeal, misled, laid bare

Those sores which never might endure the air?

Have they not brought their mysteries so low,

That what the wise suspected not, fools know?

From their first rise e'en to the present hour,

Have they not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r;

Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,

Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;

Whilst uneduc'd by Ministers, the Throne

Regards our interest, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail,

Those who have fail'd, and those who wish to fail

In the last fleet, afford an ample field,

Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot starve, if there was only Clive.

T H E
T I M E S.

THE time hath been, a boyish, blushing time,
When modesty was scarcely held a crime;
When the most wicked had some touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;
When those, who, in the cause of Sin grown grey,
Had serv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,
And strove that gloripus service to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our fires more wise,
Such paltry narrowness of soul despise,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm;
Ere luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserv'd for business, or allow'd for grace;
Ere Vanity had so far conquer'd Sense
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one fool strive to outvie another,
And every coxcomb dress against his brother;
Ere banish'd Industry had left our shores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere Idleness prevail'd sole Queen in Courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for sports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And dissipation held the place of thought;
Ere gambling Lords in vice so far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the sun look on;
Ere a great nation not less just than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged honesty was out of vogue,
Ere Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conscience, that they made

Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
Who dar'd abuse and falsify his trust,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjust;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude,
Nor could his rank, and station in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive
To keep expiring Honesty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not just thro' principle, but just thro' pride.

Our times, more polish'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour; payment a disgrace.
Men of weak winds, high-plac'd on Folly's list,
May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd.
Why—be it so—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradesmen to a Lord?

Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villainy betray'd,
And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.

What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who only mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? He continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the
skies.

What is't to Faber? He stands safe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of Privilege 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no Conscience, and he fears no Law.

Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
Who have not shame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on such men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt shall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded stand thro' all the Land of Shame.
No—to his porch, like Persians to the sun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All sworn to keep his crimes in countenance.
Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
As small their conscience, and their debts as large.

Propp'd by such clients, and without controul
From all that's honest in the human soul,
In grandeur mean, with insolence unjust,
Whilst none but knaves can praise, and fools will
trust,

Carefs'd and courted, Faber seems to stand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a sad truth to which succeeding times
Will scarce give credit, when 'tis told in rimes)
Did not strict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the Throne, did not true Piety
(Who, link'd with Honour, for the noblest ends,
Ranks none but honest men amongst her friends)
Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,
He might in time be Minister of State.

But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
They might have shock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing.—We begin
Where our fires ended, and improve in sin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our sons to do.

Nor deem this censure hard; there's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none so high,
But with bold pinion she hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure; none so low,
But she hath crept into it; made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps she reigns
O'er sober citizens, and simple swains;
E'en in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increase the horror of our State,
To make her empire lasting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curse which neither Art nor Time can heal,
All shame discarded, all remains of pride,
Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side;

Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind
Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,
Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the soul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain
The breast of Manhood swells, but swells in vain,
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;
Meanness which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is sold,
The statesman bargains for his Country's shame,
And for preferment priests their God disclaim.
Worn out with lust, her day of let: h'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which she bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to some old lecher for a wife,
And makes her an adulteress for life,
Or in the Papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a L———;
Husband and wife (whom A v'rice must applaud)
Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd;
These parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,
And share the infamy, the gain to share;
Well-pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.

Nor are these things (which might imply a spark
Of shame still left) transacted in the dark.
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade.
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkness in a cloud,
In fullest vigour Vice maintains her sway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanness, now wed to Impudence, no more
In darkness skulks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son;
A son so like his dam, so like his fire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image so express in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would stand as heir apparent to the throne.

With our own island vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the continent,
Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry Court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly industrious to make vice appear
In her full state, and perfect only here.

To Holland, where Politeness ever reigns,
Where primitive Sincerity remains,
And makes a stand, where Freedom in her course
Hath left her name, tho' she hath lost her force
In that, as other lands, where simple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd,
Where A v'rice never dar'd to frown his head,
Where, like a smiling cherub, Mercy, led

By Reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place,
To Holland for that Charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.

France, in return for peace and pow'r restor'd,
For all those countries, which the hero's sword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich supplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd, of polish'd lies,
Of soothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to and melt the heart of slavish fears
Which break the spirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not send abroad.

Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—
Gives us that jealousy, which, born of fear
And mean distrust, grows not by nature here—
Gives us that superstition, which pretends
By the worst means to serve the best of ends—
That cruelty, which, stranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the slave;
That cruelty, which led her christian bands
With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,
Bade her without remorse whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a sin.

India, nurse of ev'ry softer art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste,
Who mars whilst she pretends to mend our taste;
Italia, to compleat and crown our shame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The force of greatness without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without estate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealousy without love, sound without sense,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reason, gospel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart,
Half-men, who, dry and pitiless, are debarr'd
From man's best joys—no sooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,
To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut our appetites at last decreed;
Women, who dance in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of night,
Might make the Muses, in a corner plac'd
To view their monstrous lusts, deem Sappho chaste;
These, and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please
Our pall'd and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,
Who serve our foes as spies, and us as slaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of Fame, of Virtue, Taste, and Common Sense.

Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious East,
Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast
In nothing diff'rent but in shape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two.
Attracts our eye; and flowing from that source,
Sins of the blackest character, sins worse

Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
And strike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame;
Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
E'en in God's mercy, sins 'gainst Nature's plan
Possess the land at large, and man for man
Burn in those fires, which Hell alone could raise
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the
days

Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures she can scarce repay.

Be grace shut out, be mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to despair;
Distending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare
For those who thus offend amongst mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On earth, which groans beneath their monstrous
weight,

On earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;
And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy shewn,
Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
Men, whom the beasts would spurn, should they ap-
pear

Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear or shame controul'd,
From long, too long security grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
And Lumley e'er at noon his mistress meets:
So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
They almost take a pride to have them known;
And each unnat'ral villain scarce endures
To make a secret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honest whores.
Those who are mean, high passions secure,
And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor;
The sin too proud to feel from reason awe,
And those who practise it too great for law.

Woman, the pride and happiness of Man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With softest arts, and sure, tho' hidden skill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd here,
With the persuasive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile;
Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest, best reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the stamp of honour; at whose name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcases of Princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew
The fatal trumpet, and Death stalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having lost its use; no more the eye
With female beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that seat where love resides,
Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides

Life posting thro' the veins, each pulse on fire,
And the whole body tingling with desire,
Pants for those charms, which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the frost of Age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,
And giving pleasure which is almost pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleasure we must have a Ganymede;
A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To serve our purposes of beastly joy.

Fairest of nymphs where ev'ry nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,
— neglected waiters, whilst a crowd
Pursue, and consecrate the steps —
She, hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,
Wastes Life's gay prime in vain, like some fair
flower,

Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncrupp'd; whilst he, admir'd, caress'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome guest,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral just a common fever.

Dine with Apicius—at his sumptuous board
Find All the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (so much distemper'd spirits pall
The sickly appetite (amidst them all
Apicius finds no joy, but, whilst he carves
For ev'ry guest, the landlord sits and starves.

The forest haunch, fine fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,
But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er
And loaths what he had deified before;
The turtle, of a great and glorious size,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a man of taste all risks would run,
Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dress'd by
Quin:

In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As Quin hath dress'd it, he may eat it too,
Apicius cannot.—When the glass goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roof with mirth resound,
Sober he sits, and silent—All alone
Tho' in a crowd, and to himself scarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suspend his cares, and make him cease to pine.

Why mourns Apicius thus? Why runs his eye,
Heedless, o'er delicacies, which from the sky
Might call down Jove? where now his generous
wish,

That, to invent a new and better dish,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roast a Phoenix at the fire?
Why swims that eye in tears, which, thro' a race
Of sixty years, never shew'd one sign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamp'ring glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of sorrow? Hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to second life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife;
Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,
Compell'd him to restore the dower she brought?

Hath some bold creditor against his will
Brought in, and forc'd him to discharge a bill,
Where eating had no share? Hath some vain wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the start,
And beat him in his own luxurious art;
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be slain with rods,
Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the gods;
Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?

None, none of these—his servants all are try'd,
So sure they walk on ice, and never slide;
His cook, an acquisition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance,
Nor, tho' old Holles still maintains his stand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state
In full security and triumph held,
Unless for once a knave should be expell'd;
His wife is still a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he still retains the dow'r;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him
there)

His father sleeps, and, 'till the last trump shake
The corners of the earth, shall not awake.

Whence flows this sorrow then? Behind the chair
Did'st thou not see, deck'd with a solitaire,
Which on his bare breast glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd
With nicest ornaments, a stripling plac'd,
A smooth, smug, stripling, in life's fairest prime?
Did'st thou not mind too, how from time to time
The monstrous lecher, tempted to despise
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How he seem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,
And how he with'd, e'en at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cause of grief behold in that fair boy;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.

Vain and unthinking stripling! When the glass
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,
Flattring, presents in smiles thy image there,
Why dost thou bless the gods, who made thee fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame.
When thy hot Lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids show'rs of gold into thy breast descend,
Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;
They're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust.
On those gay, gaudy trappings which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with scorn,
View them with horror; they pollution mean,
And deepest ruin: thou hast often seen,
From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best
Carefully singled out, and richly dress'd,
With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger shun,
To stay a moment is to be undone.
What tho', temptation proof, thy virtue shine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one resource
Is still behind, and thou must yield to force.

Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape,
Most strongly paint, and, whilst thou can'st,
escape;

Mind not his promises—they're made in sport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at Court?
Trust not his honour, he's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,
Not register'd in Heav'n—he mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conscience—for he knows her not,
So long a stranger, she is quite forgot—
Nor think thyself in law secure and firm—
Thy master is a Lord, and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well supplied with meat and drink,
And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
Must serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace.

Fly, then, whilst yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:
But whither can'st thou go? on whom rely
For with'd protection? Virtue's sure to meet
An arm'd host of foes in ev'ry street.
What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r,
If sure to meet with an Apicius there?
Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray,
Saint Socrates is still a goat tho' gray;
Trust not green youth; Florio will scarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath surfeited the town;
Trust not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainst common fame—place H—— in thy view;
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two;
Trust not to marriage—T—— took a wife,
Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,
Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And save expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S—— new wed.

Would'st thou be safe? Society forswear,
Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there,
Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
There's not one brute so dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge find,
Which lust denies thee here among mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood; on all four
Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.

But if the thoughts of solitude alarm,
And social life hath one remaining charm,
If still thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of Augusta's breed,
Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure;
Put off the man, from men to live secure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb assume their manners too.
Had the light-footed Greek of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his play-thing on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room,
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue, which they do for vice.

Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room,
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.

Where is the mother, whose officious zeal
Discreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that lecher Man makes fast the door?
Who not permits, e'en for the sake of pray'r,
A priest, uncastrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wishes and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?
Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.

Tho' they more fresh, more lively than the morn,
And brighter than the noon-day sun, adorn
The works of Nature; tho' the mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in every daughter's face;
Undisciplin'd in dull Discretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-schools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run Pleasure down,
Start where she will, discard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their steps—They're safe without thy
care,

Unless, like jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unless they breed, like carrion, in the fun.
Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,
Against the law of Nature set their face,
The grand primæval law, and seem combin'd
To stop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathicks read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the Law is on their side.

Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed,
Old L——, tho' yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our use;
No longer blest with a Cz——'s smile
T—— is at P—— disgrac'd,
And M—— grown gray, perforce grows chaste;
Nor, to the credit of our modest race,
Rises one stallion to supply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Tho' closely kept, *now*, when the Dog-Star's heat
Enflames the marrow in the very street,
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by those
Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose.
Poor, plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
And simple Letch'ry dares not shew her face,
Left she be sent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To save their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
Which first had left off them; to *Wellclose Square*
Fine, fresh, young strumpets (for Dodd preaches
there)

Throng for subsistence; pimps no longer thrive,
And pensions only keep L—— alive.

Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born; thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
Short-sighted woman! little doth she know
What streams of sorrow from that source may flow;
Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,
Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy

Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curse; that she may live,
Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,
In agonies of soul, to curse that son.

Pray then for daughters, ye wise mothers, pray;
They shall reward your love, not make you gray
Before your time with sorrow they shall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilst ye live
Make life most truly worth your care, and save,
In spite of death, your memories from the grave.

That sense, with more than manly vigour
fraught,

That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted most, that purity of taste
Which Critics mention by the name of Chaste
Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe,
That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those powers of pleasing, with that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the curriish Pope extorted praise,
We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.

Is a son born into this world of woe?
In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow;
Be from that hour the house with fables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine; let him not see a man;
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, tho' rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.

Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarse, indelicate and brown,
An antidote to lust, his face deep scarr'd
With the small-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the King's-evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Should'st thou report him as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd;
Give him out fair, lechers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the
door

Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, tho' a God is there.

Let him not have one servant that is male;
Where Lords are baffled, servants oft prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree;
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?

Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs; ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one parson in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A scene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone.
Be all his servants female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir

To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.

Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter thro' the town
As one who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?
Should I at lesser evils point my rimes,
And let this giant sin, in the full eye
Of observation, pass unwounded by?
Tho' our meek wives, passive obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs for which they ought,
With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
To cut off male increase from this fair isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho', on his Sunday, the smug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,
And thinks himself absolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency, which meant for the defence
Of real Virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of Vice;
Tho' the Law sleeps, and thro' the care they take
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in such times, nor with that patience curst
Which saints may boast of, I must speak, or burst.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaster ear,
If all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives too,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.
For you I write—nor with a better plan,
The cause of Woman is most worthy Man—
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land.

Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or rest their feet,
'Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her tow'rs in dust, her Thames a lake of fire;
Or they (most worth our wish) convinc'd, tho' late,
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

END OF THE TIMES.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the Bard (tho' few such Bards we find)
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to speak his
mind;
Dares unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
Him Fashion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot mislead

To be the slave of Greatness, to strike sail,
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, passes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the Nine Sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their names to stink thro' all the land,
Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great but guilty men,
Have made the Bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a Lord.

What is a Lord? Doth that plain simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarm-bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Thro' Reason's Court doth it unquestion'd go.
E'en on the mention, and of course transmit
Notions of something excellent, of wit
Pleasing tho' keen, of humour free tho' chaste,
Of sterling genius with sound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas Nature's first intent,
Before their rank became their punishment,
They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to
prize

The blessings she bestow'd.—She gave them eyes,
And they could see—she gave them ears—they
heard—

The instruments of stirring, and they stir'd—
Like us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think:
'Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake
Of singularity, disclaim'd that make;
'Till they, disdain'g Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and struck into another road,
More fitting *Quality*, and to our view
Came forth a species altogether new,
Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—*Lords* are Things,
Which, never made by me, were made by Kings.

A Lord (nor let the honest and the brave
The true, old noble with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; curst be that thought of mine,
Which with a B—and F—should Grafton join)
A Lord (nor here let censure rashly call
My just contempt of some, abuse of all,
And as of late, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpose, and my Muse blaspheme,
Because she stops not, rapid in her song,
To make exceptions as she goes along,
Tho' well she hopes to find, another year,
A whole Minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere Lord, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man; himself a blank,
Thankless he lives, or must some grandfire thank

For smuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf ;
A *Bard* owes all to Nature and himself.

Gods, how my soul is burnt up with disdain,
When I see men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of those
Whom Genius ranks amongst her greatest foes !
And what's the cause ? Why these same sons of
Scorn,

No thanks to them, were to a title born,
And could not help it ; by chance hither sent,
And only deities by accident.
Hard fortune on our getting chanc'd to shine,
Their birthright honours had been *your's* or *mine*.
'Twas a mere random stroke ; and should the Throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, tho' a *Bard*, might'st be their fellow yet,
But Felix never can be made a Wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of these few things
Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of Kings.
Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn Lords into Bards.

A *Bard*—a *Lord*—Why let them hand in hand
Go forth as friends, and travel thro' the land ;
Observe which word the people can digest
Most readily, which goes to market best,
Which gets most credit ; whether men will trust
A *Bard* because they think he may be just,
Or on a *Lord* will chuse to risk their gains,
Tho' *Privilege* in that point still remains.

A *Bard*—a *Lord*—let Reason take her scales,
And fairly weigh those words ; see which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by sinking, we the victor deem.

'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a synod in the sacred grove.
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And sit in state the Senate of the sky ;
Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,
Men stare at those above, and want to know
What they're transacting. Reason takes her stand
Just in the midst, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true.
From either side, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of vigour strange and queer ;
We now and then see something like them here.

The *first* was meagre, flimsy, void of strength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What she in breadth denied. Erect and proud,
A head and shoulders taller than the croud,
He deem'd them pigmies all : loose hung his skin
O'er his bare bones ; his face so very thin,
So very narrow, and so much beat out,
That Physiognomists have made a doubt,
Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not ;
At end of it howe'er, unblest'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd :
With legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to support a spider's weight,
Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride
Which shew'd at once his weakness and his pride,
Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
" Observe, good people, how I shake the sky."

In his right-hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint Archibald had wrote *L, O, R, D.*

This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The Judge to all around his name declar'd ;
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove star'd,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
" Good ! Heaven blefs us all, is that a *Lord* !"

Such was the *first*—the *second* was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan ;
A *bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
His dam despis'd, and left *unlick'd* in scorn ;
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of Art undone,
She could not finish when she had begun ;
An utter *Chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could strike one spark of light.

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade
A *H*—might at full length have laid ;
Vast were his bones, his muscles twist'd strong ;
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long ;
His features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye ;
His arms were two twin oaks ; his legs so stout
That they might bear a mansion-house about ;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear.

O'er a brown *Cassock*, which had once been
black,

Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of *blue* and *gold*.

Just at the time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd *beau*.
A subject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen ;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.

With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd : a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was seen to smiler ; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of 'Truth')
He join'd their mirth, nor shall the gods condemn,
If, whilst they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale the name of *Bard*.

Then (for she did as Judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew,
Nor wish'd to know ; she never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, safely to anticipate a cause.)
Compell'd Solicitors, no longer free,
To shew those briefs she had no right to see)
Then she with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt ;
She held her scales out fair to public view,
The *Lord*, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew.
More light than air, deceitful in the weight ;
The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his state.
Reason approv'd, and with a voice whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground,

Pronouncing for the *Bards* a full decree
Cried—"Those must honour *them*, who honour *me*;
"They from this present day, where'er I reign,
"In their own right, precedence shall obtain:
"*Merit* rules here; be it enough that *Birth*
"Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth."
Nor think that here, in hatred to a Lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will (I am not now in sport)
You'll find it register'd in Reason's Court.

Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire;
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More only satisfied to have a croud
Point at me as I pass, and cry—"That's he—
"A poor, but honest Bard, who dares be free
"Amidst corruption," than to have a train
Of slobbering levee-slaves to make me vain
Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am less than man, my faults I adore,
And make me think that I am something more.

Recall past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great Noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril when he dar'd
Things which his legal bastard, if declar'd,
Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,
In the extremest points of justice just,
Well-knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his King, and to his Country true;
Honest at Court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous but not profuse,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use;
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
Deserving those high honours which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, because he did not claim;
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lions of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing sun,
A gen'ral blessing where'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd;
Ever awake at *Pity's* tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recall such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend, or crack,
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry Muse conspire to swell his fame,
'Till Envy shall to him that praise allow,
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.

This justice claims, nor shall the Bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not Pride and Prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth,
I reverence *Virtue*, but I laugh at *Birth*.
Give me a Lord that's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;
The none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave, where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.

VOL. VIII.

Give me a Lord, who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What, shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tame make way, if such a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant? He might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note;
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my least regards,
Is treason to the *Majesty of Bards*.

By Nature form'd (when for her honour's sake
She something more than common strove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour she impress'd
Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast)
The *Bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
Those little, piddling, wittings, who o'erween
Of their small parts, the *Murphys* of the stage,
The *Mafons* and the *Whiteheads* of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And draw out measur'd prose, which they call verse)
The real *Bard*, whom native genius fires,
Whom every Maid of *Castaly* inspires,
Let him consider wherefore he was meant;
Let him but answer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himself with other men,
Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,
Would in full state, like a true Monarch, live,
Nor 'bate one inch of his prerogative.

Methinks I see old *Wingate* frowning here,
(*Wingate* may in the season be a Peer,
Tho' now, against his will, of figures sick,
He's forc'd to diet on *Arithmetic*,
E'en whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old cloaths to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* bob turn'd to a dress'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—"What doth this jargon mean?
"Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?
"*Majesty—Bard—Prerogative—Disdain*
"Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
"To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and straw—
"I'm very sensible he's mad in law.
"A saucy groom who trades in reason, thus
"To set himself upon a par with us;
"If this *here's* suffer'd, and if that *there* fool
"May when he pleases send us all to school,
"Why then our only business is outright
"To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
"I've kept a *Bard* myself this twenty years,
"But nothing of this kind in him appears.
"He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks
"The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which
kicks;

He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse;
A creature of the right *Cameleon* hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true-blue,
Just as I wear them; 'tis all one to him,
Whether I change thro' conscience, or thro'
whim.
Now this is something like; on such a plan
A *Bard* may find a friend in a great man;
But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that all
Of this queer tribe had been like my *Old Paul*."

P

Injurious thought! accursed be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd! Curst be those,
Those *Bards*, who not themselves alone expose,
But *Me*, but *All*, and make the very name
By which they're call'd, a standing mark of shame.

Talk not of custom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but passes not with me;
An old stale trick, which Guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better side.
Why tell me, then, that from the birth of Rime,
No matter when, down to the present time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection sought amongst the great;
Conscious of weakness, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their stem,
Flourish'd on high; to gain this with'd support,
E'en Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court;
As to the custom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,
From which it rose: had *Bards* but truly known
That strength, which is most properly their own,
Without a *Lord*, unprop'd, they might have stood,
And overtopp'd those giants of the wood.

But why, when present times my care engage,
Must I go back to the *Augustan* age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the mansions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And must I seek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote;
Under his colours *Lords* are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a *Knight*;
They mention him, as if to use his name
Was in some measure to partake his fame,
Tho' Virgil, were he living, in the street
Might rot for them, or perish in the *Fleet*.
See how they redden, and the charge disclaim—
Virgil, and in the *Fleet*!—Forbid it, Shame.
Hence, ye vain boasters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And ask, with blushes ask, if LLOYD is there*.

Patrons, in days of yore, were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters.—Some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never spell a word;
Some of them too, to such a monstrous height
Was learning risen, for themselves could write,
And kept their Secretaries, as the great
Do many other foolish things, for state.

Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent strain,
With neither sense nor taste, against the grain,
They patronize for fashion sake—no more—
And keep a *Bard*, just as they keep a *Whore*.
Melcombe† (on such occasion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deserve their *Clergy* by their *Creed*;
Others can write, but such a *pagan* hand,
A Willes‡ should always at our elbow stand;

* Mr. Lloyd died in the Fleet, Dec. 15, 1764,
shortly after the publication of this poem.

† George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. He
died July 28, 1762.

‡ Decypherer to the State.

Many, if begg'd, a *Chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at first sight.
Those who stand fairest to the public view,
Take to themselves the praise to others due;
They rob the very *Spital*, and make free
With those, alas! who've least to spare.—We see,
——— hath not had a word to say,
Since winds and waves bore Single-*speech* away.

Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the *Bard* should make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the present day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
Horace lov'd wine, and th' no' his friend at Court,
Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port;
Horace lov'd mirth, Mæcenas lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy || and I may do,
Nor in those moments paid the least regard
To which was *Minister*, and which was *Bard*.

Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They *know themselves*, they keep up dignity;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit;
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—
'Tis best to keep her weak and at arms-length.
'Tis well enough for *Bards*, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice such,
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak *Bard*, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot, whom all good men disdain;
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his *Lord's* kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rime;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the *second* table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there *Bards*, who on Creation's file
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle
The air of Freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of pride, to feast
On Nature's fallads, and be free at least.
Better (tho' that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
Critics commence, and write in the *Reviews*;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed.
But (not to make a brave and honest Pride
Try those means first, she must disdain when tried)
There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts

|| A Frenchman, Secretary to Mr. Wilkes.

May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
 Let those, who pine for more, live, and be slaves.
 Our real wants in a small compass lyè,
 But lawless Appetite with eager eye,
 Kept in a constant fever, more requires,
 And we are burnt up with our own desires.
 Hence our dependence, hence our slav'ry springs;
Bards, if contented, are as great as Kings.
 Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
 We may be independent, if we will.
 The man who suits his spirit to his state,
 Stands on an equal footing with the great;
 Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he
 Who rules the English nation, not more free.
 Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong
 For *Bards* than others, but they've worn them long,
 And therefore wear them still; they've quite forgot
 What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
 Could they, tho' in their sleep, could they but
 know

The blessings which from Independence flow;
 Could they but have a short and transient gleam
 Of Liberty, tho' 'twas but in a dream;
 They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
 But, once made Freemen, would be always free.
 The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains,
 Can never more submit to sing in chains.
 Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
 The bird repays his keeper with his song,
 But if some playful child sets wide the door,
 Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
 With love of liberty begins to burn,
 And rather starves than to his cage return.

Hail, Independence—by true reason taught,
 How few have known, and priz'd thee as they
 ought.

Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
 Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
 Ambition some, some avarice misleads,
 And in both cases Independence bleeds:
 Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,
 Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
 Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
 Have never had the sense to find thee out;
 Others, who know of what they are possess'd,
 Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,
 Nor have the resolution to produce
 In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.
Hail, Independence—tho' thy name's scarce known,
 Tho' thou, alas! art out of fashion grown,
 Tho' all despise thee, I will not despise,
 Nor live one moment longer than I prize
 Thy presence, and enjoy: by angry Fate
 Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, *Thou* cam'st, tho'
 late,

Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,
 And made me know what life was truly worth.

Hail, Independence—never may my cot,
 'Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot;
 Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair;
 Cotes*, whom thou lov'st too, shall meet thee
 there;

All thoughts, but what arise from joy, give o'er;
 Peace dwells within, and Law shall guard the door.

* Humphrey Cotes.

O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door, what
 Law?

The Law of England?—To controul, and awe
 Those saucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,
 Behold, in state, Administration come.

Why let her come, in all her terrors too;
 I dare to suffer all she dares to do.
 I know her malice well, and know her pride,
 I know her strength, but will not change my side.
 This melting mass of flesh she may controul
 With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.
 No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
 I'm still at large, and Independent there.

Where is this Minister? Where is the band
 Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
 To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
 Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill?
 When some grand act 'gainst Law is to be done,
 Doth — sleep; doth bloodhound — run
 To L —, and worry those small deer,
 When he might do more precious mischief here?
 Doth Webb turn tail? Doth he refuse to draw
 Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
 Doth Webb, at Guildford kick'd, from Guildford
 run,

With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his son,
 And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat,
 Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?
 Believe it not; — is — still,
 And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill;
 — doth lesser mischiefs by the bye,
 The great ones 'till the Term in *petto* lie;
 Webb lives, and to the strictest justice true,
 Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country—weak and overpower'd
 By thine own sons—eat to the bone—devour'd
 By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
 Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
 With unavailing griefs thy wrongs I see,
 And, for myself not feeling, feel for thee.
 I grieve, but can't despair—for, lo, at hand
 Freedom presents a choice, but faithful band
 Of loyal patriots, men who greatly dare
 In such a noble cause, men fit to bear
 The weight of empires; *Fortune*, *Rank*, and
Sense,

Virtue and *Knowledge*, leagu'd with *Eloquence*,
 March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file
 Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
 Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek,
 As 'twere by stealth (her heart too full to speak)
 One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,
 And seems to say, "Why is not Granby here?"

O ye brave few, in whom we still may find
 A love of *Virtue*, *Freedom*, and *Mankind*,
 Go forth, in majesty of woe array'd,
 See, at your feet your Country kneels for aid,
 And (many of her children traitors grown)
 Kneels to those sons she still can call her own;
 Seeming to breathe her last in ev'ry breath,
 She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death—
 Fly then, each dutious son, each English chief,
 And to your drooping parent bring relief.
 Go forth—nor let the firen voice of Ease
 Tempt ye to sleep, whilst tempets swell the seas;
 Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue
 With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,

Like Bethel's fawning prophet cros your way,
 When your great errand brooks not of delay;
 Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all she meets,
 Trembling and pale—"A lion in the streets"—
 Damp your free spirits; let not threats affright,
 Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
 Be as one man—Concord success ensures—
 There's not an English heart but what is yours.
 Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your fight,
 Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
 Go forth—the champions of your native land,
 And may the battle prosper in your hand—
 It may, it must—Ye cannot be withstood—
 Be your Hearts honest, as your Cause is good.

END OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE

JOURNEY,

SOME of my friends (for friends I must suppose
 All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
 Feign great good-will, and, not more full of spite
 Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
 Some of my friends (so lavishly I print)
 As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
 (Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
 That I shall run my stock of genius out,
 My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
 Must needs become a bankrupt at the last.

"The husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
 "Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
 "More than a hundred fold, which swells his store
 "E'en to his wife, and makes his barns run o'er,
 "By long experience taught who teaches best,
 "Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it rest.
 "The land, allow'd its losses to repair,
 "Refresh'd, and full in strength, delights to wear
 "A second youth, and to the farmer's eyes
 "Bids richer crops and double harvests rise.
 "Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
 "It reaches to the culture of the mind.
 "The mind of man craves rest, and cannot bear,
 "Tho' next in pow'r to God's continual care.
 "Genius himself (nor here let Genius frown)
 "Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,
 "And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but
 this,
 "Which the most slight observer scarce could miss,
 "He might have flourish'd twenty years or more,
 "Tho' now, *alas!* poor man! worn out in four."
 Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
 I feel, *alas!* this melancholy truth,

Thanks to each cordial, each advising friend,
 And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
 Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen,
 Apply myself once more to books and men,
 View what is present, what is past review,
 And my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
 For twice six moons (let winds, turn'd porters,
 bear

This oath to Heav'n) for twice six moons, I swear,
 No Muse shall tempt me with her siren lay,
 Nor draw me from Improvement's thorny way;
 Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
 Who in my hearing shall a time commend.

It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
 Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
 Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
 But ere I write one sentence, verse creeps in,
 And taints me thro' and thro': by this good light,
 In verse I talk by day, I dream by night;
 If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
 Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rime,
 E'en now I err, in spite of common sense,
 And my confession doubles my offence.
 Rest then, my friends—spare, spare your precious
 breath,

And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
 Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear
 To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear,
 On your grave lessons I cannot subside,
 Nor e'en in verse become *economist*;
 Rest then, my friends, nor, hateful to my eyes,
 Let Envy in the shape of Pity rise
 To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
 ('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
 Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry son of phlegm
 Find ample room to censure and condemn.
 Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task;
 But probably the last that I shall ask)
 And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
 Nay not so much, revenge is in your pow'r,
 And ye may cry, "Ere Time hath turn'd his
 glass,

"Lo! what we prophesied is come to pass."

Let those, who poetry in poems claim,
 Or not read this, or only read to blame;
 Let those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
 Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav'd;
 Let those, who love a little gall in rime,
 Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
 Let those, who, void of nature, look for art:
 Take up their money, and in peace depart;
 Let those, who energy of diction prize,
 For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise;
 Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
 Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
 The subject not less simple than the lay;
 A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a day.

Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
 I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
 Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
 Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
 Nor would I have the Sisters of the Hill
 Behold their Bard in such a dishabille.
 Absent, but only absent for a time,
 Let them care for some dearer son of rime;
 Let them, as far as decency permits,
 Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,

'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are false things, there's danger in a fool.
Let them, tho' modest, Gray more modest woo;
Let them with Mafon bleat, and bray, and cooe;
Let them with Franklin, proud of some small
Greek,

Make Sophocles disguis'd, in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead; taught to creep
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep *;
Let them with Browne contrive, to vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living sick †;
Let them in charity to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may steal and
live;

Let them with antick Foote subscriptions get,
And advertise a Summer-house of Wit.

Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like
these,

Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With *hum'rous* Scots let them disport their hour:
Let them dance, fairy-like, round Ossian's tomb;
Let them forge *lies*, and *hyperies* for Fame;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verse,
Make something like a Tragedy in *Erse*;
Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil
Let them with Ogilvie spin out a tale
Of rueful length; Let them plain things obscure,
Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
With ev'ry pert, prim prettiness of youth
Born of false Taste, with Fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated stile, by affectation taught,
With much false colouring, and little thought,
With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By reason never to have pass'd the *Tweed*,
With words which Nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With such materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
Build up a bard to war 'gainst Common Sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of Sense,
Read musty lectures on *Benevolence*,
Or on the pages of his gaping *Day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when Memory wakes,
When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
A deep revenge, when by Reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead,

* See The School for Lovers, by Mr. Whitehead,
taken from Fontenelle.

† See The Cure of Sani, by Dr. Browne.

Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
A more than *Ætna* in his coward breast,
And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him
rest:

Tho' soft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like
these,

Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

END OF THE JOURNEY,

DEDICATION

CHURCHILL'S SERMONS.

HEALTH to great Gloster—from a man un-
known,

Who holds his health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flattery—'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an *Orthodox* Divine,
And, spite of hell, that character is mine;
To speak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, my Lord, is panegyric here.

Health to great Gloster—nor, thro' love of ease,
Which all Priests love, let this address displease.
I ask no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest)
I will not trouble you with one bequest;
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave;
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—To great Gloster *health*;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a false alarm—in purse tho' poor,
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, tho' a Dedicator, scorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
Which poms of this world never could controul,

Which never offer'd up at Power's vain shrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.

'Tis not thy name, tho' that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,
'Tis not thy title, Doctor, tho' thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
Titles are oft misplac'd; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by Virtue: who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of *Lazon Sleeves*,
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;
So fair without, and yet so foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,
Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
The force of love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
An index to thy soul, tho' there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and thro' thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine—
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyself, thy fire unknown,
A whole Welch genealogy *alone*?
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholesome source thy mind,
Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst
men,

Which now give life and utterance to my pen:
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint I praise.
Rais'd by that theme, I soar on wings more strong,
And burst forth into praise with-held too long.

Much did I wish, e'en whilst I kept those sheep,
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep thro' need, not choice,
Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's
voice,

Which did not know, yet would not learn their
way,

Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should
stray,

Those sheep, which my good Father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet starv'd himself; e'en at that time,
Whilst I was pure, and innocent of rime,
Whilst sacred dullness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wish, tho' little could I hope,
A friend in him who was a friend of Pope.

His hand, said I, my youthful steps shall guide,
And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;
His temper, his experience shall controul,
And hush to peace the tempest of my soul;
His judgment teach me, from the public school,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;

Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakespeare was not
right;

Where they are justly prais'd, and where thro'
whim,

How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the slav'ry of common rules,
Of common sense, of modern, ancient schools,
Those feelings banish'd, which mislead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
He, by his great example, might impart
A better something, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might shew me what is taste, by what is not;
By him supported, with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beside;
He (should a world perverse and peevish grown,
Explode his maxims, and assert their own)
Might teach me, like himself to be content,
And let their folly be their punishment;
Might like himself teach his adopted son,
'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton.

Fool that I was, could I so much deceive
My soul with lying hopes; could I believe
That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,
The servant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,
On which so much depended, for a rime?
Should he forsake the task he undertook,
Desert his flock, and break his pastoral crook?
Should he (forbid it Heaven) so high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of Grace,
And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muses' Hill,
Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be such revolt from Grace, and far from me
The will to think it—gait is in the thought—
Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught,
Not so learn'd Christ—Recall that day, well-
known,

When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blasphemers forth—Methinks I now
See stern rebuk'd enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from this tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror ev'ry sinner's soul—
In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conscious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
By gospel rules, his witness to be true.

O glorious man, thy zeal I must commend,
Tho' it depriv'd me of my dearest friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes must the justice of that anger own,
And could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.

Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,
Which I, like *Demas*, foolishly laid down.
Hence double strength our *Holy Mother* drew:
Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,

Crasping at shadows, let the substance slip ;
But you, *my Lord*, renounc'd Attorneyship
With better purpose, and more noble aim,
And wisely play'd a more substantial game.
Nor did *Lau* mourn, blest'd in her younger son,
For Mansfield does what Gloster would have done.

Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Gloster, and My Lord,
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit, if the barren fount
Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one,
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
And, without envy, sees thee plac'd so high ;
Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes ;
Let Gloster well remember, how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great ;
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with
state,

Forget what once he was, tho' now so high ;
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * *
Cætera defunt †

† It is presumed the sudden death of the Author
will sufficiently apologize for the DEDICATION re-
maining unfinished.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

END OF CHURCHILL'S POEMS.

SHIP WRECK.

— — — — —
The captain had mistaken his
Vine, &c. &c.

CANTO I.

— — — — —
The captain had mistaken his
Vine, &c. &c.

The captain had mistaken his
Vine, &c. &c.

W HILE sailing on the coast of
Africa, the captain had mistaken his
Vine, &c. &c.

THE POEMS OF MR. FALCONER.

SHIPWRECK.

—quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.—
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

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ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the subject—Invocation—Apology—Allegorical description of Memory—Appeal to her Assistance—The story begun—Retrospect of the former part of the voyage—The ship arrives at Candia—Ancient state of that island—Present state of the adjacent Isles of Greece—The season of the year—Character of the master and his officers—Story of Palemon and Anna—Evening described—Midnight—The ship weighs anchor and departs from the haven—State of the weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring shores—Operation of taking the sun's azimuth—Description of the vessel as seen from the land.

The scene is near the city of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

The scene of the Second Canto lies in the sea, between Cape Frefchin in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spada.—The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where war, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,

Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string,
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumphs rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
Till hope expires, and Peril and Dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstacy of pain;
Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled thro' the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!

A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plow the tide where wintry tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phæbus, and the tuneful train?—
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast *."
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.

* Shakspeare.

From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains !
 Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
 To where the Isthmus *, lav'd by adverse tides,
 Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
 But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
 In Fortune's wild illimitable chace,
 Adversity, companion of his way !
 Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway ;
 Bade new distresses ev'ry instant grow,
 Marking each change of place with change of woe.
 In regions where the Almighty's chastening hand
 With livid pestilence afflicts the land ;
 Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,
 Parent of want and misery severe !
 Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
 The hostile ships in flaming combat join ;
 Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,
 Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
 Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate
 Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate !
 Rous'd by her mandate, storms of black array
 Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day ;
 Relax'd the finews of the living lyre,
 And quench the kindling spark of vital fire.—
 Thus while forgotten or unknown he wooes,
 What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse !
 Then let not Censure, with malignant joy,
 The harvest of his humble hope destroy !
 His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
 Nor sculptur'd brags to tell the poet's name.
 If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
 The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
 Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
 While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale !

And lo ! the Power that wakes th' eventful song,
 Hastes hither from Lethæan banks along :
 She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the fight,
 Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light !
 In her right hand an ample roll appears,
 Fraught with long annals of preceding years ;
 With every wise and noble art of man,
 Since first the circling hours their course began :
 Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
 Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
 Penfivè her look ; on radiant wings that glow,
 Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
 She sails ; and swifter than the course of light,
 Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
 The fugitive ideas she restores,
 And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores.
 To things long past a second date she gives,
 And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.
 Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
 She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval Time !
 By whom transmitted down in every clime,
 The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
 And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone ;
 Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
 And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light !
 Whose wing unerring glides thro' time and place,
 And trackless scours th' immensity of space !
 Say ! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
 What dire mishap a fated ship beset,
 Affail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores ?—
 Arise ! approach ! unlock thy treasure'd stores !

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A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
 By guiding winds her course for Venice held ;
 Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
 And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
 The wayward steps of Fortune, that delude
 Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd.
 And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
 Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare ;
 Tho' warn'd full oft the slippery track to shun,
 Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
 Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
 The scene of peace, and social joy resign'd.
 Long absent they from friends and native home,
 The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam :
 Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
 Had crown'd each painful voyage with success ;
 Still, to atone for toils and hazards past,
 Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
 Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
 Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
 From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
 She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
 Unwearying waded her commercial store.
 The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
 Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd ;
 Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
 And visited the margin of the Nile.
 And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
 The circling voyage hastens to its goal.
 They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
 No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;
 But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
 For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near.
 A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
 That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
 Their ships thro' Grecian seas the pilots guide.
 Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
 Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon ex-
 plore ;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
 Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal Powers ! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell track of desolating war !
 Here Art and Commerce, with auspicious reign,
 Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain !
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
 Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.

In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
 To crown the vallies with eternal green.
 For wealth, for valor, courted, and rever'd,
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
 Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke !
 No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
 For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.
 But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
 Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
 What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles,
 The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
 A seventh year scorch the weary lab'rer's toil.
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
 Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore.

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 plore ;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
 Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal Powers ! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell track of desolating war !
 Here Art and Commerce, with auspicious reign,
 Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain !
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
 Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.

In gay luxuriance Cyren too was seen
 To crown the vallies with eternal green.
 For wealth, for valor, courted, and rever'd,
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
 Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke !
 No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
 For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.
 But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
 Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
 What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
 The wretched obsequious drags his chain,
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
 A seventh year scorn the weary labourer's toil.
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
 Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore.

No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her venal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains !

Now, in the southern hemisphere the sun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run ;
And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
'Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand ;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand :
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft' deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals :
Th' advancing season warns him to the main ;
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain !
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay ;
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire !
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
'Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew !
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold ?

They can ! for gold too oft', with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart :
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad Merit pleads her cause :
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleasure's blest abode ;
With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command ;
Tho' train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;
Abroad confess the father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper, breath'd a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd ;
Or point her devious track, thro' climes unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sink the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force ;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Iaur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll ;

His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore :
A hardy son of England's furthest shore !
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A footy tribe ! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger ; proud of skilful bands !
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar * and shelf the watery path they found,
With dext'rous arm ; sagacious of the ground !
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road ;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode :—
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft' enlightens to corrupt the mind :
Boisterous of manners ; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth ;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice controul,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul !
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,

With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword—
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal !
Too oft' example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell :
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew :
Unskill'd to argue ; in dispute yet loud ;
Bold without caution, without honours proud ;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily despis'd :
Yet tho' full oft' to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Thro' snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of Fame ?
While yet a stripling, oft' with fond alarms,
His bosom danc'd to Nature's boundless charms ;
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower ;
But frowning Fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science and the tuneful Sisters rove.—
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more ;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And rage excurive o'er th' untravell'd zone.

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven ; so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

In vain!—for rude Adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd;
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed,
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction panting to the shore.

This last our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravel'd course by geometric line;
Train'd to command, and range the various fall,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.—
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest-born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft' in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confess.
Long had he listen'd with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true!
Full oft' his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil:
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy!
He fath'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeful passion, or divert its aim:
Oft' led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting Music fail'd,
And Pleasure's siren-voice no more prevail'd.
The Merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assum'd an harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.

Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge assign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young Arion first was known;
Who, wandering here thro' many a scene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found;
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft', by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night;
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
Tho' shunning still to probe a wounded mind:
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to bestow;
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore.
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred-age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew!
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more:
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine,
On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost—
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat.
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd*;
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand;
Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand.
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assail'd,
'Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd;

* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

But now before them happier scenes arise!
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the stream, renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
Too true thy words!—by sweet remembrance taught,
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd!
The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity awells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

Albert thou know'st with skill and science grac'd,
In humble station tho' by fortune plac'd,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd.
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice untan'd, no sickening folly stain'd.
No fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden innocence exprest;
While health, ~~that~~ rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene:

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ship, rich-freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treasure stor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion; soon I went,
Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event—
There struck with sweet surprize and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw:

There, wounded first by love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conscious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught:
When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid:
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook!
With all her powers dissenting reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of love;
She strove in vain! subdu'd by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes, to see my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current
leads,

We rovd at evening hour thro' flow'ry meads.
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart!—
My suit prevail'd; for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes, too happy long to last!—
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast!
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore—
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawless wind:
For love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure:
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.

His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd;
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain!
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To wife Palemon o'er the distant wave.

The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The heart-felt torments of despairing love.
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;
Desire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!

Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear!
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell:
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

In transport lost, by trembling hope impress'd,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms:
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart thro' scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
Where never gentle hope affords relief,
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone;
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone!
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!
Find out some happier daughter of the town,
With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
Where smiling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate;
Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove!
On me alone let dark affliction fall!
Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!

She ceas'd; while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd,
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!

Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Tho' tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands:
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
For this prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.

Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are
o'er

Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender
grief,

Now found an interval of short relief:

So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.

As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung;
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs—
Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love!
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!
Bid every guardian minister attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!

With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in
vain,

And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender passion stream'd in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonising look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Pensive and pale; of every joy bereft,
She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.

The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,
Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Compos'd at length, his sadly-warbling strain
In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls ;
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal ;
Ah ! may no wanderer of the faithless main
Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane !
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
O ! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone !

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd ;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine,
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain !

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around ; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain :
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
And lo ! his surface, lovely to behold !
Glow in the west, a sea of living gold !
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns !
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love ;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main ;
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring ;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing ;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain :
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors crost, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane :
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between ;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen !

Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd ; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Uptarting from his couch, on deck he sprung ;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
All hands unmoor ! proclaims a boisterous cry :
All hands unmoor, the cavern rocks reply !
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass * arm.
The order given, up-springing with a bound,
They lodge the bars, and wheel the engine round :
At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend :
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play ;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues ; they dread th' adjacent shore ;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before :
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow †.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend ;
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill ; the danger's o'er :
The portis doubled and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the
fight,

Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Aboveincumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stu'n sails † now their wings extend,
Then stay-fails sidelong to the breeze ascend :
While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd ;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

* The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to
wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is
turned about vertically, by a number of long bars or
levers ; in which operation it is prevented from recoil-
ing, by the pauls.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward,
by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part to
one or more of the boats rowing before her.

‡ Studding-fails are long, narrow sails, which are
only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the out-
side of the larger square-fails. Stay-fails are three-
cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays,
when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly
or obliquely.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:
Thro' the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray*,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then thro' the chiliads triple maze, they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp the marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
While trembling thro' the green translucent stream.
The wales†, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gas'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:
Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her, bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into Union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the center grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the
view!—

Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent foil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oak-wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalmd with orient gum, above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.

* The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

† The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops which separates the bottom from the upper works.

On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controul'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius, in the youth express'd,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess'd,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd:
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene yet firm; tho' mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd, like the meteors of her native sky;
Her crest, high-plum'd, was rough with many a
scar,

And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame;
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe!
The sword, that oft the barbarous North defy'd,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George imblazon'd on his corselet shone.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell;
Or waft wrapt fancy through the gulphs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
The songs of heaven! the music of the spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing thro' air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise!—
These front the scene conspicuous—over-head
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
Yonder fair commerce stretched her winged sail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-blushing armors all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then tower'd the masts; the canvas swell'd on
high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain;
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-spout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ship's progress along the shore—Wind strengthens—The sails reduced—A shoal of porpoises—Last appearance of Cape Spado—Sea rises—A squall—The sails further diminished—Main-sail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another main-sail fitted to the yard—The gale still increases—Top-sails furled—Top-gallant-yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-set—Crews reefed—Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation—Resolute behaviour of the sailors—The ship labours in great distress—The artillery thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Necessary disposition to meet before the wind—Disappointment in the proposed effect—New dispositions equally unsuccessful—The mizen-mast cut away.

A DIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene!

To me in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd the Elysian vallies smile!
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
For these, alas! reluctant I forego,
To visit storms and elements of woe!
Ye tempests, o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul!
In black progression, lo! they hover near;
Hail social horrors, like my fate severe!
Old Ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you; judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.—
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent-cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
E'en they, th' impressive dart of love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.

Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;
In distant bosoms equal ardors glow,
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.—
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was raising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror thro' the skies.
The swift volition and th' enormous train
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain!
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly.—
The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers

'Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,
The war'y volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides; the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvass, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam resplendent rays,
'Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubting masses wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim thro'.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impale th' enamel'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of art can nature's powers display?
Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she feels,
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
The auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.

The watchful ruler of the helm no more,
With fix'd attention, eyes the adjacent shore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that still the impressivè canvas swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus the glider along the coast,
'Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost:
And while aloof from Retimo the steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears,
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress-grove
That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
The trembling states around to slav'ry broke,
Thro' Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,
The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne.—
For oft, alas; their venal strains adorn
The prince whom blushing virtue holds in scorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon' mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast;
The black'ning ocean curls; the winds arise;
And the dark scud* in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvas bends the masts on high,
Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie †.
The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the topfalls by a single reef ‡.
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the topfalls sink amain;
And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.
Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A squall deep-low ring blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topfalls can no more sustain,
Reef topfalls, reef, the boatwain calls again!

* Scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely; that side of the ship upon which it acts, is called the weather-side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed down-wards, is called the lee side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated: as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

‡ The topfalls are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionally when its force abates.

The haliards* and top-bowlines † soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles ‡ next they run:
The shivering sails descend; and now they square
The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
The weather-earings, and the lee they pass †;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick §: the master cries,
Man the clue-garnets ¶! let the main sheet fly †!—
The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
Thro' the torn main-sails bursts with thundering force.

While the rent canvas flutters in the wind,
Still on her flank the stooping bark inclines—
Bear up the helm ** a-weather! Rodmond cries;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow with secret instinct veers apace;
And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace:
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.

* Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and prevent it from shaking in an unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues or lower corners of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

§ Earrings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails and also the extremities of the reefs are fastened to the yard-arms.

¶ The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-mast.

¶ Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the main-sail and fore-sail as the clue-lines are upon all other square sails.

† It is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the main-sail and fore-sail there is a sheet and tack on each side; the latter of which is a thick rope serving to confine the weather-clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side-wind.

** The helm is said to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer * the helm applies.
As in pursuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eyes, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid space;
So, govern'd by the steerer's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the fullen blast.
The helm to starboard † turns; with wings inclin'd
The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind.
The mizen draws; the springs aloof once more,
While the fore-stay-sail ‡ balances before.
The fore-sail brace'd obliquely to the wind;
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.
To topmasts next they haste; the buntlines gone,
The elues thro' their wheel'd machinery ran:
On either side below the sheets are mann'd;
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand.
Once more the topmasts, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.
Again the bowlines and the yards are brace'd ||;
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent,
With brails § refix'd another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope ¶ they extend,
And soon their earings and the roebins † bend,
That task perform'd, they first the braces ** slack,
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack;
And, while the lee-clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet, they tally and belay ††.

* Timoneer (from timonier, Fr.) the helmsman or steerer.

† The helm, being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port; and vice versa. Hence the helm being put a-starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

‡ This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmast-stay-sail, is a triangular sail that runs upon the fore topmast-stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

§ A yard is said to be brace'd, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to right or left; the ropes employed in this service are called braves.

¶ The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are, in a general sense, called brails.

¶ The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

¶ Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are small cords, used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

¶ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

†† Taught implies stiff, tense, or extended straight; and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To belay, is to fasten.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main,
These fleetest couriers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ætherial vault deface,
Their route to seaward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
Rous'd from their secret deeps the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.—

Toss'd on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight;
Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.—

Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ship no longer can her topmasts spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again;
Cuelines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;
Clued-up each top-sail, and by braces squar'd;
The seamen climb aloft on either yard.

They furl'd the sail, and point to the wind
The yard, by rolling-tackles * then confin'd.

While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
Like a hoarse mastiff thro' the storm he cries:
Prompt to direct the unskillful still appears;
Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.

Now some to strike top-gallant yards † attend;
Some travellers ‡ up the weather backstays || send;
At each mast-head the top-ropes § others bend.

* The rolling-tackle is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

† It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

‡ Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the backstays and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent; so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

|| Backstays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the topmast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

§ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

The youngest sailors from the yards above
 Their parrels *, lifts †, and braces soon remove;
 Then topt an-end, and to the travellers tied,
 Charg'd with their sails, they down the backstays
 slide.

The yards secure along the booms ‡ reclin'd;
 While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.—
 Their sails reduced and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the crew relax from toils severe.
 Awhile their spirits, with fatigue oppress'd,
 In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest;
 But with redoubling force the tempest blow,
 And watery hills in fell succession flow.
 A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies;
 New troubles grow; new difficulties rise.
 No season this from duty to descend —
 All hands on deck, th' eventual hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.
 His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
 Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
 And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!
 Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
 No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast.
 No ray of friendly light is seen around;
 The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses ‖ bear:
 To reef the courses is the master's care:
 The failors summon'd aft, a daring band!
 Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
 But here the doubtful officers dispute,
 Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.—
 Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
 The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
 Still to the hostile fury of the wind
 Releases'd the sheet, and kept the tack confin'd.
 To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
 He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
 But the sage master his advice declines;
 With whom Arion in opinion joins.—
 The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
 On sure experience may with truth rely,
 Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,
 This barbarous practice ever will reject.
 For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
 Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;

* The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

† Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

‡ The booms in this place imply any masts or yards lying on the deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.

‖ The courses are generally understood to be the mainsail, foresail and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts: the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
 Will never first embayle the lee yard-arm.
 The master said;—obedient to command,
 To raise the tack, the ready sailors stand †.—
 Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
 Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
 The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by *;
 The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lies ply.
 Thus all prepar'd, *Let go the sheet*, he cries; still
 Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;
 Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
 High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swell'd:
 By spilling lines ‡ embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
 It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
 The foresail then secur'd, with equal care
 Again to reef the mainsail they repair.—
 While some high mounted over-haul the tye,
 Below the down-haul-tackle ‡ others ply.
 Jears §, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 Along the mast the willing yard descends.
 When lower'd sufficient they securely brace;
 And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
 The reef-lines ** and their earings now prepar'd,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds ¶, they man the yard.
 Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
 Arion there, the hardy boatwain here;
 That in the van to front the tempest hung;
 This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.

† It has been remarked before, that the tack is always fastened to windward: accordingly as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

* It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast-off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

† The spilling-lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

‡ The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle.

§ Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail and mizen, as the haliards are to all the inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

** Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

¶ Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-heads downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

Each earing to its station first they bend ;
The reef-band † then along the yard extend ;
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwined
By outer and by inner turns ‡ they bind.
From hand to hand, the reef-lines, next receiv'd,
Thro' eye-let holes and roebins-legs were receiv'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay ;
Strain the firm cord, and either end delay.

Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post,
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps Oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil.—
But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate!

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend,
A sea *, up-furging with tremendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
O friends, secure your hold! Arion cries:—
It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the skies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, the feels
The shock, and on her side half-bury'd reels:
The sail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the seamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three sailors with their gallant boatwain fell.
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard unfold:
In vain to grapple flying cords they try;
The cords, alas! a solid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep;
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Tho' still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clashing tide;
Tho' still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather † now Morea's land,
Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand.—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.

† The reef-band is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

‡ The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface.

* A sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or byllow: hence when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

† To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence

of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a further illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

† The topping-lift which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose; they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

‡ Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee side.

* To try, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a further illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

† The topping-lift which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose; they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

‡ Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee side.

In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
 The compasses to circumjacent lands.
 Ungrateful task! for no asylum trac'd,
 A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste.
 Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
 The path to every friendly port around.
 While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
 The geometric distances survey'd,
 On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
 Secure your lives,—grasp every man a shroud!—
 Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aghast;
 When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
 A giant surge down-rushes from on high,
 And fore and aft dissolve'd ruins lie.—
 As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
 Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main;
 Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
 And fatal lightning blast the hostile shores;
 Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
 The trembling deeps recall from zone to zone:
 Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke;
 The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
 Forth-started from their planks the buristing rings,
 Th' extended cordage all afunder springs.
 The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
 And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
 The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
 In streaming ruins from the margin fled.
 The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams;
 And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.
 They found the well *, and terrible to hear;
 Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
 At either pump they ply the clanking brake †,
 And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
 Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
 At this sad task, all diligent appear.
 As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
 Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;
 Grim war around her plants his black array,
 And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
 Till in some destin'd hour, against her wall
 In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
 The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend;
 And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend;
 Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
 Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard:
 So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
 And help incessant by rotation lend;
 But all in vain,—for now the sounding cord,
 Undrawn and undiminish'd depth explor'd.
 Nor this severe distress is found alone;
 The ribs oppress by ponderous cannon groan.—
 Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
 The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
 So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
 When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
 Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
 And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
 Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
 And Fate vindictive all their skill defies.

* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps. It is founded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

One only remedy the season gave;
 To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
 From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
 Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan;
 But arduous is the task their lot requires;
 A task that hovering Fate alone inspires!
 For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
 That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
 Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
 May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
 No season this for counsel or delay!
 Too soon the eventful moments haste away!
 Here perseverance, with each help of art,
 Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
 These only now their misery can relieve;
 These only now a dawn of safety give!—
 While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
 Broad surges roll in terrible career,
 Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
 This office in the face of death pursue.
 The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
 Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
 Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave;
 Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
 Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
 Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
 Untam'd he stood; the stern aerial war
 Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
 Meanwhile Arion, traversing the wait *,
 The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
 And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
 Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
 And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
 Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
 Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round;
 Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
 The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
 Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
 Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
 In this rude conflict of the seas and winds,
 Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
 Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore;
 When, stung with burning pain, he strove, too late,
 To stop the swift career of cruel fate.
 Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
 Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd!
 Such, and so short, the pause of woe the sound!
 Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
 Save when the lightnings gleaming on the sight,
 Flash thro' the gloom a pale disastrous light.
 Above all æther, fraught with scenes of woe,
 With grim destruction threatens all below.
 Beneath the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
 And wave uproll'd on wave affails the skies;
 With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
 The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound!
 With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress,
 Dismay and anguish every heart possess;
 For, while with boundless inundation o'er
 The sea-beat ship, th' involving waters rear,
 Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
 They rage their ancient station to resume;

* The wait of a ship of this kind is an hollow space, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter deck and fore-castle, and having the upper deck for its base or platform.

By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Thro' many a winding channel first they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd.
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregrant with some new woe each moment teems!
Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way * explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound;
For if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts their chiefs appall,
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail and
shower;

Black melancholy roll'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride.—
Inclous'd with ills, by peril unsubstu'd,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in Action; and in council wise;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd:

Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place
are synonymous terms, is the movement by which
a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and
sea, when she is deprived of the government of the
sails and helm.

The hour, th' occasion all your skill demands;
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour fore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.
These only in our power are left to try;
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign;
Forbid it, heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale.
For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our drosy'd ship may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.

He said the listening mates with fixed regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril try'd,
Had oft the master's happier skill describ'd.
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right prefer'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissent.

Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our strength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the Russian seas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chac'd by this tempest and outrageous sea!
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to present death we haste;
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the gulph of Corinth on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares.
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a lee.
The crew, tho' harra's'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon.
Its rage, tho' terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease; the falls once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.—

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, thro' unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Tho' many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling

taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart,
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul.

With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combin'd;
While here we linger in the pass of fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shatter'd state and yon depending crew
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half fill'd
With waters thro' an hundred leaks distill'd;
As in a drowsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus, drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
Strip'd and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.
At every pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load, the quivering bowsprit-end.
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope-rely.
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increasing leaks defy:
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the watery tomb.
That bids us shun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
'Tis urg'd indeed; the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And driven before it on the wat'ry waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.
But haply Falconera we may shun:
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:

Less harra's'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear;
Ev'n then the wearied storm as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we itay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.

He said;—Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their least alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom; with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd,
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhor'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!—
With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deriv'd,
Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.
For consolation, oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now ha' the pilots all th' events resolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd,
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth tho' grievous I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind.*
Perhaps ev'n then to rush we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here:

Yet there, by heaven's assistance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.

But if determin'd by the will of heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.

* For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

And first let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.
When'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend:
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next assail each mast;
And booms and oars and rafts to leeward cast.
This, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
Our brave companions thro' the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them, o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O—cling securely on each faithful mast!
Tho' great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!

I know, among you some full oft have view'd,
With murthering weapon's arm'd, a lawless brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
Who 'scap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for awhile their native land.
They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.
Mean while the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all sever'd.

No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!—
O source of life! our refuge and our stay!
Whose voice the warning elements obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
death!

'Tis ours on thine ussuring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is just."

He said; and with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
His intellectual eye, serenely bright;
Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that lasting was oppress'd,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise!
With deep attention marks the invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow;
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either side they rise; tremendous scene;
A long dark melancholy vale between*.

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm, and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, "That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or if moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
Sill felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd.

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case the sails on the hind-part of the ship are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremast sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore-part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction (see line 17, p. 129.), the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her fore-mast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

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But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.—
The order now was given to bear away;
The order given, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand fitting shreds it flew!—
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls, and brace the foremast yards aback!
His great example every bosom fires;
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires;
While to the helm unfaithful still the lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries.—
Haste, with your weapons cut the throats and stay;
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!

He said; th' attentive sailors on each side,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound;
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gash'd with fores, the tott'ring structure rings,
And crashing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings.
Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath;
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays;
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

C A N T O III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry—Applied to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away—Ship veers before the wind—Her violent agitation—Different stations of the officers—Appearance of the island of Falconera—Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—Sparta—Leonidas—Invasion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Egaminondas—Modern appearance—Arcadia—Its former happiness and fertility—Present distress, the effect of slavery—Ithaca—Ulysses and Penelope—Argos and Mycenæ—Agamemnon—Macronisi—Lemnos—Vulcan and Venus—Delos—Apollo and Diana—Troy—Sestos—Leander and Hero—Delphos—Temple of Apollo—Parnassus—The Muses—The subject resumed—Sparkling of the sea—Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail and meteors—Darkness, lightning and thunder—Approach of day—Discovery

*of land—The ship in great danger passes the island
of St. George—Turns her broadside to the shore—
Her bowsprit, foremast and main-top-mast carried
away—She strikes a rock—Splits asunder—Fate of
the crew.*

The Scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When fullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light the Muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame.
'Twas their's the lawless passions to controul,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primæval night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.—
When great Mæonidas, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
From earth upborn, on Pegasus wings,
Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs;
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire distress Laertes' son beset,
The strains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muses' heavenly breath
With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death:
Each bard in epic lays began to sing,
Taught by the master of the vocal string.—
'Tis mine, alas! thro' dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!—
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, the unravel'd prospect to display,
And chain th' events in regular array.
Tho' hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
'Thrice happy! might the secret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear
For kindred-miseries, oft beheld too near:
For kindred-wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast:
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know!
So pity gushing o'er each British breast,
Might sympathise with Britain's sons distress:

For this, my theme thro' mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonidas nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanc'd the impression of the helm and wind:
The wounded serpent, agoniz'd with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain,
But now the wreck dislever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards *! the attentive master calls—
You, timoneers, her motion still attend!
For on your steerage all our lives depend.
So, steady †! meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind!
Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
Starboard, the obedient timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
The wheel ‡ revolves; the ringing axle burns?
The ship no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea:
All loonly o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by furies, storm and bursting skies.
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies! no friendly respite found;
His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound.

The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now shivering, o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who from heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadful he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown:
Even so the scales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing,
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume.
Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps:

* To square the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

† Steddy, is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends :
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring
shore,

Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*
Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view.
High o'er its summit, thro' the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower casts a mournful light.
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :
But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
O'er the broad champain scuds the trembling roe.—
That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;
But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of softer skies,
Some Alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone :
Its frozen cliffs attempt'd gales supply :
In cooling stream the aerial billows fly ;
Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.

So, when their trembling vessel past this isle,
Such visionary joys the crew beguile :
Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !

Say, Memory ! thou from whose unerring tongue
Instructive flows the animated song !
What regions now the flowing ship surround ?
Regions of old, thro' all the world renown'd ;
That, once the poet's theme the muses boast,
Now lie in ruins ; in oblivion lost !
Did they, whose sad distresses these lays deplore,
Unkill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?

They did ; for, blasted in the barren shade,
Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flower.
Here fancy droops, while fullen cloud and storm
The generous climate of the soul deform.
Then if, among the wandering naval train,
One stripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
To purer sense th' attempter'd soul refine)
His heart, with liberal commerce here unblest,
Alien to joy ! sincerer grief possess.
Yet on the youthful mind th' impression cast
Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.
There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
It glows with inextinguishable fire.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Lione's head.
Great source of science ! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame.
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won,
The first in Virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heav'n pronounc'd the wisest of mankind :
The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That Aed Pindarus' vindictive rage.

Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine thro' Solon's laws.
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'ergrown.
The wandering stranger, near the port, descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size ;
Unknown the sculptor ; marble is the frame :
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulph of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies ;
Whom, tho' by tyrant victors oft subdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd,
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd *,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward on Morea's land,
Fair Mistra ! thy modern turrets stand.
Ah ! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell ?
Here once the flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar :
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Persia's fumef's troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near ;
He, at Thermopylae's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd Asia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame !
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah ! how low her free-born spirit now !
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow ;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Infect thy region, and thy name disgrace !

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
Thrice happy soil ! where still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May ;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field,
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse ! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight-ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Lithmus, lies
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise ;
Where fair Penelope her absent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd.
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by her stripling son,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud the foil'd.

* Architecture.

S 2

True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Far o'er the Ægean main to Dardan coasts.
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.
And when to native realms restor'd at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past;
A perjur'd friend, alas! and faithless wife,
There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life!—
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of Helena * is seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The portan image bears of Parian stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears the immortal shore
That sacred Phæbus and Diana bore:
Delos, thro' all the Ægean seas renown'd!
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround)
By Phæbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd.
But now, a silent unfrequented land!
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.
Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ætherial world.
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of th' empyreal race.
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt.
In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt?

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilion bore.
Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou saw'st thy tutelard gods in vain descend!
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
Tho' nations perish'd on her bloody plain,
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame:
And now, by time's deep plough-share harrow'd

o'er,

The seat of sacred Troy is found no more.
No trace of all her glories now remains;
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore;
Scamander oft o'erflowed with hostile gore!

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter view appears the Thracian strand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her crescent each revolving night;

Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore;
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost:
Then felt her bosom agony severe;
Her eyes sad-gazing pour'd the incessant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain she cry'd;
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide,
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.

Far west of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The sacred oracle of Phæbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
August the fabric! elegant its stile!
On brazen hinges turned the silver doors,
And checquer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
The roofs, where storied tablatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æsculapius' snake displayed his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast:
While from his eye's insufferable light
Disease and Death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where, from the deluge sav'd, by heaven's com-
Deucalion leading Pyrrha hand in hand, [mand,
Repeopled all the desolated land.
Around the scene unfaded laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
Young zephyrs borne on rosy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the sun! the sacred Nine,
Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.
All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul,
While hill and vale with choral voice around
The music of immortal harps resound,
Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still scattering where she moves Elysiac flowers!

Even now the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.—
Adieu ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
Where Eden's blossoms ever-vernal blow!
Adieu ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill surround!
Ye fairy scenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, O farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethæan dews distil!

* Now known by the name of Macronisi.

Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream!
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme!
Collect thy powers! arouse thy vital fire!
Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrents pour along the swelling strain!

No, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For this assault should either quarter * feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, thro' the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Crowl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, afunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' ætherial dome, in mournful pomp array'd.
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.
It seem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!—
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ætherial frame;

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side;
or that part which is near the stern.

Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift thro' my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, that genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St George's cliffs arise:
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
Thus hung projecting over a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose.
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck overflow.
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her fallies, still they dread her broaching-to*.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.—
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun:
When Palinurus, from the helm, descri'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.

* Broaching-to, is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the Second Canto.

With boundless involution, bursting o'er :
 The marble cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar.
 Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,
 And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
 Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
 To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.
 But haply now the 'scapes the fatal strand,
 Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.
 Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
 She cleaves the burning waters with her prow ;
 And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
 As on the tempest's wing, the isle she part.
 With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
 The sailors view this refuge left behind ;
 Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
 A safe accession to that barren shore !

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
 Lost to the cheatful commerce of mankind,
 The groaning captive wastes his life away,
 For ever exil'd from the realms of day ;
 Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
 When far above the sacred light he eyes,
 While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
 For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
 And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
 Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
 A range of columns, long by time defac'd ;
 First planted by devotion to sustain,
 In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
 Foams the wild beach below with mad'ning rage,
 Where waves the rocks a dreadful combat wage.
 The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
 Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight :
 And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
 Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
 A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
 Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 'Touch'd with compassion gaz'd upon the blind ;
 And while around his sad companions croud,
 He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
 Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend ! he cries ;
 Thy only succour on the mast relies !—
 'The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course :
 Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
 'The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
 Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the founding foam
 Upborn, to right and left distracted roam.
 So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
 When mounted on the flaming car of day,
 With rash and impious hand the stripling try'd
 'Th' immortal coursfers of the sun to guide.—
 'The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
 Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :
 Fate spurs her on.—Thus issuing from afar,
 Advances to the sun some blazing star ;
 And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
 Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,
 Where death's inexorable jaws expand :
 Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
 As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
 Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
 In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
 The Genius of the deep, on rapid wings,
 The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.

The fatal Sisters, on the surge before,
 Yoke'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
 The steersmen now receiv'd their last command
 To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
 Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend ;
 Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down-press'd by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
 Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :
 And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
 Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
 Thro' hostile floods their vessel to regain.
 The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
 O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
 The hostile waters close around their head,
 They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !
 Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost companion's fate.
 The heart that bleeds with sorrow all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
 Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
 With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
 Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
 And every bosom fatal terror feels.
 Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
 They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
 Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
 Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
 Such torments agonize the damned breast,
 While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
 For heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries im-
 plore ;

But heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more !
 And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near !
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar be-
 neath !—

In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
 Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
 This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
 Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
 Beheld this scene of phrenzy and distress,
 His soul had trembled to its last recess !—
 O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
 This last tremendous shock of fate to prove.
 The tottering frame of reason yet sustain !
 Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain !

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd
 For now th' audacious seas insult the yard ;
 High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
 And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
 Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
 Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,
 Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
 Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps resound !

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murder's blows.—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking dæmons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd strains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the slooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses! red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold—

Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die:
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp! they bleed!

And, groaning, eling upon th' elusive weed!—
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!

Arion sinks! and Memory views no more!
— Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My stunn'd ear tingles on the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again!

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sickn'd spark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had clim'd Colonna's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!

Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts:
Strait down the vale with hasting steps they hied,
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Mean while those three escap'd beneath explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore:

Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon:—oh; what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!

If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown.

Arion thus; but ah! sad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
His ribs were dash'd and fractured with the shock:

Heart-piercing fight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!

Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;

Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,

What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony! thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again!

With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:

“O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?”

“Ah! how unlike what yestern-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
For wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour!”

“By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.”

“Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!”

“Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to controul
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.”

“But O, thou sacred Power! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!”

“And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain!
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!”

“Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted hence, to England's distant shore;

“Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
“Oh! friendship's generous ardour then suppress!
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;

“Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
“Ah! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;

“Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend.
“Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
“So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!”

“But oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend beset,
“Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
“And lightly touch the lamentable tale:

“Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew,
“Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck,
“Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck;

“Take it and say, when panting in the wave,
“I struggled, life and this alone to save!
“My soul that fluttering hastes to be free,
“Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,

“But strives in vain!—The chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of
breath:

“Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,
“To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
“O sacred Source of ever-living light!
“Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!”

“Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
“Where peril, pain and death are felt no more!
“When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
“That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,

“Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
“To absence, sorrow and despair consign'd,
“Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,
“That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,

“While Memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
“And what distress thy wretched friend beset!
“Then, while in streams of soft compassion brown'd,
“The swains lament, and maidens weep around;

“While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
“With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear;
“Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
“All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain.”

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!

As thus desec'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drop distill'd.

Oh, ill-star'd vot'ry of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:

His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!

* ——— sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; “dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.”

Ovid. Metam. lib. 7.

How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
Thro' life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wond'rous maze,
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays!
As thro' this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, "Thy will be done!"

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd;
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corpes of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.
The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL

ELEGY.

THE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful
 strains

Dissolve in dying languor on the ear:
Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,
And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of Friendship still lament thy doom;
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid shall weep,
While secret anguish nips her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless phrenzy shall the Father sting,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear;
Severe remorse his tortur'd soul shall wring,
'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
The Tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, furcharg'd with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat:
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful Maid, the sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
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Nor hopeless Love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe;
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain,
Unheard shall from the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards still molest
The wandring vassals of the faithless deep,
O! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What tho' no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crouds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your Table bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell:

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho' no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What tho' no epic Muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft Compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

A

P O E M,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

FROM the big horror of war's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my Muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the list'ning world in awe*)

* By awe, here, is meant attention.

T

Is my intent: Melpomene inspire,
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre!
And may my lines with easy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:
Big with the sorrow it describes, my song,
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.

Oh! bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unrelenting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phæbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarse winds howl murmur'ing thro' the grove;
Where some unhappy wretch ay mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wand'ring thro' the gloom;
Where Solitude and Meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come:
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead:
T' allist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.

When Winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,
And Spring in blooming verdure gan to smile;
When rills unbound, began to purrl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song;
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson dye,
Began to bloom,

Hard fate! then, noble FRED'RIC, didst thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable Fate's decree,
Th' approaching summer ne'er on earth to see;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whose flame the virtue of no herbs aswage;
No cooling medicine can its heat allay,
Relentless Destiny cries, "No delay."
Ye Pow'rs! and must a prince so noble die?
(Whose equal breathes not under th' ambient sky:)

Ah! must he die, then, in youth's full-blown
prime,
Cut by the scythe of all-devouring Time?
Yes, Fate has doom'd! his soul now leaves its
weight,

And all are under the decree of Fate;
Th' irrevocable doom of Destiny
Pronounc'd, All mortals must submissive die.
The Princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A dismal noise! Now one promiscuous roar
Cries, "Ah! the noble FRED'RIC is no more!"
The Chief reluctant yields his latest breath,
His eye-lids settle in the shades of death;
Dark sable shades present before each eye,
And the deep vast abyss, Eternity!
Thro' Perpetuity's expanse he springs;
And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings:
The Soul to distant regions steers her flight,
And sails incumbent on inferior night:
With vast celerity she shoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To shine for ever in the heav'nly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.
Disconsolate they move, a mournful band!
In solemn pomp they march along the strand:

The noble Chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.

Adown AUGUSTA's pallid visage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe:
Disconsolate, hapless, see pale Brit in mourn,
Abandon'd isle! forsaken and forlorn!
With desolate hands her bleeding breast she beats;
While o'er her, frowning, grim Destruction threats,
She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'st thou mourn thy Patriot's timeless end,
Thy Muse's patron, and thy Merchants friend.
What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
T' encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
And learned science to promote, bestow?
Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
And to the injur'd Just return his own?
From us'ry and oppression who shall guard
The helpless, and the threat'ning ruin ward?
Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan!
Impending Desolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
The blooming Spring droops her enamel'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:
The sprouting leaves already drop away;
Languish the living herbs with pale decay:
The bowing trees, see; o'er the blasted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death:
Wrapp'd in th' expansive gloom, the lightnings play,
Hoarse thunder mutters thro' th' aerial way:
All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.

Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state!
Minerva, hover o'er young GEORGE's soul;
May sacred wisdom all his deeds controul!
Exalted grandeur in each action shine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.

Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
Methinks each region does his praise resound,
And nations tremble at his name around!
His fame, thro' ev'ry distant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung!
So sable smoke, in volumes, curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky:
Already so, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around th' admiring venerating world.
So the benighted wand'rer, on his way,
Laments the absence of all-cheering day;
Far distant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpse does glimmer thro' the gloom:
In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
Present, each meditation, pits of death:
Irreg'lar, wild chimæras fill his soul,
And death, and dying, every step controul.
Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream.
Hid in a cloud the Sun first shoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day;
We see no spot then in the flaming rays,
Confus'd and lost within th' excessive blaze.

O D E

O N T H E

DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE
FROM ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE ROYAL GEORGE.

A GAIN the royal streamers play!
To glory Edward hastes away;
Adieu, ye happy silvan bowers,
Where Pleasure's brightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal Grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state!
Ye scenes where Virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic Muse complain!
Where Satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age;
Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
And melting Symphonies congenial play!
Ye filken Sons of Ease, who dwell
In flowery vales of Peace, farewell!
In vain the Goddess of the Myrtle Grove
Her charms ineffable displays;
In vain she calls to happier realms of Love,
Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roses blow,
And ever-vernal pleasures grow;
The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore:
Arcadian ease no longer charms,
For War and Fame alone can please.
His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
To War the Hero moves, thro' storms and win-
tery seas.

C H O R U S .

The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore,
For War and Fame alone can please;
To War the Hero moves, thro' storms and wintry
seas.

Though Danger's hostile train appears
To thwart the course that Honour steers;
Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
Despising peril and dismay:
His Country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo! every joy the gallant youth resigns;
Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:
Hark! his sprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing sife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Master's come.

C H O R U S .

Hark! his sprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!

The piercing sife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike Son
The thorny course of Virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to subdue:
For Pleasure Venus' lovely form assum'd;
Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd sight.
Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd:
Inchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confest
Th' alternate passions in his breast:
Her swelling bosom half reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thousand tender pains instill'd,
A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspir'd:
Persuasion's sweetest language hung
In melting accent on her tongue:
Deep in his heart, the winning tale
Infus'd a magic power;
She prest him to the rosy vale,
And shew'd th' Elysian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardors move,
Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove:
Ah! see, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's resistless arms,
The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms!

C H O R U S .

Ah! see, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's resistless arms,
The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms!

Assist, ye guardian powers above,
From Ruin save the son of Jove,
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
And check'd the fatal flame:
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whose point the magnet's influence feels,
Inspir'd with awe,
He, turning, saw
The Nymph divine
Transcendent shine;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a sacred impulse sway'd:
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And Love, Regret, and Hope, divide his soul.
But soon her words his pain destroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celestial art,
Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy steps the realms explore
Where guilt and error are no more:
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath dispelling, melt away:
Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turned,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other Hope she shone,
Like him the royal youth she won:
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France:
Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!
The wat'ry profound,
Awak'd by the sound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wilds:
High on the deck behold he stands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join:
They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,
Deep sounding, swells along the main,
Extend the embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy:
The sailors all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies!
Exulting with bacchanal rage,
Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine!
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine!
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known;
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone;
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul:
Thy seamen invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue:
To thy great trust
Severely just,

All dissonant strife they disclaim:
To meet the foe,
Their bosoms glow;
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy seamen invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue:
All dissonant strife they disclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine!
Triumphant strike each living string,
For him, in extacy divine,
Your choral Io Pæans sing!
For him your festive concerts breathe!
For him your flowery garlands wreath!
Wake! O wake the joyful song!
Ye Fauns of the woods,
Ye Nymphs of the floods,
The musical current prolong!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
To swell the grand chorus accord!
Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
Exulting acknowledge your Lord!
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
That floating proclaim
Our Admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind!

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful song!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
The musical current prolong!

O! while consenting Britons praise,
These votive measures deign to hear;
For thee my Muse awakes her lays,
For thee th' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a soul sincere.
Nor thou, illustrious Chief, refuse
The incense of a nautic muse!
For ah! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain?
But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main.
Deep on my grateful breast
Thy favour is impress:
No happy son of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came!
A hapless youth, whose vital page
Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
Prefer'd his suit to thee alone.
The tale your sacred pity mov'd;
You felt, consented, and approv'd,
Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire!
Exalt to rapture every happy line!
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire!
And swell each note with energy divine.
No more to plaintive sounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow!
Perhaps the Chief to whom I sing
May yet ordain auspicious days,
To wake the lyre with nobler lays;
And tune to war the nervous string.

For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
Though all the powers of genius he possess,
Though disciplin'd by classic rule,
With daring pencil can display
The fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents expels?
To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong!
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

CHORUS.

To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong!
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

THE

FOND LOVER,

A BALLAD.

I.

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all-confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

II.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts, by sense refin'd
Unartful truth expels,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress?

III.

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Thro' all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills;
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleasure glows,
Shou'd vital peace destroy?

IV.

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

V.

Accept, my charming maid the strain
Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or deign to love like me.

THE

DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the attempt, in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides Seditious
climbs,

With sense or satire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great decisive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the path of fate to bar her way:
Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly;
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues the incautious victim to destroy:
And Slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name:
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble stings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Inclos'd with perils thus the conscious Muse,
Alarm'd, tho' undismay'd, her danger views,
Nor shall unmanly terror now controul
The strong resentment struggling in her soul;
While indignation, with resistless strain,
Pours her full deluge thro' each swelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breast,
By sordid caution is her voice suppress'd,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious struts on Power's imperial stage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand;
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The sacrilegious sword Rebellion draws;
Shall she at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! she fears no threat'ning foe,
When conscious Justice bids her bosom glow:
And while she kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of Friendship blame!
She feels the sting of keen resentment goad,
Tho' guiltless yet of Satire's thorny road.

Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch As thro' Gotham bray!
Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
To rule a realm of dunces self-explor'd:
No bleeding victims curse his iron sway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless Muse
Thro' Reason's path her steady course pursues;
True to herself advances, undeter'd
By the rude clamours of the savage herd.
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall the with caustic's healing fires corrode.

Yet ere from patient slumber Satire wakes,
And brandishes th' avenging scourge of snakes;
Yet ere her eyes; with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark recesses of his heart display;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in severest danger's trying hour!
Let Truth consenting, with the trump of Fame,
His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim!
He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of Danger's car,
How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd;
Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth
Unknown to guile, was sanctify'd by truth!
How oft I blest the PATRIOT's honest rage,
That greatly dar'd to lash the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That Power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
And all Corruption's venal arts defy'd!
When from afar those penetrating eyes
Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise;
Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:
A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in secret with congenial flame;
While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.

Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,
If Truth with Error ever could agree!
Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object she design'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue should so soon decay,
And Faction's wild applause thy heart betray!
The Muse with secret sympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when those dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread discord and distraction thro' the state,
Reason should then exert her utmost power
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.

There was a time, ere yet his conscious heart
Durst from the hardy path of Truth depart,
While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,
A stranger to Corruption's slippery road;
There was a time our PATRIOT durst avow
Those honest maxims he despises now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the insatiate German vulture rail!
Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore!

The mists of error, that in darkness held
Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispell'd.
And lo! exhausted, with no power to save,
We view Britannia panting on the wave;
Hung round her neck, a millstone's ponderous
weight

Drags down the struggling victim to her fate!
While horror at the thought our bosom feels,
We bless the man this horror who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze;
For, lo! possessor of power's imperial reins,
Our chief those visionary ills disdains!
Alas! how soon the steady PATRIOT turns!
In vain this change astonish'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accurs'd Westphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millstone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er con-
ceive,

At once, transplanted by the Sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in distant Austria stand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan:
By sympathy she severs with her fires,
Burns as the burns, and as she dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Sworn with success, and with applause inflam'd
He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd;
Arm'd with War's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Those patriot-principles maintain'd before.
Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
Hence devoted all his powers to brand!

Our hapless country views with weeping eyes,
On every side, o'erwhelming horrors rise;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her power,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
Or doom'd to perish in contagious soils,
To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,
And sent to fall in battles not their own.
Th' enormous debt at home, tho' long o'ercharg'd,
With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
Crush'd with increasing taxes to the ground,
That suck like vampires every bleeding wound:
Ground with severe distress th' industrious poor,
Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.

While thus our land her hapless fate bemoans
In secret, and with inward sorrow groans;
Tho' deck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,
All gasp'd with fores, with anguish bending down,
Can yet some impious parricide appear,
Who strives to make this anguish more severe?
Can one exist, so much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow?

There can; to him in vain the lifts her eyes,
His soul relentless hears her piercing sighs!
Shameless of front, impatient of controul,
He spurs her onward to Destruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curst Westphalia's shore,
With mad profusion to exhaust her stores,

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alas!

Still Peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the sight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reason spurns;
Till prest with danger, by distress assail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd;
Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
He strives at last its horrors to elude.

Some wretched shift must still protect his name,
And to the guiltless head transfer his shame:
Then hearing modest Diffidence oppose
His rash advice, that golden time he chose;
And while big surges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.
But all the events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.

He first assum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
Thrust himself forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone,
Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own;
Betray'd her interest and abus'd her trust;
Then deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust;
With tragic mummery, and most vile grimace,
Rode thro' the city with a woeful face,
As in distress, a PATRIOT out of place!
Insults his generous Prince, and in the day
Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway!
In foreign climes embroil'd him with allies!
And bids at home the flames of DISCORD rise!

She comes! from Hell the exulting Fury springs!
With grim Destruction sailing on her wings!
Around her scream an hundred harpies fell!
An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell!
From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick, awkward and unclean,
Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene!
While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,

Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear:
From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
And every little sting attempt to arm.
Here *Chaplains**, *Privileges**, moulder round,
And feeble *Scourges** rot upon the ground;
Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,
With Grub-street slander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the slaver's, snarling cur,
But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin spreads the assassinating cloke,
Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke;
While gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,
A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock:
While his demure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,
In *Poe's* Corner hangs each flimsy woof;
And frisky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,
On Wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
Here, seiz'd with iliac passion, mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas! for Satire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, Faction's common sewer,
Disgorges all her excremental store,

* Certain poems intended to be very satirical; but alas!—we refer our reader to the Reviews.

With equal pity and regret the Muse
The thundering storm that rage around her views;
Impartial views the tides of Discord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her Patriot heart with anguish torn,
Would eye the opposing chiefs with equal scorn.
Let Freedom's deadliest foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall!
Aloof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
While villainy the scourge of justice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."
Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
His rank, some foddren lump of ass's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give;
Support his slander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wisdom all to him submit!
Let proud Ambition's sons, with hearts severe,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag display,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward justice, trembling on her seat,
Like a vile slave descends to lick her feet!
Nor here let Censure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muse has stray'd!
Sometimes the impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant bursting, swamps the adjacent grounds
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Thro' the deep channel still pursues its way.

Our pilot now retir'd, no pleasure knows,
But every man and measure to oppose;
Like *Æsop's* cur, still snarling and perverse,
Bloating with envy, to mankind a curse,
No more at Council his advice will lend,
But with all others who advise contend:
He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to *Hayes**:

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary person is characterised, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very singular complexion and constitution, who was also distinguished by a train of incidents pretty nearly resembling those we have mentioned above; although he possibly never anticipated the similitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our historian informs us, that, "Luca Pitt, a bold and resolute man, being now made gonfaloniere of justice,—having entered upon his office, was very important with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpose, he not only treated those that were members of the council with great insolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and soon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo, in the month of August 1453, he called the people together into the Piazza, and there compelled them, by force of arms, to do that which they would not so much as hear of before. Pitt had also very rich presents, not only from Cosimo and the signory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generosity to him; so that it was thought he had above twenty thousand ducats given him at that time; after which he became

Swallows the pension; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to save,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

But should some frantic wretch, whom all men
know

To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to shame and friendship's social tie;
Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs;
Would'st thou with this detested robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
Forbid it, Heaven! thou canst not be so base,
To blast thy name with infamous disgrace!
The muse who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not so black a thought anticipate:
By Heaven, the Muse her ignorance betray's—
For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
Tho' gorg'd and glutted with his country's store,
The vulture pounces on the shining ore;
In his strong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.

The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, strikes Expectation dumb.
O! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and listen to the Muse's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart.

Ere yet the desolating god of war
Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, To arms!
In climes remote, beyond the setting sun,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain did thy filial bosom groan!
What savage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid!
Thy cottages with cruel flame consum'd,
And the sad owner to destruction doom'd;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,
Or left to perish naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins shriek'd in vain!
In every look distraction seem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;

came so popular, that the city was no longer govern-
ed by Cosimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This
inspired him with vanity.—After this he had recourse
to very extraordinary means; for he not only extort-
ed more and greater presents from the chief citizens,
but also made the commonalty supply him with work-
men and artificers." *MACHIAVEL's Hist. Florence.*
This has an unlucky resemblance to a certain great
person's driving through the city with borrowed hor-
ses, and being offered to have his horses un-
yoked, and his chariot drawn by his good friends
the mob. We shall, in due time and place,
give some account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and
the contempt with which, after some particular
events, he was universally regarded.

To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone;
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe:
Nor ceas'd till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet †.

† Although our author has no present inclination
to enter into political controversy, yet he cannot
avoid citing an article from one of the modern dic-
tionaries, which in some manner is connected with
this part of his subject, and exhibits a view of the
fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-subjects in Ame-
rica.

We are informed in the article referred to, that
a "cartel in the marine is a ship provided in time of
war to exchange the prisoners of any two hostile pow-
ers; also to carry any particular request or proposal
from the one to the other: for this reason she is
particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms,
only a single gun for firing signals.

"Our honest Americans however, who have so
forely grieved of late for paying a small part of the
great taxes of this country, although demanded for
their own particular protection, made not only no
scruple to disobey and despise this regulation of car-
tels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave
continual supplies of provisions to our enemies in the
West-Indies, and thereby recovered them, and
recruited their fallen spirits, at a time when they were
gasping under the weight of our arms. With so
much address, indeed, did these oppress and unfor-
tunate traders conduct this scheme, that ten or twelve
cartels being laden at the same time with beef, pork,
bread, flour, &c. sailed together for the French
islands, and, in order to evade the strict examination
of our ships of war, were provided with a guardian
privateer, equipped by the same expert owners, to
seize their own vessels, and direct their course to the
places of their first destination; but if they were
examined by our ships of war, to an English port.
But this clumsy trick did not long escape the vigi-
lance of our naval officers, who found that the fellows
sent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-masters,
were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any
ship; and of consequence only sent to elude their
scrutiny.

"The most bare-faced effrontery, however, that
was ever committed of this kind, was the seizing an
armed vessel, fitted in Philadelphia, to take these
illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman,
whom the majority of the merchants in that city
joined to oppose and distress. They employed a crew
of ruffians, who seized his vessel openly, in the most
unwarranted and lawless manner, and brought her up
in triumph to the town, when she had only five men
aboard: and so inveterate was their hatred to the
commander, that he was obliged to leave the country
precipitately, as being in danger of his life."

There cannot be a stronger confirmation of the
truth of the above account, than the following letter
of Mr. Pitt:

Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds industriously improv'd,
Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours
crown'd,
And Plenty smiling on her plains around;
Thus blest with all that commerce could supply,
America regards with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the *Parent*, who so late
Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of Fate;
Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood;

Copy of a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Trade.

"Whitehall, August 24, 1760.

"Gentlemen,

"The commanders of his Majesty's forces, &c. in North America and the West Indies have transmitted certain and repeated intelligences of an illegal and most pernicious trade carried on by the king's subjects in North America and the West Indies, as well to the French islands as to the French settlements on the continent in America, and particularly to the rivers Mobile and Mississippi; by which the enemies, to the great reproach and detriment of government, are supplied with provisions and other necessaries; whereby they are principally, if not alone, enabled to sustain and protract this long and expensive war. And it further appearing, that large sums of bullion are sent by the king's subjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken, which interfere with the product of the British colonies themselves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother country, as well as the most manifest prejudice of the manufactures and trade of Great Britain: in order, therefore, to put the most speedy and effectual stop to such flagitious practices, so utterly subversive of all laws, and so highly repugnant to the well-being of this kingdom:

"It is his majesty's express will and pleasure, that you do forthwith make the strictest and most diligent enquiry into the state of this dangerous and ignominious trade; and that you do use every means in your power to detect and discover persons concerned either as principals or accessories therein; and that you do take every step authorized by law to bring all such heinous offenders to the most exemplary and condign punishment: and you will, as soon as may be, and from time to time transmit to me, for the king's information, full and particular accounts of the progress you shall have made in the execution of this his majesty's commands, to the which the king expects that you pay the most exact obedience. And you are further to use your utmost endeavours to trace out and investigate the various artifices and evasions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourse find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law; in order that from such lights due and timely considerations may be had what farther provision may be necessary to restrain an evil of such extensive and pernicious consequences.

I am, &c.

VOL. VIII.

Who now of her demands that tribute due,
For whom alone th' avenging sword she drew.

Scarce had America the just request
Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithless breast
Resentment glows, enrag'd sedition burns,
And, lo! the mandate of our laws she spurns!
Her secret hate, incapable of shame
Or gratitude, incenses to a flame,
Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
Insults our honour, and our laws defies;
O'er all her coasts is heard th' audacious roar,
"England shall rule America no more!"

Soon as on Britain's shore th' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
From her perfidious sons who thus rebell'd:
Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,
Determin'd not to draw her penal steel
Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.

And now the great decisive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling *Patriot* cast her eye;
His voice like thunder will support her cause,
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws;
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
And bid th' insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to
hit,

Discover language or ideas fit?

Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and swagger,

The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger?

Our *Patriot* comes!—with phrenzy fir'd, the *Muse*
With allegoric eye his figure views:

Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands!

Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,
'A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark!'

And lo! th' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millstone hangs upon his neck!

On him Ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.

Our *Patriot* comes!—the buckles of whose shoes
Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.

Repeat his name in thunder to the skies!
Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise!

Thro' Faction's wilderness prepare the way!
Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey!

The idol of the mob, behold him stand,
The alpha and omega of the land!

Methinks I hear the bellowing *Demagogue*
Dumb-sounding declamations disembody,
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exasperated metaphors convey!

With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enraged Sedition beat the charge;
From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And lists to guide in Insurrection's cause.

And lo! where, in her sacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
With those infernal lungs arouse the flame!
Tho' England merits not her least regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward!

U

Arise, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
The signal her black ensigns to display*.

* Luca Pitt continued at Florence, presuming upon his late alliance, and the promises which Pietro had made him; ****

But amongst all the changes that ensued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the case of Luca Pitt, who soon began to experience the difference betwixt prosperity and adversity, betwixt living in authority and falling into disgrace. His house, which used to be crowded with swarms of followers and dependants, was now unfrequented as a desert; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being seen with him, but durst not even salute him if they met him in the street; some of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their estates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he began to build were abandoned by the workmen; the services he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuse; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable presents, now came to demand them again, as only lent; and others, who before used to flatter and extol him to the skies, in these circumstances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence; so that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. MACH. Hist. Flor.

To thee, whose soul, all steadfast and serene,
Beholds the tumults that distract our scene;
And, in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,
Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste;
To thee, O *Marius*! whom no factions sway,
Th' impartial Muse devotes her honest lay!

In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
Nor venal hope, assumes fair friendship's name:
Sooner shall *Churchill*'s feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *Demagogue* astray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in Error's night,
Eclipse great *Mansfield*'s strong meridian light,
Than shall the change of fortune, time or place,
Thy generous friendship in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war;
Or in the blest retreat of Virtue laid,
Where Contemplation spreads her awful shade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven desert me at my latest hour!

Still Satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
And throb with irresistible alarms.
Like some full river charg'd with falling showers,
Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.
But rest and Silence now, who wait beside,
With their strong flood gates bar th' impetuous tide.

END OF FALCONER'S POEMS.

T H E

POEMS OF MR. LLOYD.

T H E

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

MY Works are advertis'd for sale,
And censures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor scheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of conversation.

What will the *World* say?—That's your cry.
Who is the *World*? and what am I?

Once, but thank heaven, those days are o'er,
And persecution reigns no more,
One man, *one* hardy man alone,
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taste nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who pass'd the sentence then?—the Town.
So now each upstart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himself*.

Yet in the circle there are those
Who hurt e'en more than open foes;
Whose friendship serves the talking turn,
Just simmers to a kind concern,
And with a wond'rous soft expression
Expatiates upon indiscretion;
Flies from the Poems to the Man,
And gratifies the favourite plan
To pull down other's reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.

The scholar grave, of taste discerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,
And has no better claim to wit
Than carping at what others writ,
With pitying kindness, friendly fear,
Whispers conjectures in your ear.

"I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—
"He might have publish'd—but his name?
"The thing might please a few, no doubt,
"As handed privately about—
"It might amuse a friend or two,
"Some partial friend like me and you;
"But when it comes to press and print
"You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
"He stands upon a dangerous brink
"Who totters o'er the sea of ink,

"Where reputation runs aground,
"The author cast away, and drown'd.
"And then—'twas wilful and absurd,
"(So well approv'd, so well preferr'd,)
"Abruptly thus a place to quit
"A place which most his genius hit,
"The theatre for Latin wit!
"With critics round him chaste and terse,
"To give a plaudit to his verse!"
Latin, I grant, shews college breeding,
And some school-common-place of reading.
But has in *Moderns* small pretension
To real wit or strong invention.
The excellence you critics praise
Hangs on a curious choice of phrase;
Which pick'd and chosen here and there,
From prose or verse no matter where,
Jumbled together in a dish,
Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,
You set the classic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your wou'd-be Genii vainly seek
Fame for their Latin verse, or Greek;
Who would for that be most admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words,—a bare collection
Of phrases,—where the labour'd cento
Presents you with a dull memento,
How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid* join,
And club together half a line.
These only strain their motly wits
In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a classic Harlequin.

—Where I at once empower'd to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foes,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool
To make him Usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And lab'ring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains
The duties there but ill besit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.

For whosoe'er, though slightly, sips,
Their grateful favour with his lips,
Will find it leave a smatch behind,
Shall sink so deeply in his mind,
It never thence can be eras'd—
But, rising up, you call it *Taste*.

'Twere foolish for a drudge to chuse
A gusto which he cannot use.
Better discard the idle whim,
What's *He to Taste?* or *Taste to Him?*
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or controul:
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
The links, and joints, the rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
—Oh! 'Tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.

Yet such *his* task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile
His *own* lies fallow all the while.

"Yet still he's in the road, you say,
"Of learning."—Why, perhaps he may.
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still:

For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

"Yet you can send advent'rous youth,
"In search of letters, taste, and truth,
"Who ride the highway road to knowledge
"Through the plain turnpikes of a college,"
True.—Like way-pots, we serve to shew
The road which travellers should go;
Who jog along in easy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whence'er they will,
The *Post*, and its direction still:
Which stands an useful unthank'd guide,
To many a passenger beside.

'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's self to eat.
Though, be it always understood,
Our appetites are full as good.

"But there have been, and proofs appear,
"Who bore this load from year to year;
"Whose claim to letters, parts and wit,
"The world has ne'er disputed yet.
"Whether the flowing mirth prevail
"In *Wesley's* song, or humorous tale;
"Or happier *Bourne's* expression please
"With graceful turns of classic ease;
"Or *Oxford's* well-read poet sings
"Pathetic to the ear of kings:
"These have indulg'd the muses' flight,
"Nor lost their time or credit by't;
"Nor suffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
"On the due business of the day.
"Verse was to them a recreation
"Us'd by way of relaxation."

Your instances are fair and true,
And genius I respect with you.

I envy none their honest praise;
I seek to blast no scholar's bays:
Still let the graceful foliage spread
Its generous honours round their head,
Blest, if the Muses' hand entwine
A sprig at least to circle mine!

Come,—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of sight,
And you may whisper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiscreet.
Yet tell me, while you censure me,
Are you from error found and free?
Say, does your breast no bias hide,
Whose influence draws the mind aside?
All have their hobby-horse, you see,
From *Tristram* down to you and me.
Ambition, splendour, may be thine;
Ease, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May with our weaknesses to hide,
And set their hedges up before'em,
Some Sprouts will branch, and straggle o'er'em.
Strive, fight against her how you will,
Nature will be the mistress still,
And though you curb with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.

But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools shall cackle out reproof,
The very ass shall raise his hoof;
And he who holds in his possession,
The single virtue of discretion,
Who knows no overflow of spirit,
Whose want of passions is his merit,
Whom wit and taste and judgment flies,
Shall shake his noddle, and seem wise.

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws,
From no observance of mechanic laws:
No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago!
The mind recalls an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise.
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will;

To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
 In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe :
 Through ev'ry vein I feel a chinefs creep,
 When horrors such as thing *have murder'd sleep* ;
 And at the old man's look and frantic stare
 'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
 Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
 The comic Muse too claims thee for her own.
 With each delightful requisite to please,
 Taste, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Ease,
 Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
 From Ranger's rake to Druggers vacant fool.
 With power's so pliant, and so various blest,
 That what we see the last, we like the best.
 Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
 But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
 'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
 The Play'r's profession (though I hate the phrase,
 'Tis so *mechanic* in these modern days)
 Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
 Nature's true knowledge is the only art,
 The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,
 The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
 To this one standard make your just appeal,
 Here lies the golden secret ; learn to *FEEL*.
 Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distressed,
 No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
 When Christians were the subject of their plays,
 E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
 And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
 An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
 Nature's disciple, and Genes's name.
 A noble object for his skill he chose,
 A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.
 Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
 Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
 Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,
 He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
 While look and voice, and gesture, all express'd
 A kindred ardour in the player's breast ;
 Till as the flame through all his bosom ran,
 He lost the actor and commenc'd the Man ;
 Profess'd the faith ; his pagan gods denied,
 And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,
 Who Want these pow'rs, *Department, Voice, and Eye*.

The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can please,
 No figure charms us if it has not *Ease*.
 There are, who think the stature all in all,
 Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
 The feeling sense all other want supplies,
 I rate no actor's merit from his size.
 Superior height requires superior grace,
 And what's a giant with a vacant face ?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
 Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
 One foot put forward in position strong,
 The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
 So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
 Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.
 The mien delights us that has native grace,
 But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
 Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes ;

However foreign from the poet's art,
 No tragic hero but admires a start.
 What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
 Who but allows his *attitude* is fine ?
 While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
 Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands !
 Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
 By perseverance to extort applause.
 When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
 With eager madne^{ss} bursts the canvas tomb,
 The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
 Which please the vulgar ; make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well
 The proper action nature's self will tell ;
 No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
 Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molests,
 I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;
 Who murders what the poet finely writ,
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
 And writes a foolish comment with his face.
 Old Johnson once, though Cibber's perter vein *
 But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
 With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
 Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene ;
 What was writ down, with decent utterance spoke,
 Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke ;
 The very man in look, in voice, in air,
 And though upon the stage, appear'd no Play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labour too minute.
 Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;
 While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
 Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
 And bring me closer to the poet's wit ;
 With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
 Well-pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
 To copy features with a Mimic's care !
 'Tis a poor skill which every fool can reach,
 A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
 Worse as more close, the dissingenuous art
 But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
 When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
 Drag private foibles on the public scene,
 Forsaking nature's fair and open road
 To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
 Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,
 Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
 Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
 And hunt for humour in distortions there !
 Fill up the measure of the motley whim
 With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb ;
 Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
 Good sense good manners, virtue, and the stage !

'Tis not enough the voice be found and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a fee-faw tone,
 The same soft sound of unimpassioned woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress,

* See Cibber's *Apology*, 8vo, 1750.

But none emphatic can the actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions stalk along.
Their affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to the nicer ear;
In vain from them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy fit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their
cue;

In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
To some prescriptive right give settled things,
Black wigs to murderers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
Though all his features were not grim'd with Gouff.

Why should Pol Peachum shine in satin clothes?
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.

Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted kings,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horror would enforce the scene,
If all her shudd'ring were at shapes unseen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blended skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will;
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
Though oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.
Though the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless Artist! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Though at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r.
While more than half becomes the Actor's share,
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and
grace,

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE LAW STUDENT.*

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

*Quid tibi cum Cirrâ? quid cum Permessidos undâ?
Romanum propius divitiisque Forum est.*

Mart.

NOW Christ-church left, and fixt at Lincoln's
Inn,

Th' important studies of the Law begin.
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each Classic author seeks his peaceful nook,
And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye Bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
While arm'd with these, the Student views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of law,
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?
Say, why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade?
Or Sextus why his first profession leaves
For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves?

The depth of law asks study, thought, and care?
Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir?
Such diligence, alas! is seldom found
In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.
Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates,
Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates,
What is to him dry case, or dull report,
Who studies fashions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that thing of emptiness and show,
That mongrel, half form'd thing, a Temple-Beau?
Observe him daily faunt'ring up and down,
In purple slippers, and in silken gown;
Last night's debauch, his morning conversation;
The coming, all his evening preparation!

By law let others toil to gain renown!
Florio's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.
He nor courts clients, or the law regarding.
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:
Yet he's a Scholar;—mark him in the Pit
With critic cateall sound the stops of wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
Censor of stile from tragedy to song:
Him ev'ry witting views with secret awe,
Deep in the Drama, shallow in the Law.

* In the preface to Colman's prose that gentleman claims the present performance, and says that it was given to the Author to fill up a volume of poems published by subscription.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the science, they can ne'er attain:
Who write, and read, but all by fits and starts,
And varnish folly with the name of Parts;
Trust all to genius, for they scorn to pore,
Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain,
If, loit'ring, up th' ascent you cease to climb,
No starts of labour can redeem the time.
Industrious study wins by slow degrees,
True sons of Coke can ne'er be sons at ease.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has smit,
Who, blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd deviou in the pleasing road,
With attic flowers and Classic wreaths bestrew'd:
Wedded to verse, embrac'd the Muse for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.
Where'er the Muse usurps despotic sway,
All other studies must of force give way,
Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Non-suited by the pow'ful plea of fame.

As well you might weigh lead against a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.
On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple sparks!
" In all our author's tenures, *be it noted,*
" This is the fourth time any verse was quoted."
Which, 'gainst the Muse and verse, may well im-
ply

What lawyers call a *noli prosequi*.

Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
What tho' the sprightly scene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Englishmen unbrib'd applause,
Some monthly Grub, some Dennis of the age,
In print cries shame on the degen'rate stage?
If haply Churchill strive with generous aim,
To fan the sparks of genius to a flame;
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWNING, AND UNKNOWN,
By noting thy desert, he proves his own;
Envy shall straight to Hamilton's repair,
And vent her spleen, and gall, and venom there,
Thee, and thy works, and all our friends decry,
And boldly print and publish a rank lie,
Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeness drew,
Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your friends have said,
(Friends, whom the surest maxims ever led)
Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive:
Your parsons are the happiest men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But Stalls untold, and Bishops, twenty-four,
Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'ison full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to sleep;

* See the very curious and VERY SIMILAR criticisms on the comedy of the Jealous Wife, in the two Reviews, together with the most malicious and insolent attack on the writer, and the author of this Collection in the Critical Review for March; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the succeeding month, containing fresh insults on one of the injured parties.

On rich preferments batters at his ease,
Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.
Thus they advis'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, stick close, dear Colman, to the bar!
If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder hall?
'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the hall to take your silent stand,
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,
And noting down sage dictums from the court,
With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.
Do thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulness no longer on the woolpack sits;
No longer on the drawling dronish herd
Are the first honours of the law confer'd;
But they whose fame reward's due tribute draws.
Whose active merit challenges applause,
Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
To mark the paths which genius should pursue.

O for thy spirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What bosom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from Jargon born to rescue law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw!
To strip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Sense!

PRATT*! on thy lips persuasion ever hung!
English falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue;
On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY† found the just decree.

HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICKE's well-
rais'd fame,

No worthier second Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Fashion'd in black corruption's pliant school;
Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to stand,
And hold the scales of right with even hand!

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, see in YORK‡ the force of lineal worth!

But why their sev'ral merits need I tell
Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell
WILMOT|| how well his place, or FOSTER& fills?
Or shrew'd sense beaming from the eye of WILLES¶?

Such, while thou seest the public care engage,
Their fame increasing with increasing age,
Rais'd by true genius bred in Phœbus' school,
Whose warmth of soul found judgment knew to cool;

—With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to rise.

* Afterwards Earl Camden.

† Afterwards Earl of Northington.

‡ Charles Yorke, Esq; second son of Lord Hardwicke.

& Sir John Eardley Wilmot, afterwards chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

¶ Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

|| Sir John Willes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the Preſts to *****

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray'r,
And GEORGE, (thank heav'n!) has got an heir.

A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.

—Poets! I pity all your nails—

What reams of paper will be spoil'd!

What *graduses* be daily foil'd

By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,

Hunting the word that never comes!

Now *Academies* pump their wits,

And lash in vain their lazy tits;

In vain they whip, and slash, and spur,

The callous jades will never stir;

Nor can they reach *Parnassus'* hill,

Try every method which they will.

Nay, should the tits get on for once,

Each rider is so *grave* a dunce,

That, as I've heard good judges say,

'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;

Though not one wit bestrides the back

Of useful drudge, cycled hack,

But fine *bred things* of *mottled blood*,

Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal stud.

Greek, Roman, nay *Arabian* steeds,

Or those our mother country breeds;

Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,

And to come *home* go round *about*,

Nor on the green sward, nor the road,

And that I think they call an *ODE*.

Some take the pleasant country air,

And smack their whips and drive a pair,

Each horse with bells which clink and chime,

And so they march—and that is *rhime*.

Some copy with prodigious skill

The figures of a *buttery-bill*,

Which, with great folks of erudition,

Shall pass for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.

While some, as *patriot* love prevails,

To compliment a prince of *Wales*,

Salute the royal babe in *Welsh*,

And send forth *gutturals* like a belch.

What pretty things imagination

Will fritter out in adulation!

The *Pagan* Gods shall visit earth,

To triumph in a *Christian's* birth.

While *classic* poets, pure and chaste,

Of *trim* and *academic TASTE*,

Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,

To be or *speakers*, or *beholders*.

MARS shall present him with a lance,

To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;

The GRACES, buxom, blith, and gay,

Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*;

And VENUS, with her train of *LOVES*,

Shall bring a thousand pair of *doves*

To hiss, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
How many *swains* of classic breed,
Shall *defily* tune their *oaten* reed,
And bring their *Doric* nymphs to town,
To sing their measures *up and down*,
In notes *alternate* clear and sweet,
Like *Ballad-fingers* in a street.
While those who grasp at reputation,
From *imitating* imitation,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
And *rob the spittle*, and the *waste*,
For sense, and sentiment, and taste.

What *Latin hodge-podge*, *Grecian hash*,
With *Hebrew roots*, and *English trash*,
Shall academic cooks produce
For present show and future use!
FELLOWS! who've soak'd away their knowledge,
In *sleepy* residence at college;
Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; *eating*, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than just to *set* an imposition
To cramp, demolish and dispirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Censors, who, in the day's broad light,
Punish the vice they act at night;
Whose charity with *self* begins,
Nor covers others venial sins;
But that their feet may safely tread,
Take up hypocrisy instead,
As knowing that must always hide
A multitude of sins beside;
Whose rusty wit is at a stand,
Without a *freshman* at their hand;
(Whose service must of course create
The just return of sev'n-fold hate)
Lord! that such *good and useful* men
Should ever turn to books again.

YET matter must be gravely plann'd,
And syllables on fingers scann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till lady Muse is brought to-bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
To bring the usual epithet in!
Where the cramp measure kindly shows
It *will* be verse, but *should* be prose.
So, when its neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly stand
At some fly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddess;
But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of GOWNED EASE,
Proud of the Plumage of *Degrees*,
Forake their *APATHY* a while,
To figure in the *Roman* stile,
And offer incense at the shrine
Of *LATIN POETRY* Divine.
Upon a throne the goddess sits,
Surrounded by her *bulky* wits;
FABRICIUS, COOPER, CALEPINE,
AINSWORTH, FARRER, CONSTANTINE;

Vol. VIII.

And he, who like DODONA spoke,
DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE;
These are her counsellors of state,
Men of much words, and wits of *weight*;
Here GRADUS, full of *phrases* clever,
Lord of her *treasury* for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Scabs*.
Next to the person of the queen,
Old madam PROSODY is seen;
Talking incessant, although dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the *Latin* Tongue;
Italian, English, German, French,
Who most laboriously entrench
In deep parade of language dead,
What would not in their *own* be read,
Without impeachment of that TASTE,
Which *LATIN IDIOM* turns to *chaste*.
SANTOLIUS here, whose slippant jokes,
Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloak:
With dull COMMIRIUS at his side,
In all the pomp of jesuit pride.
MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
A trisler with a solemn air:
And there in loose, unseemly view,
The graceless, easy LOVELING too.

'Tis here grave poets urge their claim,
For some thin blast of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praise,
With half a sprig of *withered* bays.

O poet, if that honour'd name
Besits such idle childish aim;
If VIRGIL ask thy sacred care,
If HORACE charm thee, oh forbear
To spoil with sacrilegious hand,
The glories of the *CLASSIC* land:
Nor sew thy *dowls* on the *SATTIN*.
Of *their* pure uncorrupted *Latin*.
Better be native in thy verse.—
What is FINGAL but genuine *Erse*?
Which all sublime sonorous flows,
Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken prose.

Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;
Whether the rude unpolish'd *Erse*
Stalk in the buckram *Prose* or *Verse*,
Or bonny RAMSAY please thee mo',
Who sang *sae* sweetly *aw* his woe.
If ought (and say who knows so well)
The second-sighted Muse can tell,
The happy LAIRDS shall laugh and sing,
When ENGLAND's GENIUS droops his wing.
So shall thy soil new wealth disclose,
So thy own TWISTLE choak the ROSE.

But what comes here? Methinks I see
A *walking* university.
See how they press to cross the TWEED,
And strain their limbs with eager speed!
While SCOTLAND, from her fertile shore,
Cries, On my sons, return no more.
Hither they haste with willing mind,
Nor cast one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* carriage to salute,
The k—, and q—n, and EARL OF BUTE.
No more the gallant Northern sons
Spout forth their strings of *Latin* puns;

X

Nor *course* all languages to frame,
 The quibble suited to their name;
 As when their ancestors *be-vers'd*,
 That glorious STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
 But with that elocution's GRACE,
 That oratorical flashy LACE,
 Which the fam'd Irish TOMMY PUFF,
 Would sew on sentimental stuff;
 Twang with a sweet pronunciation,
 The flow'rs of bold imagination.
 MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
 LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan;
 While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
 With new-got pension neat and clear
 Three hundred *English* pounds a year.
 While sister PEG, our ancient Friend,
 Sends MACS and DONALDS without end:
 To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
 Then all their choral voices raise,
 To heap their panegyric wit on
 Th' illustrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.

Hail to the THANE, whose patriot skill
 Can break all nations to his will;
 Master of sciences and arts,
 MÆCENAS to all men of parts;
 Whose soft'ring hand, and ready wit,
 Shall find us all in places fit;
 So shall thy friends no longer roam,
 But change to meet a settled home.
 Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born.
 To fill her almost empty horn:
 Hail to thy ancient glorious stem,
 NOT THEY from Kings, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX. 1757.

*Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
 Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.* HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
 Now wishes for the rural shade,
 And buckles to his one horse-chair,
 Old Dobbins, or the founder'd mare;
 While wedg'd in closely by his side,
 Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
 With Jacky on the stool before 'em,
 And out they jog in due decorum.
 Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
 How all the country seems to smile!
 And as they slowly jog together,
 The Cit commends the road and weather;
 While Madam doats upon the trees,
 And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
 Admires its views, its situation,
 And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
 Without that richest jewel, health?
 Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life!

Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear.
 One may observe it in your face—
 Indeed, my dear, you break a pace:
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise and country air,
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
 About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;
 He's a good man, indeed 'tis true,
 But not so warm, my dear, as you:
 And folks are always apt to sneer—
 One would not be out-done my dear!

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife.
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country-Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down,)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road:
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day:
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have an house so near the city!
 Take but your places at the Boar
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fufs of moving over;
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
 And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
 It is a charming spot of ground;
 So sweet a distance for a ride,
 And all about so *countrified*!
 'T would come but to a trifling price
 To make it quite a paradise;
 I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 Those ugly broken mouldy pales:
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 We build a railing, all Chinese.
 Although one hates to be expos'd;
 'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd;
 One hardly any object fees—
 I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 Objects continual passing by
 Were something to amuse the eye,
 But to be pent within the walls—
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 Our house, beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before,
 Nothing its views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road;
 While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
 Should on our little mansion gaze,
 And pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
 Blest age! when all men may procure,
 The title of a Connoisseur;

When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal Germandames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-scai-quoi, Virtù
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, fly *ha-ha*,
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a Taste;
And Madam's female friends, and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME.

A FABLE;

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ;

IN all professional skill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in opposition;
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wise,
With solemn phiz, and critic scowl,
The wisdom of his brother owl.
MODERNS! He hates the very name;
Your Antients have prescriptive claim—

But let the century be past,
And we have taste and wit at last;
For at that period Moderns too
Just turn the corner of *Virtù*.
But merit now has little claim
To any meed of present fame,
For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,
'Tis excellence that most offends.
If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
Shews taste and skill in every part;
If, ever just to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here shall Envy take her aim.

— write, and — — — blame.
The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chaffly writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall set a scribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who shew their teeth before they bite,
And sacrifice each reputation,
From wanton false imagination.
These observations, rather stale,
May borrow spirit from a tale.

GENIUS, a bustling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and starts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot or a poem,
From eccentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the last constraint,
Who hated all pedantic schools,
And scorn'd the gloss of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*.

And give the same sufficient rule
To make a poem, as a stool—
From the first spring-time of his youth,
Was downright worshipper of truth;
And with a free and liberal spirit,
His courtship paid to lady MERIT.

ENVY, a quint-ey'd, mere old maid,
Well known among the scribbling trade;
A hag, so very, very thin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-skin;
Who could not for her soul abide
That folks shou'd praise, where she must chide,
Follow'd the youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;
Would lies, and plots, and mischief hatch,
To ruin HIM and spoil the match.
Honour she held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
As if the real sons of taste
Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waste.

In short, wherever GENIUS came,
You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd MERIT by a thousand names,
Which decency or truth disclaims,
While all her business, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
To pull the Modest Maiden down,
And blast her fame to all the town.

The youth, inflam'd with conscious pride,
To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
Who gave his answer thus in rhyme,
By his chief minister Old TIME.

" Repine not at what pedants say,
" We'll bring thee forward on the way ;
" If wither'd ENVY strive to hurt
" With lies, with impudence and dirt,
" You only pay a common tax
" Which fool, and knave, and dance exacts.
" Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
" Thy strength is in its prime, my boy,
" And every year the vigour grows,
" Impairs the credit of my foes.
" ENVY shall sink, and be no more
" Than what her NAIADS were before ;
" Mere excremental maggots, bred,
" In poet's tophy-turvey head,
" Born like a momentary fly,
" To flutter, buzz about, and die.
" Yet, GENIUS, mark what I presage,
" Who look through every distant age :
" MERIT shall bless thee with her charms,
" FAME lift thy off'pring in her arms,
" And stamp eternity of grace
" On all thy numerous various race.
" ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
" As Phidias of antiquity,
" Shall strength, expression, manner give,
" And make e'en marble breathe and live ;
" While SIGISMUNDA's deep distress,
" Which looks the soul of wretchedness,
" When I, with slow and soft'ning pen,
" Have gone o'er all the tints again,
" Shall urge a bold and proper claim
" To level half the antient fame ;
" While future ages yet unknown
" With critic air shall proudly own
" Thy HOGARTH first of every clime
" For humour keen, or strong sublime,
" And hail him from his fire and spirit,
" The child of GENIUS and of MEARY."

THE HARE AND TORTOISE, 1757.

A F A B L E.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
For sure no term so misapply'd,
How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame !
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd inclination.

But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratia, me or you !
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension ;
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Shou'd he rely alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts,

Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise ?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value's sake ;
Its springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true ;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear ?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your bosom plays :
O how the purer rays aspire,
If application fans the fire !
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seem to rise :
Nay application will prevail,
When braggart part and genius fail :
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,
When use of speech was not confin'd,
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Wou'd oft deride the drudging crowd :
For Geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow,
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh Puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.

'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring Hare outstrip the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
Friend Tortoise, quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your speed, it were all well
That I should ease you of your shell :
Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure ?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to persevere,
Still draw'd along, as who should say,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay ;
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.
The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor tortoise spake.
Puss, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts,
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow and steady wins the race*,

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR, 1737.

WORDS are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary.
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for instance—all agree,
Damn'd the superlative degree;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own,
But signifies or bad or good
Just as its neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough.
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd*
stuff.

So fares it too with its relation.
I mean its substantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold;
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The self-same wit's *damnation* hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once in the middle of December,
When every mead in snow is lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost,
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the descriptive rhyme—
In short it was the winter time,
It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a Satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
“Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intend'st
That blowing on thy fingers' ends?
“It is to warm them thus I blow,
“For they are froze as cold as snow.
“And so inclement has it been
“I'm like a cake of ice within.”
Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and mugs of pottage.
This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose
With grateful ardour to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done? with gentle puff
He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.
Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter
Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
I blow to cool it, cries the Clown,
That I may get the liquor down.

For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell.
Then raising high his cloven stump,
The Satyr smote him on the rump.
“Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
“With the same breath to warm and cool:
“Friendship with such I never hold
“Who're so *damn'd* hot, and so *damn'd* cold.

THE NIGHTINGALE, OWL, AND
CUCKOW.

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE
STAGE, DEC. 1760.

CRITICKS, who like the scarecrows stand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with severity of sense,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all sublime,
Whether you write in prose or rhyme.
And yet the truth may lose its grace,
If blurted to a person's face;
Especially if what you speak
Shou'd crimson o'er the glowing cheek
For when you throw that flatter o'er him,
And tumble out your praise before him,
However just the application,
It looks a-squint at adulation.
I would be honest and sincere,
But not a flatterer, or severe.
Need I be furly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?
And she, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked seen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident she lost her cloaths,
When Falshood stole them to disguise
Her misbegotten brood of lies.
Why should the prudish Goddess dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that she is in piteous fright,
Left, rising up to mortal fight,
The modest world should flee and flout her,
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
Yet she might wear a proper dress
And keep her essence ne'ertheless.
So Delia's bosom still will rise,
And fascinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck she draws
The decent shade of specious gauze.
I hear it buzz'd about the table
What can this lead to?—Sir,

A F A B L E.

When Birds allow'd the Eagles sway,
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His Royal Majesty of Air
Took Musick underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded concerts every night.
Here every Bird of Parts might enter,
The Nightingale was made Præcentor;
Under whose care and just direction,
Merit was sure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
This concert always bore a bob in;
The best performers all were in it;
The Thrush, Canary-bird, and Linnet.
But birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've smallest claim.
The staring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his service for a flute.
The Cuckow needs would join the band;
"The Thrush is but a poultry hand:
"And I can best supply that place,
"For I've a shake, a swell, a grace."
The Manager their suit preferr'd:
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;
Yet each their several praises miss'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiss'd.
The Cuckow hence, with rantour stirr'd,
(A kind of *periadie* bird,
Of nasty hue, and body scabby
No would-be-play-wright half so shabby)
Reviles, abuses, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And strikes at Nightingale or Lark,
Like Lisbon ruffians, in the dark.
The Owl harangues the gaping throng
On *Pow'rs*, and excellence of song,
"The Blackbird's note has lost its force;
"The Nightingale is downright hoarse;
"The Linnet's harsh; the Robin shrill;
"—The Sparrow has prodigious skill!"
At length they had what they desir'd:
The skilful Nightingale retir'd.
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
And Harmony was heard no more.

A T A L E.

V E N U S, of laughter queen of love,
The greatest demirep above,
Who scorn'd restriction, hated custom,
Knew her own sex too well to trust 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere trash;
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,

Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment, came
To see CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whose praise by Dryden's Ode is growa
Bright and immortal as his own;
And who hath been for many years
The chief directress of the spheres.
Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a star,
Who, in the honest way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.
But, truth to say, I cannot tell
Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
(This for *verù* an anecdote is,)
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the sky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm sure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with skill.
Methinks I hear the reader cry—
His part with skill? why, You or I,
Or any body else, as well
As Thomas, sure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of skill in knocking at a door.
Poor low-liv'd creature! I suppose,
Nay, and am sure, you're one of those
Who, at what door soe'er they be,
Will always knock in the same key.
Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
Were found out nothing else to do,
But to inform the house, no doubt,
That there was somebody without,
Who, if they might such favour win,
Would rather chuse to be within.
But had our servants no more sense,
Lord! what must be the consequence?
Error would error still pursue,
And strife and anarchy ensue,
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence she declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy, is decreed,
Through all her niceties must bleed.
For if there was not to be found
Some wholesome difference of sound,
But the same rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordship hop'd to see
Some rascal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy still,
The stupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might pass through all the motley tribes
As free as one, who brings a bribe.
My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage stiff and formal face,
Which, she deceiv'd, had taken care
For some inferior to prepare;
Or might some wretch from Lombard-street
With greater ease and freedom meet,

'Than sense of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.

Those evils wisely to prevent,
And root out care and discontent,
Ev'ry gay smart, who rides behind,
With rose and bag in taste refin'd,
Must musick fully understand,
Have a nice ear and skilful hand ;
At ev'ry turn be always found
A perfect connoisseur in sound ;
Through all the gamut skilful fly
Varying his notes, now low, now high,
According as he shifts his place ;
Now hoarsely grumbling in the base,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raising his shrill strain ;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His master's fortune and degree,
By the distinguishing address,
Which he'll upon the door express.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
Was perfect master of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part :
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her so,
That Madam VENUS was below.

The doors immediate open flew,
The GODDESS, without more ado,
Displaying beauty's thousand airs
Skim'd through the hall, and trip'd up stairs.

CÆCILIA met her with a smile
Of great delight, when all the while
If her false heart could have been seen,
She wish'd she had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, skill'd in forms and arts
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And those above like those below,
Deal frequently in outside show,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a smile by them ready-made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet
Must for good-manners' sake repeat,
As *humble servant, how d'you do,*
And in return, *pray how are you ?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper space
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam ; Grace, and Goddesship,
Which we for brevity shall skip,
Happily past, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies seated are.

Indiff'rent subjects first they chuse,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they sit upon the state,
And snarl at the decrees of fate,
Investives against Jove are hurl'd,
And They alone should rule the world.

Dull politicks at length they quit,
And by ill-nature shew their wit ;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
These intimates are said to go,
So that where either doth preside
T' other's existence is implied.
The man of wit, so men decree,
Must without doubt ill-natured be ;
And the ill-natur'd scarce forgets
To rank himself among the wits.

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And most minutely could advance
Each interesting circumstance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Display'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, observ'd, enlarg'd, applied ;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In such a way each tale rehearse
As good made bad, and bad made worse :

CÆCILIA too, with saint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a saint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or shine, her church ne'er miss,
Prude, dovettee, and methodist,
With equal zeal the cause promoted,
Misconstru'd things, and words misquoted,
Misrepresented, misapplied,
And, inspiration being her guide,
The very heart of man dissected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongst us, the sanctified,
In all the spirituals of pride,
Whose honest consciences ne'er rested,
Till, of carnalities divested,
They knew and felt themselves t'inherit
A double portion of the spirit :
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilst their poor children starve at home,
Consid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who sent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To see their ev'ry want supplied ;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors should pay,
And hold that chosen vessels must
Be generous before they're just.
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er heaven their debts to pay,
And serve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilst nought hereafter can prevent,
Their sure reward of cent. per cent.
Who honest labour scorn, and say
None need to work who love to pray,
For heav'n will satisfy their cravings,
By sending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their spirits fail,
A dish of manna, or a quail ;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
In furious fits of zeal resort,
Praise what they do not understand,
Turn up the eye, stretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilst——blows
The twang of nonsense through his nose,
Or——deals in speculation,
Or——hums his congregation,
Or——talks with the lord of hofts,
——with pillars and with posts ;
Who strictly watch, lest Satan shou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Ensnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor souls be taken napping ;

Who strictly fast, because they find,
 The flesh still wars against the mind,
 And flesh of saints, like sinner's, must
 Be mortified, to keep down lust;
 Who, four times in the year at least,
 Join feast of love to love of feast,
 Which, though the profligate and vain
 In terms of blasphemy prophane,
 Yet all the ceremony here is
 Pure as the mysteries of Ceres;
 Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
 Within themselves salvation's seal,
 And will not, must not, dare not doubt,
 That heav'n itself cant blot it out;
 After they've done their holy labours,
 Return to scandalize their neighbours,
 And think they can't serve heav'n so well,
 As with its creatures filling hell:
 So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
 They save themselves, damn all beside.
 For persons, who pretend to feel
 The glowings of uncommon zeal,
 Who others scorn, and seem to be
 Righteous in very great degree,
 Do, 'bove all others, take delight
 To vent their spleen in tales of spite,
 And think they raise their own renown
 By pulling of a neighbour's down;
 Still lying on with most success,
 Because they charity profess,
 And make the outside of religion,
 Like Mahomet's inspiring pigeon,
 To all their forgeries gain credit,
 'Tis enough sure that——said it.
 But what can all this rambling mean?
 Was ever such an hodge-podge seen?
 VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and whores,
 Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
 Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
 Stars, Flambeaux, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,
 Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
 Music, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
 Weather, News, Envy, Politicks,
 Intrigues, and Women's Thousand Tricks,
 Prudes, Methodists and Devotees,
 Fasting, Feasts, Pray'rs, and Charities,
 Ceres, with her mysterious train,
 _____, _____, and _____,
 Flesh, Spirit, Love, Hate and Religion,
 A Quail, a Raven and a Pigeon,
 All jumbled up in one large dish,
 Red-Herring, Bread, Fowl, Flesh, and Fish.
 Where's the connection, where's the plan
 The devil sure is in the man.
 All in an instant we are hurl'd
 From place to place all round the world,
 Yet find no reason for it—mum—
 There, my good critic, lies the hum—
 Well but me thinks, it would avail
 To know the end of this—A T A L E.

SHAKSPEARE.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much industry and pains,
 Much twisting of the wit and brains,
 Translation has unlock'd the store,
 And spread abroad the Grecian lore,
 While Sophocles his scenes are grown
 E'en as familiar as our own.
 No more shall taste presume to speak
 From its inclosures in the Greek;
 But, all its fences broken down,
 Lie at the mercy of the town.
 Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
 " 'Tis blasphemy against that stage,
 " Which Æschylus his warmth design'd,
 " Euripides his taste refin'd,
 " And Sophocles his last direction,
 " Stamp'd with the signet of perfection."
 Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
 That bears about it nothing real:
 For excellence was never hit
 In the first essays of man's wit.
 Shall ancient worth, or ancient fame
 Preclude the Moderns from their claim?
 Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
 Who write not up to Grecian rules?
 Who tread in buskins or in socks.
 Must they be damn'd as Heterodox,
 Not merit of good works prevail,
 Except within the classic pale?
 'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge,
 Not current half a mile from college;
 Where half their lectures yield no more
 (Before I speak of times of yore)
 Than just a niggard light, to mark
 How much we all are in the dark:
 As rushlights in a spacious room,
 Just burn enough to form a gloom.
 When Shakspeare leads the mind a dance
 From France to England, hence to France,
 Talk not to me of time and place;
 I own I'm happy in the chase.
 Whether the drama's here or there,
 'Tis nature, Shakspeare, every where.
 The poet's fancy can create,
 Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
 Bring past and present close together,
 In spite of distance, seas, or weather;
 And shut up in a single action
 What cost whole years in its transmigration,
 So, ladies at a play, or rout,
 Can flirt the universe about.
 Whose geographical account
 Is drawn and pictured on the mount:
 Yet, when they please; contract the plate,
 And shut the world up in a fan.
 True Genius, like Armida's wand,
 Can raise the spring from barren land,
 While all the art of imitation,
 Is pilf'ring from the first creation.

Transplanting flowers, with useleſs toil,
Which wither in a foreign ſoil.
As conſcience often ſets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' aſſiſtance of the laws
To combat in the moral cauſe;
So Genius, of itſelf diſcerning,
Without the myſtic rules of learning,
Can, from its preſent intuition,
Strike at the truth of compoſition.

Yet thoſe who breathe the claſſic vein,
Enliſted in the mimic train,
Who ride their ſteed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The ſpecious pedantry of ſchools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any uſe but to the lame,)
Pursue the method ſet before 'em;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,

A privilege which dulneſs claims,
And merely uſ'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common ſenſe,)
Extol the wit of antient days,
The ſimple fabric of their plays;
Then from the fable, all ſo chaſte,
Trick'd up in antient modern taſte,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In ſuch a ſweet deſcriptive ſtile.

While chorus marks the ſervile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Preſent you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come, pr'ythee Critic, ſet before us,
The uſe and office of a chorus.
What! ſilent! why then I'll produce
Its ſervices from antient uſe.

'Tis to be ever on the ſtage,
Attendants upon grief or rage;
To be an arant go-between,
Chief-mourner at each diſmal ſcene;
Shewing its ſorrow, or delight,
By ſhifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions;
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
To watch upon the deep diſtreſs,
And plaints of royal wretchedneſs;
And when, with tears, and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
And wept whole cataſacts from their eyes,
To call on rivers for ſupplies,
And with their *Hais*, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
To make a ſymphony of woes.

Doubtleſs the Antient want the art
To ſtrike at once upon the heart:
Or why their prologues of a mile
In ſimple—call it—humble ſtile,
In unpaſſioned phraſe to ſay

“Fore the beginning of this play.

“I, hapleſs Polydore, was found

“By fiſhermen, or others drown'd!”

Or, “I, a gentleman, did wed,

“The lady I wou'd never bed,

“Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,

“Who's coming hither to draw water.”

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Or need the chorus to reveal
Reflections, which the audience feel;
And jog them, left attention ſink,
To tell them how and what to think?

Oh, where's the Bard, who at one view
Cou'd look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?
He ſcorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation;
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakſpeare, thus, who ſtands alone—
—But why repeat what *You* have ſhown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts muſt tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

I F at a Tavern, where you'd wiſh to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, reſolve me, critics for you can,
Send for the maſter up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knaviſh buſineſs drives,
But tell me what's the maſter who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and ſure the doctrine's true,
Which ſays, no quarter to a ſoul Review.
It matters not who vends the nauſeous ſlop,
Maſter or 'prentice; we deſteth the ſhop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or cenſur'd with an open face;
Boldly purſu'd the free deciſive taſk,
Nor ſtabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruſſian's maſk.
To works not men, with honeſt warmth, ſevere,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble ſkill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its ſtrongeſt light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
But, as all ſtates are ſubject to decay,
The ſtate of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling ſound,
Softneſs now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, fought their honour'd
graves,

Behold a weak enervate race of ſlaves.

In claſſic lore, deep ſcience, language dead,
Though modern wiclins are but ſcantly read,
Profeſſors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praife of either, with the want of all:
Hail'd mighty critics to this preſent hour.

—The tribune's name ſurviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithstanding all inſinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whoſe ability he ſufficiently acknowledges.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontless both, they mean the same;
This raw in Physic, that in Letters fresh,
Both spring, like warts, excrescence from the
flesh.

Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling schools,
For all professions have their rogues and fools,
Though the pert witting, or the coward knave,
Cast; no reflection on the wise or brave.

Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,
And happy He who calls out blockhead first;
From the low earth aspiring genius springs,
And sails triumphant, born on eagles wings.
No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and shines out fool to latest time.

Pity perhaps might with a harmless fool
To scape th' observance of the critic school;
But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, rise,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with
lies;

Should wakeful dulness, if she ever wake,
Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,
And, stung with rage, and piously severe,
With bitter comforts to your dying ear;
If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verser man rakes,
For quaint reflections in the putrid jokes,
Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proscrib'd in ev'ry age.

Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit;
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone.
To make that weapon, ridicule your own?
Professions bleed not from his just attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,
And every dunce is satire's lawful game.
Freely you thought, where thought has freest room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author squires unite,
And self-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointless satire make its weak escape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly pursue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.
Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,
When the wise Vet'ran knows you by your stile,
With critic scales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;
Denying thee thy just and proper worth,
But to give falsehood's spurious issue birth;
And all self-will'd with lawless hand to raise
Malicious slander on the base of praise.

Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Of fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But shrewd Suspicion with her squinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lye.
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.

The World, a pompous name, by custom due
To the small circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And sends the whisper buzzing through the streets.

The prude demure, with sober saint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for she's wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiscreet:
She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,
As spiders, lurk to catch a simple fly.

Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me.

If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praise,
Critics, who judge by ways themselves have known,
Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in these learned days
For wits to scribble first, and after praise.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,
And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,
And descend sweetly on their own dear selves;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My muse e'er sought to blast another's fame.
With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
From candour silent where she cou'd not praise:
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor or mimic, printer, or Review;
Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread
Still his out scandal from their Hydra head;
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herself wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with justice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men:
All in their turns might make reprisals too,
Had all the patience but to tread them through.
Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound;
Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found!

But, prudence, Churchill, or her sister, Fear,
Whispers ferberance to my fright'ned ear.
Oh! then with me forsake the thorny road,
Lest we should flounder in some Fleet-Ditch Odds
And sunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.

Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your niches, planted thick and thin,
Will serve to cram the random hero in.
Hail mighty bard too—whatfo'er thy name,
—or Durfy, for it's all the same.

To brother bards shall equal praise belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy and song?
No costly Muse is thine, which freely rakes
With ease familiar in the well-known jokes,
Happy in skill to fouse through foul and fair,
And tofs the dung out with a lordly air.
So have I seen, amidst the grinning throng,
The sledge procession slowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female threw and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And dash'd and splash'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the Muses' lov'd abode:
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.

Be solemn, sad, put on the priestly frown,
Be dull! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed,
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their need.

Broad is the path by learning's sons possid'd,
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,
Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,
Jostled by pedants out of elbow room.
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Must mourn in silence o'er the Muse's fate.
No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will;
Where, watchful guardians of the lady muse,
Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, press forward to the door:
But let some chief, some bold adventurous knight,
Provoke those champions to an equal fight,
Strait into air of spaceless nothing fall
The castle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.

Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,
To censure giants in this polish'd age.
No lack of genius stains these happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
The fee-saw Muse that flows by measur'd laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,
With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.
While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
A Magazine must hand the lady in.

How Moderns write, how nervous, strong and well,

The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muse does tell:
Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy æra known
So gay, so wise, so tasteful as our own.
Our curious histories rise at once COMPLETE,
Yet still continued, as they're paid, per sheet.

See every science which the world wou'd know,
Your Magazines shall every month bestow,
Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law,
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Statesman, Divine, Philosopher, and Wit;
Compendious schemes! which teach all things at once,

And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
Drawcanfir like, to strike down friend and foe,
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)
Fain would I praise, but, when such Things oppose,
My praise of course must make them —'s foes.

If manly JOHNSON, with satyric rage,
Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,
If his strong Muse with genuine strength aspire,
Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
HIS the true fire, where creep the witting fry
To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.

What Muse like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive flow
Attempt'd sweetly to the rustic woe?

Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master pour forth thoughts of fire?

E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
Boast we true critics in their proper right,
While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste
unite.

Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's page,
Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife;
Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
Should mark each passage to the human heart,
But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear,
To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not ashamed to bow.

To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of Taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry in sober sadness,
"There is discretion e'en in madness."
A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
Because I find a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression.
Who are known liars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still;
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his Witches, Fairies, Fools:
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Not e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
Its airy summit in the clouds,
While round its root still love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.

" But Shakspeare's all creative fancy
 " Made others love extravagancy :
 " While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
 " Like Hurlochrombo's mad lord Flame."
 True—who can stop dull imitators ?
 Those younger brothers of translators,
 Those insects, which from genius rise,
 And buzz about, in swarms, like flies ?
 Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
 Sheds too her influence o'er the press :
 As formerly the sons of rhyme
 Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime ;
 By cool correctness now they hope
 To emulate the praise of Pope.
 But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
 These low retainers to their fame.
 What task can dullness e'er effect
 So easy, as to write *correct* ?
 Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
 By too much or too little wit ;
 So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
 They miss their mark and follow neither ;
 They so exactly poise the scale,
 That neither measure will prevail,
 And mediocrity the Muse
 Did never in her sons excuse.
 'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
 With all the charms of modern taste,
 And every senseless line is dress'd
 In quaint expression's tinsel vest.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A monsieur-barber in the street,
 Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
 And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
 His olive tann'd complexion graces
 With little dabs of Dresden laces,
 While for the body Monsieur Puff,
 Wou'd think e'en dowls fine enough ?
 So fears it with our men of rhymes,
 Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
 For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
 Sure never yet were greater beaux ;
 But fairly strip them to the shirt,
 They're all made up of rags and dirt.
 And shall these wretches bards commence,
 Without or spirit, taste, or sense ?
 And when they bring no other treasure,
 Shall I admire them for their measure ?
 Or do I scorn the critic's rules
 Because I will not learn of fools ?
 Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
 With all the force of genius glows ;
 Though Dionysius' learned taste
 Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
 Who, like a skilful wise physician,
 Dissects each part of composition,
 And shews how beauty strikes the soul
 From a just compact of the whole ;
 Though judgment, in Quintillian's page,
 Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age ;
 Yet *Hypercrits* I disdain,
 A race of blockheads dull and vain,
 And laugh at all those empty fools,
 Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
 And what their narrow science mocks
 Damn with the name of *Het'rodox*.
 These butchers of a poet's fame,
 While they usurp the critic's name,

Cry—" This is taste—that's my opinion."
 And poets dread their mock dominion.
 So have you seen with dire affright,
 The petty monarch of the night,
 Seated aloft in elbow chair,
 Command the prisoners to appear,
 Harangue an hour on watchmen's praise,
 And on the dire effect of frays ;
 Then cry, " You'll suffer for your daring,
 " And d—n you, you shall pay for swearing."
 Then turning, tell the astonish'd ring,
I sit to represent the KING.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME, 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child ?
 It takes the gentle name of wild ;
 If chests he breaks, if locks he picks,
 'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks :
 The mother's fondness stamps it merit,
 For vices are a sign of spirit.
 Say, do the neighbours think the same
 With the good old indulgent dame ?
 Cries gossip Prate, " I hear with grief
 " My neighbour's son's an arrant thief.
 " Nay, could you think it, I am told,
 " He stole five guineas, all in gold,
 " You know the youth was always wild—
 " He got his father's maid with child ;
 " And robb'd his master, to defray
 " The money he had lost at play.
 " All means to save him must now fail,
 " What can it end in ?—In a Jail."
 Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
 My gossip says the very truth.
 But as his vices love wou'd hide,
 Or torture them to virtue's side,
 So friendship's glass deceives the eye,
 (A glass too apt to magnify)
 And makes you *think* at least you see
 Some spark of genius ev'n in me,
 You say I shou'd get fame : I doubt it :
 Perhaps I am as well without it.
 For what's the worth of empty praise ?
 What poet ever din'd on bays ?
 For though the Laurel, rarest wonder !
 May screen us from the stroke of thunder,
 This mind I ever was, and am in,
 It is no antidote to famine.
 And poets live on slender fare,
 Who, like Cameleons, feed on air,
 And starve, to gain an empty breath,
 Which only serves them after death.
 Grant I succeed, like Horace rise,
 And strike my head against the skies :
 Common experience daily shews,
 That poets have a world of foes ;
 And we shall find in every town
 Gossips enough to cry them down ;
 Who meet in pious conversation
 T' anatomise a reputation,
 With slipant tongue, and empty head,
 Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle censures I despise :
Their niggard praises won't suffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhyme.
My Muse has answered all her end,
If her productions please a friend.
The world is burthen'd with a store,
Why need I add one scribbler more ?

TO * * * *

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A

VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all scruple's cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.

Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose ;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muse by imitation :
For copies shew, howe'er expreit,
A barren genius at the best.

—But Imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease :
Assumes his style, affects a story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling :
Observes how *easy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews
To find a dirty slipshod Muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses ;
With many a dash—that must offend us,
And much

* * * * *

Hiatus non descendit.
O Swift ! how would'st thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy Thee ?

This, Milton for his plan will chuse :
Wherein resembling Milton's Muse ?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majesty of song ;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake ; nor quite asleep ;
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.

The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The Epithet's preposterous change.
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile !
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style ?
His faults religiously you trace,
But borrow not a single grace.

How few, (say, whence can it proceed ?)
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed !
But all their labours are in vain :
And wherefore so ? the reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuse
To woo the gentle Spencer's Muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream ;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimsy lines ;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows ;
Thinks his strong Muse takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er the sings of peerless wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights :
'Till allegory, Spencer's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivaling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word against the times—
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In these the spleen of Pope we find ;
But where the greatness of his mind ?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the favourites of the Muse,
Whom with her kindest eyes the views ;
Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze ;
Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
In Imitation's dang'rous road.
Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O * Brown, shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays ;
And whoso'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. author of a piece
called the Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation
of six different authors.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1761,

FROM TISSINGTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with most is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And shares the pleasure it bestows.
If there is ought, whose lenient pow'r
Can soothe affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And snatch the wretched from despair,
Superior to the sense of woes,
From friendship's source the balsam flows.
Rich then am I, possess'd of thine,
Who know that happy balsam mine.

In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The souls congenial spring to meet,
And emulation's infant strife,
Cements the man in future life.
Oft too the mind well-pleas'd surveys
Its progress from its childish days;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in reason's sober eyes,
Are children, but of larger size,
Have still their idle hopes and fears,
And Hobby-Horse of riper years.

Whether a blessing, or a curse,
My rattle is the love of verse.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which still aspires to reputation,
Bade infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to fight.
For vanity, the poet's sin,
Had ta'en possession all within:
And he whose brain is verse possess'd,
Is in himself as highly blest,
As he, whose lines and circles vie
With heav'n's direction of the sky.

Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
The cork upon the surface rides.
And on Ink's Ocean, lightly buoy'd,
The cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let me too use the common claim
And soule at once upon my name,
Which some have done with greater stress,
Who know me, and who love me less.

Poets are very harmless things,
Unless you tease one till it stings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to resent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd person to reply?

In these familiar emanations,
Which are but writing conversations,

Where thought appears in dishabille,
And fancy does just what she will,
The fourest critic would excuse
The vagrant sallies of the Muse:
Which lady, for Apollo's blessing,
Has still attended our caressing,
As many children round her sees
As maggots in a Cheshire cheese,
Which I maintain at vast expence,
Of pen and paper, time and sense:
And surely 'twas no small miscarriage
When first I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title which I bear,
With some strange castles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
I cannot from enquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold estate
In lands which they themselves create,
A foolish title to a *fountain*,
A right of common in a *mountain*,
And yet they liv'd amongst the great,
More than their brethren do of late;
Invited out at feasts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;
Nor is it any where set down
They tip'd the servants half a crown,
But pass'd amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a song;
As once, a wag, in modern days,
When all are in these bribing ways,
His shillings to dispense unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,
And walking gravely through the croud,
Which stood obsequiously, and bow'd,
To keep the fashion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Though poet known, in Roman days,
Fearless he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that sacred name
Contemptuous smile, or painful shame:
While with a foolish face of praise,
The folks would stop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the story leave,
Pulling their neighbour by the sleeve,
While th' index of the finger shews,
—There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.

This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too;
But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phrase is, *smoke*.

Yet there are those, who're fond of wit,
Although they never us'd it yet,
Who wits and witlings entertain;
Of Taste, Virtue, and Judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
"Yes—He at bottom—don't you know him?"
"That's He that wrote the last new poem."
"His Humour's exquisitely high,
"You'll hear him open by and by."
The man in print and conversation
Have often very small relation;

And he, whose humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and set down;
In public company may pass;
For little better than an ass.
Perhaps the fault is on his side,
Springs it from modesty, or pride,
Those qualities asham'd to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's strange and shy,
And diffident, he knows not why;
Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As knowing that the world's severe,
He wou'd not suffer to escape
Familiar wit in any shape:
Left gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and spoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultless parent come to shame.

Well, but methinks I hear you say,
"Write then, my friend!"—Write what?—"a
Play.

"The theatres are open yet,
"The market for all sterling wit;
"Try the strong efforts of your pen;
"And draw the characters of men;
"Or bid the bursting tear to flow,
"Obedient to the fabled woe;
"With Tragedy's severest art;
"Anatomize the human heart,
"And, that you may be understood,
"Bid nature speak, as nature shou'd."

That talent, George, though yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied;
While you, my friend, are sure to please
With all the pow'rs of comic ease.

Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
Are full of wishes, full of fears.
One might by pleasant thoughts be led;
To lose a trifling maiden-head;
But 'tis a terrible vexation
To give up with it reputation.
And he, who has with Plays to do,
Has got the devil to go through.
Critics have reason for their rules,
I dread the censure of your fools.
For tell me, and consult your pride,
(Set Garrick for a while aside)
How cou'd you, George, with patience bear,
The critic prying in the play'r?

Some of that calling have I known,
Who held no judgment like their own;
And yet their reasons fairly scan,
And separate the wheat and bran;
You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,
What little wheat is left behind.
For, after all their mighty rout,
Of chatt'ring round and round about;
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
Like crossing on the stage, and walking.

The form of this tribunal past,
The play receiv'd, the parts all cast,
Each actor has his own objections,
Each character, new imperfections:
The man's is drawn too coarse and rough,
The lady's has not smut enough.
It want's a touch of Cibber's ease,
A higher kind of talk to please:

Such as your titled folks would chuse,
And Lords and Ladyships might use,
Which stile, whoever would succeed in,
Must have small wit, and much good breeding;
If this is dialogue—*ma foi*,
Sweet Sir, say I, *pardonnez moi*!

As long as life and business last,
The actors have their several cast,
A walk where each his talent shews,
Queens, Nurses, Tyrants, Lovers, *Beaux*;
Suppose you've found a girl of merit,
Wou'd shew your part in all its spirit,
Take the whole meaning in the scope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope,
You rob some others of a feather,
They've worn for thirty years together.

But grant the cast is as you like,
To actors which you think will strike,
To-morrow then—(but as you know
I've ne'er a Comedy to shew,

Let me awhile in conversation,
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
To-morrow then, will be presented
The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right,
How do you sleep, my friend, to-night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roast-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mabb's wheels a-crofs your temples creep;
You toss and tumble in your sleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and spleen,
"That fellow murders all my scene."

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
And see the piece's fire and spirit;
Yet friendship's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive:
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the house in dreadful view!
Observe how close the critics sit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.
With horror hear the galleries ring,
Nofy! Black Joke! God save the King!
Sticks clatter, catcalls scream, *Encore*!
Cocks crow, pit hisses, galleries roar:
E'en *cha' some oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful sound:
'Till, decent fables on his back,
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if its mine,
Its very good, and very fine:
If not, I take a pinch of snuff,
And wonder where you got such stuff.

That done, a-gape the critics sit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fiddlers play again pell-mell:
—But hift!—the prompter rings his bell.
—Down there! hats off!—the curtain draws.
What follows is—the just applause.

T W O O D E S*.

Pindar, Olymp. II.

O D E I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muse, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!
What Poet sings, and strikes the strings?
It was the mighty Theban spoke,
He from the ever-living Lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of Modern Rhimers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G——y,
Involv'd in tensfold smoke.

I. 2.

The shallow Fop in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be singly drest,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, shall not then the heav'n-born Muses too
Variety pursue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muse the stile of Cambria's sons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia she effect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball
The tyrant, Fashion, governs all.
She, fickle Goddess, whom, in days of yore,
The Ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore:
Long she paid him with disdain,
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain
On thy blest Calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces, sprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Fashion, Goddess ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, She love to ride,
Upon a weather-cock, astride.
Each blast that blows, around she goes,
While nodding o'er her crest,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light Cameleon stands confest,
Changing its hues a thousand times an hour.

* I take the liberty of inserting the two following Odes, though I cannot, with strict propriety, print them as my own composition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend; to whose labours I am always happy to add my own; I mean the Author of the Jealous Wife.

And in a vest is the array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor zoneless is her waist:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the cestus-cinctur'd Queen,
Is with the Rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd,

II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
Meantime each bard, with eager speed,
Vaults on the Pegasean Steed:
Yet not that Pegasus, of yore
Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed;
High blood and youth his veins inspire:
From Tottipontimoy he came,
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his Sire;
* His White-nose, He on fam'd Doncastria's
plains
Resign'd his fatal breath:
In vain for life the struggling courser strains.
Ah! who can run the race with death?
The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chace, he wins the race,
We stumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from Whitenose springs
Pegasus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground,
While all the Turf with acclamation rings:
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won:
There Granta's Son
Seis'd on the Steed;
And thence him led, (so fate decreed)
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in silence laves,
Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

III. 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
In trimmest guise array'd,
First the neighing Steed assay'd?
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel:
The whiles he wins his whiffing way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward gay:
Till sated with the pleasing ride,
From the lofty Steed dismounting,
He lies along, enwrap't in conscious pride,
By gurgling rill, or chrystal fountain.

* The Author is either mistaken in this place, or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. White-nose was not the Sire, but a Son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar.
HARRA.

III. 2.

Lo! next, a Bard, secure of praise,
His self-complacent countenance displays.
His broad Mustachios, ting'd with golden die,
Flame like a meteor, to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
O'er-hung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious glare.

The grizzle grace
Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight
Would sink each wight of modern date,
He rides, well pleas'd: so large a pair
Not Garagantua's self might wear:
Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we trust to antient Ballad,
Devour'd Three Pilgrims in a Sallad;
Nor he of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accounted thus, th' adventrous Youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Fast by whose side clear streams meandering creep;
But urges on amain the fiery Steed
Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
Where the venerable herd
Of Goats, with long and sapient beard,
And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels keep.
Now up the mountain see him strain!
Now down the vale he's toft,
Now flashes on the sight again,
Now in the Palpable Obscure quite lost.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all, is woe,
Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
But o'er every peril bounding,
Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,
And, tiptoe on the mountains steep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, see, he soars! with mighty wings outspread,
And long resounding mane,
The Courser quits the plain.
Aloft in air, see, see, him bear
The Bard, who shrouds
His Lyrick Glory in the clouds,
Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head!
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endless night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring spirit
Rides thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
Which elate the mighty Pair,
Each of Taste the fav'rite minion,
Prancing through the desert air:

Vol. VIII.

By help mechanic of Equestrian-Block,
Yet shall he mount, with classic housing's grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the Critick Mock,
Drive his light Courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

ODE II.

TO OBLIVION.

I.

* PARENT of EASE! OBLIVION old,
Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,
Where scepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary sway,
Whose sullen pride the shiv'ring ghosts obey!
Thou, who delightest still to dwell
By some hoar and moss-grown cell,
At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove controul!
Or if it suit thy better will
To chuse the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders slow,
Lethe's drowy water's flow,
And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,
Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
A prey no longer let me be
To that gossip MEMORY,
Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.
With thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair silent Queen,
The solemn stole of grief is never seen.

II.

All, All is thine. Thy pow'rful sway
The throng'd poetic hosts obey:
Though in the van of MEM'RY proud t'appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What though the modern Tragic strain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet through the Nine, like whelps of curriish kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhime,
Themotley forms of Pantomime:
For Thee from Eunuch's throat still loves to flow
The soothing sadness of his warbled woe:
Each day to Thee falls Pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born Magazine:
Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'!
And, if Thou deign't totake one moment's care,
Attend Thy Bard! who duly pays;
The tribute of his votive lays;

* According to Lillæus, who bestows the Parental Function on Oblivion.

Verba OBLIVISCENDI regunt GENITIVUM.
Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.

There is a similar passage in Busbæus.

Z

Whose Muse still offers at thy sacred shrine ;—
Thy Bard, who calls THEE *His*, and makes him
THINE.

O, sweet FORGETFULNESS, supreme
Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,
Of mine, O GODDESS, stretch thine awful reign !
Nor let MEM'RY steal one note,
Which this rude hand to Thee hath wrote !
So shalt thou save me from the Poet's shame,
Though on the letter'd Rubric DOBBSLEY post my
Name.

III.

O come ! with opiate poppies crown'd,
Shedding slumbers soft around !
O come ! FAT GODDESS, drunk with Lau-
reat's Sack !—
See where she sits on the benumb'd Torpedo's
back !
Me, in thy dull Elysium lapt, O blest
With thy calm Forgetfulness !
And gently lull my senses all the while
With placid poems in the sinking stile !
Whether the Herring-Poet sing,
Great Laureat of the Fishes' King,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny—;
Or, If HE sing, whose verse affords
A *bevy* of the *choicest* words,
Who meets his Lady Muse by moss-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epitnet and tinkling bell :
Thee, GODDESS, let me still forget,
With all the dearth of Modern Wit !
So may'st Thou gently o'er my youthful breast,
Spread, with thy welcome hand, OBLIVION's friend-
ly vest.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

I.

AH me ! unhappy state of mortal wight,
Sith ENVY's fure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,
Until she works him mickle woe and shame !
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth spoil,
Ne doth she check her ever restless hate :
Until she doth his reputation foil :
Ah ! luckless imp is he, whose worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There stood an ancient mount, cylept Parnas,
(The fair domain of sacred poesy)
Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was
Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly ;

Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring
glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant foil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd by
lab'ring toil.

III.

The MUSES fair, these peaceful shades among,
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings ;
The air in silence listens to the song,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings ;
Pale-visag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the blissful feat ;
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
CONTENT sits on the top, and mocks her empty
pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS self left his divine abode,
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the God,
And own'd sweet Music's more alluring pow'r.
On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,
Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME ;
This, FANCY's darling child, was SPENSER
hight,
Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame ;
That no less fam'd than HE, and MILTON was his
name.

V.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm ;
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing ;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
Alternately they sung ; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong ;
Now MILTON sung of disobedient man,
And Eden lost : The bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' song

VI.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, antient
wight,
A lofty seat on mount Parnassus held,
Who long had been the Muses' chief delight ;
His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld ;
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain ;
And while he sung, fair nature he display'd,
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain ;
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKSPEARE sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold :

Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command ;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might with-
stand.

VIII.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyes ;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
FANCY her name, ysprung of race divine ;
Her mantle* wimpled low, her filken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders
stray'd,
' She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly
maid.

IX.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :
She wav'd it round : Eftsoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before :
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand ;
Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain were seen
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
And blithe attendants upon MAE their queen
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

X.

On th' other side stood NATURE, goddess fair ;
A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid ;
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
In loose attire of purest white array'd :
A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such,
(As from her darling's works may well be shown)
That often with its soul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

XI.

But lo ! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
And murky mists the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infects the skies,
And all around their baleful influence shed ;
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread ;
The sun, which wilom shone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And fore the time fore-grieving seeks his wat'ry
bed.

XII.

ENVY, the daughter of fell Acheron,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And through the frighted heavens wing'd her flight :

* *Wimpled*. A word used by Spenser for *hung down*. The line inclosed within Commas is one of Fairfax's in his translation of Tasso.

With careful eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe ;
For happiness, alas ! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on religion base designs to serve.

XIII.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her frowning eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost,
Sith others were of happiness posselt :
Did never gloomy hell send forth like ugly pest.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,
O'ergrown with tangling briars a cavern stood :
Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.
Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting sun,
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

XV.

In flowing sable stole she wasyclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord ;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief
gone mad,
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd ;
A ghastly grin and eyes askint, display
The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain ;
MALICE the monster's name, a foe to God and
man.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathsome toads still crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den ;
Around her waist, in place of filken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foe,
But death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is † hardy-head.

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, through th' ætherial waste,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste.
Enthrouded in a darksome veil of night.
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
A-while contending passions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

* *Dreary-head*. Gloominess.

† *Hardy-head*. Courage.

XVIII.

Sister, arise! see how our pow'r decays,
 No more our empire Thou and I can boast,
 Sith mortal man now gains immortal praise,
 Sith man is blest, and Thou and I are lost:
 See in what state Parnassus' Hill appears;
 See PHOEBUS' self two happy bards atween;
 See how the God their song attentive hears;
 This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I
 ween!
 Who can behold unmov'd like heart tormenting
 scene?

XIX.

Sister, arise! ne let our courage droop,
 Perforce we will compel these mortals own,
 That mortal force unto our force shall stoop;
 ENVY and MALICE then shall reign alone:
 Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,
 And to deceive mankind with specious bait:
 Like TRUTH accoutred, spreadest forgeries,
 The fountain of contention and of hate:
 Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
 "Tremble, ye bards, within that blissful seat;
 "MALICE and ENVY shall o'erthrow your joys,
 "Nor PHOEBUS self shall our designs defeat.
 "Shall We, who under friendship's feigned veil,
 "Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
 "Shall We, who under show of sacred zeal,
 "Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in lowest
 hell—
 "Such vile disgrace of us no mortal man shall tell.

XXI.

And now, more hideous rendered to the sight,
 By reason of her raging cruelty,
 She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
 And find fit engine for her forgery.
 Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,
 While hellish imps prepare the monster's car,
 In which she might cut through the wide expanse,
 And find out nations that extended far,
 When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright
 star.

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
 And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
 Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
 The regions of the tainted air among;
 A lofty seat the sister-monsters bore,
 In deadly machinations close combin'd,
 Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
 And cruel DISCORD follow'd fast behind;
 God help the man 'gainst whom such caittiff foes are
 join'd.

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
 While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;
 Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
 The air depress'd unusual burthen feels;
 Detested fight! in terrible array,
 They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
 Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,
 Untill the wish'd-for region they obtain,
 And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

XXIV.

Here, eldest son of MALICE, long had dwelt
 A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
 His fame on double falsities was built:
 (Ah! worthless son, of worthless parent born!)
 Under the shew of semblance fair, he veil'd
 The black intentions of his hellish breast;
 And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
 Than had he open enmity profess'd;
 The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's cloth-
 ing drest.

XXV.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,
 (Sure sign of woe when such are pleas'd, alas!)
 Then measure back the air with swifter pace,
 Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnass.
 Hither in evil hour the monsters came,
 And with their new companion did alight,
 Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
 Beholding worth with poisonous despight;
 On his success depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

Long burnt He sore the summit to obtain,
 And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat;
 Long burnt He sore, but still He burnt in vain;
 Mote none come there, who come with impious
 feet.
 At length, at unawares, he out doth spit
 That spite which else had to himself been bane;
 The venom on the breast of MILTON lit,
 And spread benumbing death thro' every vein;
 The Bard of life bereft fell senseless on the plain.

XXVII.

As at the banquet of Thyestes old,
 The sun is said to have shut his radiant eye,
 So did he now through grief his beams with-hold,
 And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;
 Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
 The birds attendant upon hideous night,
 Shriek-owls and ravens, whose fell croaking
 bodes
 Approaching death to miserable wight;
 Did never mind of man behold like dreadful sight?

XXVIII.

APOLLO wails his darling done to die
 By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane;
 The MUSES sprinkle him with dew of Castaly,
 And crown his death with many a living strain;

Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breast,
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;
The flowers drooping their despair attest,
Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;
All nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

XXIX.

But lo! the sky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkness disappears,
(May darkness ever thus to light give place!)
Ere griev'd APOLLO jocund looks resumes,
The NINE renew their whilom cheerful song,
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breast consumes,
For from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

The stricken Bard fresh vital heat renews,
Whose blood, ere stagnate, rushes through his
veins;
Life through each pore her spirit doth infuse,
And FAME by MALICE unextinguished reigns:
And see, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A Female Form, yclad in snowy white,
Ne half so fair at distance seen as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAU-
DER die.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

J E A L O U S W I F E .

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor
man!

A charming subject! but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis Passion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
Then might distraction rend her graceful hair,
See fightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawn as death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hah* and *Oh*!

But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim,
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store.—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shewn,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* past one *Blockhead* more,

P R O L O G U E ,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT
DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJES-
TY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But soars to heav'n from virtue's generous
praise.

When Kings themselves the proper judges sit
O'er the blest realms of science, arts and wit,
Each eager breast beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Augustus rose imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then finew'd Genius, strong and nervous rose,
In Spenser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose;
On Bacon's lips then every science hung,
And Nature spoke from her own Shakspeare's tongue,
Her patriot smiles fell, like refreshing dews,
To wake to life each pleasing useful Muse,
While every virtue which the Queen profess'd,
Beam'd on her subjects, but to make them blest.
O glorious times!—O theme of praise divine!
—Be happy, Britain, then—such times are thine.

Behold e'en now strong science imp's her wing,
And arts revive beneath a Patriot King.
The Muses too burst forth with double light,
To shed their lustre in a Monarch's sight.
His cheering smiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this spot* may boast a Royal Friend.
And when a Prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himself shall marshal out the way to taste,

Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may rise
Some powerful genius of uncommon size,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depth explore,
And be what our great Shakspeare was before.

PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A Grecian bard, two thousand years ago,
Plann'd this sad fable of illustrious woe;
Waken'd each soft emotion of the breast,
And called forth tears, that would not be suppress'd.

Yet, O ye mighty Sirs, of judgment chaste,
Who, lacking Genius, have a deal of Taste,
Can you forgive our modern ancient piece,
Which brings no chorus, tho' it comes from Greece?
Kind social chorus, which all humours meets,
And sings and dances up and down the streets.
—Oh! might true taste, in these unclassic days,
Revive the Grecian fashions with their plays!
Then, rais'd on stilts, our Players would stalk and
rage,
And, at three steps, stride o'er a modern stage;
Each gesture then would boast unusual charms,
From lengthen'd legs, stuff'd body, sprawling arms!
Your critic eye would then no pigmies see;
But Buskins make a giant, even of me.
No features then the Poet's mind would trace,
But one black vizor blot out all the face.
O! glorious times, when actors thus could strike,
Expressive, inexpressive, all alike!
Less change of face than in our punch they saw,
For punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;
With one set glare they mouth'd the rumbling verse;
Our Gog and Magog look not half so fierce?

Yet, though depriv'd of instruments like these,
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to please;
Which, wherefoe'er she glows with genuine flame,
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the same.

Of raillery then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.
Theirs was the skill, with honest help of art,
To win, by just degree, the yielding heart,
What if our Shakspeare claims the magic throne,
And in one instant makes us all his own;
They differ only in one point of view,
For Shakspeare's nature, was their nature too.

O D E

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WEST-
MINSTER SCHOOL.

NOR at Apollo's vaunted shrine,
Nor to the fabled Sisters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow,
Far be their rites!—Such worship fits not now;
When at Eliza's sacred name
Each breast receives the present flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulse strikes the accordant strings,
Reflecting on the crowded line
Of mitred sages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cause,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'st to stray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when simple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!
'Tis then the souls congenial meet,
Inspir'd with friendship's genuine heat,
Ere interest, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here* in many an early strain
Dryden first try'd his classic vein,
Spurr'd his strong genius to the distant goal,
In wild effusions of his manly soul;
When Busby's skill and judgment sage,
Repres'd the poet's frantic rage,
Crop'd his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the strength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muse forgot! which strays
In wits ambiguous flowery mazes,
With many a pointed turn and studied art:
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and sublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The Poet's trifles ne'er disgrac'd the Man.

Well might thy morals sweet engage
Th' attention of the Mitred Sage,
Smit with the plain simplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy strife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which snare the gay unstable youth,
Cou'd lure Thee from the sober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirement's arms,
Whence Thou, untainted with the pride of state,
Cou'd'st smile with pity on the bustling Great.

Such were Eliza's sons. Her soft'ring care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful song;
Which else had wasted in the desert air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate shame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inspir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of Fame!

THE TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS:

A N O D E,

SET TO MUSICK AND PERFORMED AT DRURY-
LANE, 1760.

*The Scene discovers APOLLO and the NINE MU-
SES in their proper Habits.*

APOLLO.

FATE gave the word; the deed is done;
AUGUSTUS is no more;
His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.
[*The Muses tear off their laurels.*]

CALLIOPE.

Well, sisters of the sacred spring,
Well may you rend your golden hair;
Well may you now your dirges sing,
And pierce with cries the troubled air.

CHORUS.

Fate gave the word, &c.

CLIO.

Founded in justice was his sway;
Ambition never mark'd his way.

CALLIOPE.

Unless the best ambition that can fire
A monarch's breast and all his soul inspire,
The gen'rous purpose of the noble mind,
The best ambition—to serve human kind.

APOLLO.

Yes, Virgins, yes; that wish sublime
Rank'd him with those of earliest time,
Who for a people's welfare strove;
Whose spirits breathe æthereal air,
And for their meed of earthly care,
Drink Nectar with Olympian Jove.

CALLIOPE.

Oh! TRUTH! fair daughter of the sky.
And MERCY!—that with asking eye
Near the OMNIPOTENT do'st stand;
And, when mankind provoke his rage,
Do'st clasp his knees, his wrath assuage,
And win the thunder from his hand!

CLIO.

Oh! white-rob'd FAITH! celestial maid!
Twin-born with JUSTICE! by whose aid

He liv'd the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
Who now will guard your sacred cause?

CHORUS.

Dear liberty, &c.

CALLIOPE.

Where were ye, Muses, when the fatal sheers
The FURY rais'd, to close his rev'rend years?
But ah! vain wish!—you could not stop the blow!
No Omen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.

APOLLO.

See! where BRITANNIA stands
With close-infolded hands,
On yonder sea-beat shore!
Behold her languid air!
To! her dishevell'd hair!
Majestic now no more?
Still on the fullen wave her eye is bent,
The TRIDENT of the MAIN thrown idle by;
OLD THAMES, his sea-green mantle rent,
Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful sigh.
Hark! to the winds and waves
Frantic with grief she raves,
And, cruel Gods! she cries;
Each chalky cliff around,
Each rock returns the sound,
And, cruel Gods! replica.

CALLIOPE.

See! the procession sad and slow,
Walks in a solemn pomp of woe
Through awful arches, gloomy isles,
And rows of monumental piles,
Where lie the venerable just,
Where heroes moulder into dust.
Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
Pale! pale! inanimate and cold:
Where round him baleful vapours rise,
Midst bones of legislators old!

CLIO.

Of him who fought th' ambitious Gaul
O'er thick-embattled plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
His only now remains.

APOLLO.

Bring, in handfuls, lillies bring
Bring me all the flow'ry spring.
Scatter roses on his bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

CHORUS.

Scatter Roses, &c.

MERCURY descends.

No more, harmonious Progeny of Jove,
No more let fun'ral accents rise ;
The great, the good AUGUSTUS reigns above,
Translated to his kindred skies.

C L I O .

No more for my historic page—

C A L L I O P E .

No more for my great epic rage—

B O T H .

Will by the hero now be done—

C H O R U S .

His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.

Enter M A R S .

Lo ! Mars, from his beloved land,
Where freedom long hath fix'd her stand,
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,
And again the laurel wear :
For see ! BRITANNIA rears her drooping head ;
Again resumes her TRIDENT of the main ;
THAMES takes his urn, and seeks his wat'ry bed,
While gay content fits smiling on the plain.
Hark ! a glad voice.
Proclaims the people's choice.

C H O R U S , within the Scenes.

He is our liege, our rightful lord !
Of heart and tongue with one accord
We all will sing
Long live the king !
He is our liege !—he !—he alone !
With BRITISH HEART he mounts the throne ;
Around him throngs a loyal band ;
He will protect his NATIVE LAND !
He is our liege, &c.

[The Muses rise and put on their laurels.

C A L L I O P E .

The muses now their heads shall raise ;
The arts to life shall spring ;
Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd bayes,
And wake each vocal string ;
Now shall the sculptor's happy skill
Touch the rude stone to life ;
The painter shall his canvass fill,
Pleas'd with his mimic strife.

C L I O .

Sweet MERCY ! FAITH ! CÆLESTIAL TRUTH !
Now by your aid the royal youth
Shall live the guardian of the laws ;
Dear LIBERTY ! round ALBION'S isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
He now will guard your sacred cause.

A P O L L O .

Blest Prince ! whose subjects in each adverse hour
For freedom still have stood !
Blest isle ! whose Prince but deems the sov'reign
pow'r,
The pow'r of doing good !

M A R S .

Now open all your Helicon ; explore
Of harmony the loftiest store ;
Let the drum beat alarms,
Such as rouse us to arms ;
The trumpet's shrill clangor shall pierce through the
sky !
Swell the rapture, swell it high ;
And in notes sublime and clear
Pour the strong melody, that Heav'n may hear.

A P O L L O .

Nothing mortal will I sound ;
Lo ! the flame, the flame divine !
High I mount, I quit the ground,
Holy fury ! I am thine.
With rage possest
Big swells my breast !
In visions rapt, before my sight appears
A brighter order of increasing years.

M A R S .

I see the Rhine devolve his flood
Deep-crimson'd with the Gallic blood !
I hear, I hear the distant roar
Of ruin on yon hostile shore !
I see, young Prince, to thee I see
The savage Indian bend the knee !
Lo ! AFRIC from her fable kings
Her richest stores in tribute brings !
And farthest IND, beneath the rising day
Lays down her arms, and venerates thy sway.

C A L L I O P E .

I see Bellona banish'd far !
I see him close the gates of war,
While purple rage within
With gasty ire shall grin,
And rolling his terrific eyes,
Where round him heaps of arms arise,
Bound with a hundred brazen chains,
In vain shall foam, and thirst for sanguine plains.

C L I O .

Sweet peace returns ;
O'er Albion's fons
She waves her dove-like wing :
On ev'ry plain
The shepherd train
Their artless loves shall sing.
Pale DISCORD shall fly
From the light of the sky.

To black Cocytus hurl'd ;
 There, there shall feel
 Ixion's wheel,
 The furies with their serpents curl'd ;
 With the unceasing toil shall groan
 Of the unconquerable stone,
 And leave in harmony the British world.

A P O L L O .

Proceed great days ; lead on th' auspicious years ;
 Such years (—for lo ! the scene of fate appears !)
 Such years, the DESTINIES have said, shall roll ;
 Jove nods consent, and thunder shakes the pole.

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. *A view of the country.*

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

C H O R U S .

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
 Now's the time for jollity.

S Y L V I A .

A I R .

Hither haste, and bring along
 Merry tale and jocund song
 To the pipe and tabor beat
 Frolic measures with your feet,
 Ev'ry gift of time employ ;
 Make the most of proffer'd joy.
 Pleasure hates the scanty rules
 Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

C H O R U S .

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free
 Now's the time for jollity.

[*A dance of Shepherds, &c.*]

S Y L V I A .

R E C I T A T I V E .

Rejoice, ye happy swains, rejoice ;
 It is the heart that prompts the voice.
 Be sorrow banish'd far away ;
 Thyrsis shall make it holy-day.
 Who at his name can joy suppress ?
 ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and blefs.

D A M O N .

And hark ! from rock to rock the sound
 Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd bound,
 Vol. VIII,

Breaking with rapture on the ear,
 Proclaims the blithesome Phæbe near :
 See where she hastes with eager pace,
 To speak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II. *Opens to a prospect of rocks.**Huntsmen, Huntresses, &c. coming down from them.*

P H O E B E .

Hither I speed with honest glee,
 Such as befits the mind that's free ;
 Your chearful troop, blithe youth, to join,
 And mix my social joys with thine.
 Now may each nymph, and frolic swain,
 O'er mountain steep, or level plain,
 Court buxom health, while jocund horn
 Bids echo wake the sluggard morn.

A I R .

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's
 cool gale,
 Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale ;
 Up, ye nymphs, and ye swains, and together we'll
 rove,
 Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove :
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
 hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth ;
 All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health.
 So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys
 No envy disturbs, no dependence destroys.
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
 hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we
 roam ;
 Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home ;
 Where the chearful good humour gives honesty grace,
 And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the
 face.
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
 hounds.

D A M E T A S .

R E C I T A T I V E .

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
 Which only looks to present joys.

S Y L V I A .

Though the white locks of silver'd age,
 And long experience hail thee sage ;
 I'll suits it in this joy, to wear,
 A brow so over-hung with care.
 Better with us thy voice to raise,
 And join a whole Arcadia's praise.

D A M E T A S .

With you I joy that Thyrsis reigns
 The guardian o'er his native plains ;

Z A

But praise is scanty to reveal
The speaking blessings all must feel.

D A M O N.

True, all must feel—but thanks too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart shall ever shew
The debt I need not blush to owe.

A I R.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,
That my labour's the price of contentment and ease,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taste the true family joys,
That my kids wanton safely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my sheep graze secure from the robber or fox;
These are blessings I share with the rest of the swains,
For it's Thyrsis who gave them, and Thyrsis maintains.

D A M E T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Perish my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliss alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his busy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their fire hath shewn.

A I R.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Resemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docile youth
To walk the steady paths of truth,
Observes them shooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active sons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this busy stage,
What in the sons we most admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd fire.

S Y L V I A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O prudent Sage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtless youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia shares
May but embitter future cares.

Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

A I R.

So may all thy sylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and rustic faun,
To the pipe and merry strain,
Trip it o'er the russet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded grafs
Hurt their footsteps as they pass,

Whilst in gambols round and round
They sport it o'er the shaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vanish'd in the limpid stream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart should burn,
In carefssing,
Blest, and blessing,
May'st thou find a wish'd return.

C H O R U S.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.
[A dance of huntsmen and huntresses.]

D A M E T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Peace, shepherds, peace, with jogund air,
Which speaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia hastes. The glad surprize
Of rapture flashing from her eyes.

E N T E R D E L I A.

D E L I A.

A I R.

Shepherds, shepherds, come away;
Sadness were a sin to-day
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the skill of the voice;
For our wishes are crown'd, and our hearts shall re-
joice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For sure he is mad
Who, where mirth and good humour and harmony's
found,
Never catches the smile, nor lets pleasure go round,
Let the stupid be grave,
'Tis the vice of the slave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

D A M E T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What means this rapture, Delia? Shew
Th' event our bosoms burn to know.

D E L I A.

Now as I trod yon verdant side,
Where Ladon rolls its silver tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous state,
Sail'd a proud barge of richest freight:
Where sat a nymph, more fresh and fair
Than blossoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modest grace
Of maiden blush bespread her face.
Hither it made, and on this strand
Pour'd it's rich freight for shepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrsis' bride;

DAMETAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, shepherds, if aught I hear,
The sounds of joy proclaim them near:
Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE III.

*A view of the sea, with a vessel at a distance,
[Here follows a Pastoral Procession to the wedding
of Thyrsis.]*

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan with tender care,
View this swain and virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Just return of heart for heart.
May the pledges of their bliss
Climb their knees to share the kiss.
May their steady blooming youth
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose;
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggerel rhyme,
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of *easy writing*;
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find it's writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison and his Spectator
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it, I can swear)
With *easy verse* most Bards are smitten,
Because they think it's *easy written*;
Whereas the *easier* it appears,
The greater marks of *care* it wears;

Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes,
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he *labour'd* to write *easy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like cloaths, was made to fit him,
Which (as no Taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of *ease*.

Who, but a madman, would engage
A Poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connexion,
T' acquire some name from their reflexion;
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd cloaths.

Methinks there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-funning,
Presuming on good nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The Bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common place he rage,
Rhyme's like your *fetters* on the *stage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
 Nonsense acquires a kind of grace ;
 I therefore give it all its scope,
 That sense may unperceived clope :
 So ministers of basest tricks
 (I love a fling at *politics*)
 Amuse the nation, court, and king,
 With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng ;
 And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
 While they, the *greater* slink away.
 'This simile perhaps would strike,
 If match'd with something more alike ;
 Then take it dress'd a second time
 In Prior's ease, and *my* sublime.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A mob of people in the street,
 Ready to give the robb'd relief,
 And all in haste to catch a thief,
 While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
 Too close beset to run away,
 Stop thief ! stop thief ! exclaims aloud,
 And so escapes among the croud ?
 So Ministers, &c.

O England how I mourn thy fate !
 For sure thy losses now are great ;
 Two such, what Briton can endure,
 Minorca and the Connoisseur !

To-day, before the sun goes down,
 Will die the Censor, Mr. Town !
 He dies, whose'er takes pains to censure him,
 With blushing honours thick upon him ;
 O may his name these verses save,
 Be these inscrib'd upon his grave !

Know, reader, that on Thursday died
 The CONNOISSEUR, a suicide !
 Yet think not that his soul has fled,
 Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
 Howe'er defunct you set him down,
 He's only going out of Town.

THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOK-
 SELLER AND AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, sir ! that's not enough.
 New works, we know, require a Puff ;
 A title to entrap the eyes,
 And catch the reader by surprize ;
 As gaudy signs, which hang before
 The Tavern or the alehouse door,
 Hitch every passer's observation,
 Magnetic in their invitation.
 —That SHAKESPEARE is prodigious fine !
 Shall we step in, and taste the wine ?

Men, women, houses, horses, books,
 All borrow credit from their looks.
 Externals have the gift of striking,
 And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh ! I perceive the thing you mean—
 Call it *St. James's Magazine*.

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New Briton*—

AUTHOR.

Oh ! no more.
 One name's as good as half a score.
 And titles oft give nothing less
 Than what they *flaringly* profess.
 Puffing, I grant, is all the mode ;
 The common hackney turnpike road ;
 But custom is the blockhead's guide,
 And such low arts disgust my pride.
 Success on merit's force depends,
 Not on the partial voice of friends ;
 Not on the *seems*, that bully sin ;
 But that *which passeth shew within* :
 Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,
 And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deserve success, and proudly claim,
 Not *steal* a passage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, sir, will never do ;
 You're right in theory, it's true.
 But then, experience in *our* trade
 Says, there's no harm in some parade.
 Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd ?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I would avoid ;
 And would be rather pleas'd to own
 Myself unknowing, and unknown :
 What could th' unknowing muse expect,
 But information or neglect ?
 Unknown—perhaps her reputation
 Escapes the tax of defamation,
 And wrapt in darkness, laugh's unhurt,
 While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt :
 But he who madly prints his name,
 Invites his foe to take sure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True—but a name will always bring
 A better sanction to the thing :
 And all your scribbling foes are such,
 Their censure cannot hurt you much ;
 And, take the matter ne'er so ill,
 If you don't print it, sir, *they* will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it so—that struggle's o'er—
Nay,—this shall prove one spur the more.
Pleas'd if success attends, if not,
I've writ my name, and made a blot.

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print? why there

I trust to honest LEACH's care.
What is't to me? in verse or prose,
I find the stuff, you make the cloaths;
Add paper, print, and all such drefs,
Will lose no credit from his press.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,
—I'll fetch you, sir, a MAGAZINE;
You see that picture there—the QUEEN.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too!
What will not folly dare to do?
O days of art! when happy skill
Can raise a likeness whence it will;
When portraits ask no REYNOLDS' aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.
No, no, my friend, by helps like these,
I cannot with my works should please;
No pictures taken from the life,
Where all proportions are at strife;
No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
No BEAST just landed in the TOWER,
No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
No COUNTRY-DANCE shall stop a gap;
O PHILOMATH, be not severe,
If not one problem meets you here;
Where gossip A, and neighbour B,
Pair, like good friends, with C and D;
And EFG, HIK join;
And curve and incidental line
Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,
Just like a sister and a brother.
Ye tiny poets, tiny wits,
Who frisk about on tiny tits,
Who words disjoin, and sweetly sing,
Take one third part, and take the thing;
Then close the joints again, to frame
Some LADY's, or some CITY's name,
Enjoy your own, your proper Phæbus;
We neither make, nor print a REBUS.
No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
Great letters lacing down each line;
No strange CONUNDRUM, no invention
Beyond the reach of comprehension,
No RIDDLE, which whose'er unties,
Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
Shall strive to please you, at th' expence
Of simple taste, and common sense.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace, and proper use?
A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The Paste-board Guard delights me more,
That stands to watch a bun-house door,
Than such a mockery of grace,
And ornament so out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done—
A PATENT might insure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent! for what! can patents give
A Genius? or make blockheads live?
If so, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what alas! will that avail,
Beyond the property of sale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honest fame we strive,
But not to struggle half alive,
And drag a miserable being,
Its end still fearing and foreseeing.
Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindled with the breath of praise!
But far be ev'ry fruitless puff,
To blow to light a dying snuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But should not something, sir, be said
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What infinite variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they say,
And something neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wish there could—but that depends
Not on myself, so much as friends.
I but set up a new machine,
With harness tight, and furnish'd clean;
Where such, who think it no disgrace,
To send in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper shall minute down,
And I with pleasure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, sir, and then say,
What letters come in every day;
And what great WITS your care procures,
To join their social hands with yours.

A U T H O R .

What! must I huge proposals print,
Merely to drop some faucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
—This Puff's of use, you say—why let it,
We'll boast such friendship when we get it.

B O O K S E L L E R .

Get it! Ah, sir, you do but jest,
You'll have assistance, and the best.
There's CHURCHILL—will not CHURCHILL lend
Assistance?

A U T H O R .

Surely—to his FRIEND.

B O O K S E L L E R .

And then your interest might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their social hand, to strengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

A U T H O R .

True, I've indulg'd such hopes before,
From those you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not asham'd of mine.
Bold is the task we undertake,
The friends we wish, the WORK must make:
For Wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which stands alone.

B O O K S E L L E R .

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure some useful aid:
Could we engage some able pen,
To furnish matter now and then;
There's—what's his name, sir? wou'd compile,
And methodize the news in *style*.

A U T H O R .

Take back your newsmen whence he came.
Carry your crutches to the lame.

B O O K S E L L E R .

You must enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will succeed;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half so apt to buy, as praise;
And praise is hardly worth pursuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books shift about, like ladies' dresses,
And there's a fashion in success.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raise?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?

Bid *General* ESSAY lead the van,
By—Oh! the *Style* will shew the man:
Bid *Major* SCIENCE bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

A U T H O R .

True, true—our NEWS, our PROSE, our

RHYMES,

Shall shew the colour of the times;
For which most salutary ends,
We've fellow-soldiers, fellow-friends.
For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politicks—eternal talkers,
Profound observers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Lately or just arriv'd in town)
Or some, in state of abdication,
Of oratorical reputation;
Or those who live on scraps and bits,
Mere green-room wasps, and temple wits;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK should, or should not do.
Trim poets from the *City* desk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,
Who minute *down*, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER's Almanack contains
On flow'r and seed, and wind, and weather
And bind them in an *Ode* together;
Shall through the seasons monthly sing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

B O O K S E L L E R .

Ah, sir! I see you love to jest,
I did but hint things for the best.
Do what you please, 'tis *your* design,
And if it fails, no blame is mine;
I leave the management to you,
Your servant, sir,

A U T H O R .

I'm yours,—Adieu!

C H I T - C H A T .

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV.

MRS. BROWN.

I S Mistress SCOT at home my dear?

S E R V A N T .

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here,
My *Misses*, though resolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis so late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN.

Mrs. SCOT.

Your servant, MADAM. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be seated.

Mrs. BROWN.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such *scrouging* and such *squeezing*,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all those narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides the walk is so *immense*—
Not that I grudge a coach expence,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always short of breath.
How can you live so far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

Mrs. SCOT.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,
Husbands you know, will have their whim.
He took this house.—This house! this den.—
See but the temper of some men.
And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live quite out of all the world.
Husband, indeed!

Mrs. BROWN.

Hilt! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks—

Mrs. SCOT.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up; my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.

Mrs. BROWN.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he understands.
—There's a sweet child, come, kifs me, come,
Will *Jacky* have a sugar-plumb?

Mrs. SCOT.

This Person, MADAM (call him so
And then the child will never know)
From house to house would ramble out,
And every night a drunken bout.
For at a tavern he will spend
His twenty shillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricaseed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
With port and punch to wash 'em down,
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.

Mrs. BROWN.

My good man, too—Lord bless us! Wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Although his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
That I *have not a gown to wear*;
Except my robe, and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.
The KING, God bless his majesty, I say,
Goes to the house of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his state
And then the Queen—

Mrs. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a show.
But tell me, do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the Queen.

Mrs. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

Mrs. SCOT.

KITTY, my things,—I'll soon have done,
It's time enough, you know at *one*.
—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!
Some water here, to wash my hands.
—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!
—Look how the drawing daudle creeps.
That basin there—why don't you pour,
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the hussy down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown
—Bring me my ruffles—can't not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou hast aukwardness enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done.
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run,
Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.

Mrs. BROWN.

That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such,
But you've a charming taste in dress.
What might it cost you, Madam?

Mrs. SCOT.

Guess.

Mrs. BROWN.

Oh! that's impossible—for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.

Mrs. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.

—I was afraid it should be gone—
'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with success,
For its a most delightful dress.
Besides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis sloop'd with such an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think so,—*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Yack, my love, nay dont you cry,
Take you abroad!—indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboos* to fright ye—
Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye;
With such a mob about the street,
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
The more you cry, the less you'll—
—Come, come then, give mamma a kiss,
Kitty, I say, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the last new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
—There, go to *Kitty*—there's a man,
Call in the dog, and shut the door,
Now, MA'M.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh Lord!

MRS. SCOT.

Pray go before,

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

MADAM, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord! what an uproar! what a throng!
How shall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear,
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,
—Pray sir, take care—your horse will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you see the guards are gone?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almost fear'd to death
For when a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,—nay, dont you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half,

They kick and prance, and look so bold,
It makes my very blood run cold,
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crowded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majesty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
To see him robe himself to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour.

TROY could not stand a siege for ever.
By frequent trying, TROY was won.
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well she's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks press on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

Perdigious! I can hardly stand,
Lord bless me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand!
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we must stick as close as burrs,
Or in this racket, noise and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.
—Good God! my cardinal and sack
Are almost torn from off my back.
Lord, I shall faint—Oh Lud—my breast—
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
God bless me—I have dropt my fan,
—Pray did you see it, honest man?

MAN.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with some misfortune here.
—Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—
Why, don't you see the ladies there?
Put yourselves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind sir; truly few
Are half so complaisant as you.
We shall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always sure to meet
A welcome, sir, in—Lord! the street

Bears such a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
Pray is the KING a coming, sir?

M A N.

No—don't you hear the people shout?
'Tis Mr. PITT, just going out.

M R S. B R O W N.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him!
Well may the people all care for him.
—Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,
And drink success to honest PITT,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, you shall pledge this toast my dear.

M A N.

Hist—silence—don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the KING's a coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?

M R S. B R O W N.

Which is the king?

M R S. S C O T.

Which is the coach?

S C O T C H M A N.

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
Geud-faith, I'll gi him a salute.
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*,
Troth he's a bonny muckle man.

Here comes the Coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

M R S. S C O T.

Upon my word, it's monstrous fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shews!
It put's one's eyes out as it goes.
With a rich glare of various hues,
With shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

M R S. B R O W N.

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is—look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

M A N.

Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a body-coachman get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a head to drive the king.

M R S. S C O T.

Lard! what are those two ugly things
There—with their hands upon the springs,
VOL. VIII.

Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the faucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the QUEEN?

M A N.

Oh! they are Gods, Ma'm, which you see.
Of the *Marine Society*,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.

M R S. S C O T.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these *Tritons* do on land?

M R S. B R O W N.

And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

M A N.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the King before.
For *Show*, they wear the yellow *Hus*,
Their proper colour is *True-blue*.

M R S. S C O T.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a row!
How the folks holla, hiss, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preserve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can.
Do—give us shelter, honest man.

M R S. B R O W N.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot;
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND

F R I E N D.

Y O U say, "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,

Which often flings whole stores away,
And oft has not a doit to pay!
—Give us a work, indeed—of length—
Something which speaks poetic strength;
Is sluggish fancy at a stand?
No scheme of consequence in hand? |
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name. and why A. M!

A U T H O R.

Yes—it stands forth to public view
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic Letters,
Not dash'd—emvowell'd—like my betters.
And though it stares me in the face,
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.
While those unlaboured trifles please,
Familiar chains are worn with ease.
—Behold! to yours and my surprize,
These trifles to a VOLUME rise.
Thus will you see me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of snow,
Steal by degrees upon your shelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.
The current studies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY:
A PAMPHLET may deserve a look,
But Heav'n defend us from a BOOK!
A LIBEL flie on Scandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things,
—Not one in twenty will succeed—
Consider, sir, how few can read.

F R I E N D.

I mean a work of *merit*—

A U T H O R.

True.

F R I E N D.

A man of *Taste* MUST buy.

A U T H O R.

Yes;—You

And half a dozen more my friend,
Whom your good Taste shall recommend.
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reason fail;
The NUPTIALS now—

F R I E N D.

Whose nuptials, sir?—

A U T H O R.

A Poet's—did that poem *flir*?
No—sixt—tho' thousand readers pass,
It still looks through its pane of glass,
And seems indignant to exclaim
Pass on ye SONS of TASTE, for shame!
While duly each revolving moon,
Which often comes, God knows too soon,
Continual plagues my soul molest,
And *Magazines* disturb my rest,
While scarce a night I steal to bed,
Without a couplet in my head.

And in the morning when I stir,
Pop comes a *Devil*, "Copy sir."
I cannot strive with daring flight
To reach the bold *Parnassian HEIGHT*;
But at it's foot, content to stray,
In easy unambitious way,
Pick up those flowers the muses send,
To make a nosegay for my friend.
In short, I lay no idle claim
To genius strong, and noisy fame.
But with a hope and wish to please,
I write, as I would live, with ease.

F R I E N D.

But you must have a fund, a mine,
Prose, poems, letters,

A U T H O R.

Not a line!

And here, my friend, I rest secure;
He can't lose much, who's always poor.
And if, as now, through numbers *flur*,
This work with pleasure kept alive
Can still its currency afford,
Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
Can pay you, as at sundry times,
For *self* per *Mag*, two thousand Rhimes,
From whence should apprehension grow,
That *self* should fail, with richer Co?
No *dear* of a monthly grub,
Myself alone a learned *club*,
I ask my readers to no treat
Of scientifick *hast'd-up* meat,
Nor seek to please theatrick friends,
With scraps of plays, and odds and ends.—

F R I E N D.

Your method, sir, is plain enough;
And all the world has read your *PUFF*.*
Th' allusion's neat, expression clean,
About your travelling *MACHINE*,
But yet—it is a *Magazine*.

A U T H O R.

Why let it be, and wherefore shame?
As *JULIET* says, what's in a name?
Besides it is the way of *trade*,
Through which all science is convey'd,
Thus knowledge parcels out her shares;
The COURT has hers, the LAWYERS theirs.
Something to *SCHOLARS* sure is due,—
Why not one *MAGAZINE* for YOU?

F R I E N D.

That's an Herculean task, my friend,
You toil and labour—to offend.
Part of your scheme—a free translation,
To *SCHOLARS* is a profanation;
What! break up *Latin*! pull down *Greek*!
(Peace to the soul of sir JOHN *CHEEKE*!†)
And shall the gen'rous liquor run,
Broach'd from the rich *FALERNIAN* tun?

* See the *PUFF*.

† The first restorer of Greek learning in England.

Will you pour out to *English* swine,
Neat as imported, old *GREEK* wine;
Alas! this beverage only fits
Collegiate tastes, and classic wits.

A U T H O R.

I seek not, with satyric stroke,
To strip the pedant of his cloak;
No—let him cull and spout quotations,
And call the jabber, demonstrations,
Be his the great concern to shew,
If *Roman* gowns were tied or no*;
Whether the *Grecians* took a slice
Four times a-day, or only twice,
Still let him work about his hole,
Poor, busy, blind, laborious mole;
Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
Oppugn, remark, and read again.

Such, though they waste the midnight oil
In dull, minute, perplexing toil,
Not understanding, do no good,
Nor can do harm, not understood.

By scholars, apprehend me right,
I mean the learned, and polite,
Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
And fits as easy as their cloaths;
Who care not though an *ac* or *sed*
Misplac'd, endanger *PRISCIAN*'s head;
Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
Who cannot frame a *Latin* verse,
Or give the *Roman* proper word
To things the *ROMANS* never heard.

'Tis true, *except among the Great*,
Letters are rather out of date,
And quacking genius more discerning,
Scoffs at your *regulars* in learning.
—*PEDANTS*, indeed, are learning's curse,
But *IGNORANCE* is something worse:
All are not blest with reputation,
Built on the want of *EDUCATION*,
And some, to letters duly bred,
Mayn't write the worse, because they've read,
Though books had better be unknown,
Than not one thought appear our own;
As some can never speak themselves,
But through the authors on their shelves,
Whose writing smacks too much of reading,
As affectation spoils good breeding.

F R I E N D.

True; but that fault is seldom known,
Save in your bookish college drone.
Who, constant (as I've heard them say)
Study their fourteen hours a-day,
And squatting close, with dull attention,
Read themselves out of apprehension;
Who scarce can wash their hands or face,
For fear of losing time, or place,
And give one hour to meat and drink,
But never half a one to THINK.

A U T H O R.

Lord! I have seen a thousand such,
Who read, or seem to read, too much.

* See *SIGONIUS* and *MANUTIUS*,

So have I known, in that rare place,
Where *Classics* always breed disgrace,
A wight, upon discoveries hot,
As whether flames have heat or not,
Study himself, poor sceptic dunc,
Into the very fire at once,
And clear the philosophic doubt,
By burning all ideas out.
With such, eternal books, successive
Dead to no sciences progressive,
While each dull fit of study past,
Just like a wedge drives out the last,
From these I ground no expectation
Of genuine wit, or free translation;
But you mistake me, friend. Suppose,
(Translations are but modern cloaths)
I dress my boy—for instance fake
Maintain these children which I make
I give him coat and breeches—

F R I E N D.

True—

But not a bib and apron too!
You would not let your child be seen,
But dress consistent, neat, and clean.

A U T H O R.

So would I cloath a free translation,
Or as *Pope* calls it, imitation;
Not pull down authors from my shelf,
To spoil their wit, and plague myself,
My learning studious to display,
And lose their spirit by the way.

F R I E N D.

Your *HORACE* now—e'en borrow thence
His easy wit, his manly sense,
But let the Moralist convey
Things in the manners of to-day,
Rather than that old garb assume,
Which only suits a man at *Rome*.

A U T H O R.

Originals will always please,
And copies too, if done with ease.
Would not old *PLAUTUS* wish to wear,
Turn'd *English* host, an *English* air,
If *THORNTON*, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an instance nearer home;
Though in an idiom most unlike,
A similarity must strike,
Where both of simple nature fond,
In art and genius correspond;
And native both (allow the phrase
Which no one *English* word conveys)
Wrapt up their stories neat and clean,
Easy as—

F R I E N D.

DENIS's you mean

—The very man—not mere translation,
But *LA FONTAINE* by transmigration.

2 B 2

A U T H O R .

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs
Have what he calls poetic sons,
Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
Was richer Spenser's lawful child :
And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
Is DRYDEN's heir in ev'ry line,
Thus DENIS proves his parents plain,
The child of EASE, and LA FONTAINE.

F R I E N D .

His muse, indeed, the work secures.
And asks our praise as much as yours ;
For, if delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks, as well as you.
But You, my friend (so folks complain)
For ever in this easy vein,
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor strive to give
A real poem fit to live.

A U T H O R .

(To critics no offence, I hope)
Prior shall live as long as POPE,
Each in his manner sure to please,
While both have strength, and both have ease ;
Yet though their various beauties strike,
Their ease, their strength is not alike.
Both with consummate horseman's skill,
Ride as they list, about the hill ;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horse, and favourite road.
For me, once fond of author-fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and shame,
I have no time to run a race,
A traveller's my only pace,
They, whom their steeds unjaded bear
Around Hydepark, to take the air,
May frisk and prance, and ride their fill,
And go all paces which they will ;
We, *hackney* tits—nay, never smile,
Who trot our stage of thirty mile,
Must travel in a constant plan,
And run our journey, as we can.

F R I E N D .

A critic says, upon whose sleeve
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,
That writings which as *easy* please,
Are not the writings done with *ease*.
From whence the inference is plain,
Your friend MAT PRIOR wrote with pain.

A U T H O R .

With pain perhaps he might correct,
With care supply each loose defect,
Yet sure, if rhyme, which seems to flow
Whether its master will or no,
If humour, not by study sought,
But rising from immediate thought,
Are proofs of ease, what hardy name
Shall e'er dispute a PRIOR's claim !
But still your critic's observation
Strikes at no POET's reputation,

His keen reflection only hits
Your rhiming fops and pedling wits.
As some take stiffness for a grace,
And walk a dancing-master's pace,
And others, for familiar air
Mistake the slouching of a bear ;
So some will finically trim,
And dress their lady-muse too prim,
Others, mere slovens in their pen
(The mob of *Lords and Gentlemen*)
Fancy they write with ease and pleasure,
By rambling out of rhyme and measure.
And, on your critic's judgment, these
Write *easy*, and not with *EASE*.
There are, indeed, whose with pursues,
And inclination courts the muse ;
Who, happy in a partial fame,
A while possess a poet's name,
But read their works, examine fair,
—Shew me invention, fancy there,
Taste I allow ; but is the flow
Of genius in them ? Surely, no.
'Tis labour from the classic brain.

Read your own ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

E'en he, nay, think me not severe,
A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,
Who toss'd his classic thoughts around
With elegance on *Roman* ground,
Just simmering with the muse's flame
Woo'd but a cool and sober dame ;
And all his *English* rhimes express
But beggar-thoughts in royal dress.
In verse his genius seldom *glows*,
A POET only in his *prose*,
Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaste,
Improv'd by Fancy, Wit, and Taste.

F R I E N D .

I task you for yourself, my friend,
A subject you can ne'er defend,
And you cajole me all the while
With dissertations upon style.
Leave others wits and works alone,
And think a little of your own,
For FAME, when all is said and done,
Though a coy mistress, may be won ;
And half the thought, and pains, and time
You take to jingle *easy* rhyme,
Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY,
Dome into English, MALLOCH's way,
—Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,
And write an ELEGY complete.
Or, not a more laborious task,
Could you not pen a *Classic MASQUE* ?

A U T H O R .

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
I durst not soar to such *high* things.
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Must understand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

F R I E N D .

But business of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engross your mind.
Assistance must pour in a-pace,
New passengers will take a place,

And then your friends——

A U T H O R .

Aye, they indeed,
Might make a better work succeed,
And with the helps which they shall give,
I and the Magazine shall live.

F R I E N D .

Yes, live, and eat, and nothing more.

A U T H O R .

I'll live as——Authors did before

THE POET.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL.

WELL——shall I wish you joy of fame,
That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
And sets you on the Muses' throne,
Which right of conquest made your own?
Or shall I (knowing how unfit
The world esteems a man of wit,
That wheresoever he appears,
They wonder if the knave has ears)
Address with joy and lamentation,
CONDOLENCE and CONGRATULATION,
As colleges, who duly bring
Their mews of verse to every king,
Too *aeconomical* in taste,
Their sorrow or their joy to waste:
Mix both together, sweet and sow'r;
And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?

Sometimes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
Epistle now's your only mode.
Whether that style more glibly hits,
The fancies of our rambling wits,
Who wince and kick at all oppression,
But love to straggle in digression;
Or, that by writing to the GREAT
In letters, honours, or estate,
We slip more easy into fame,
By clinging to another's name,
And with their strength our weakness yoke,
As ivy climbs about an oak;
As TUFT-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
Or Crows will wing a higher flight,
When sailing round the floating kite.

Whate'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
And I will travel in the road.
The fashionable track pursue,
And write my simple thoughts to YOU,
Just as they rise from head to heart,
Not marshall'd by the herald Art.

By vanity or pleasure led,
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any start up sons of rhyme
PATNETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?

—You'd think, to hear what Critics say,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but such a paltry station
Reflects disgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forsake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has superior skill,
And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge,
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with strange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven Critics *grown*,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
Of some informing master god:
Or as, when near his latest breath,
The patient fain would juggle death,
When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
(Which means no more than conversation,
A kind of comfortable chat

'Mongst social friends, on This and That,
As whether stocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town;
Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.

But eminence offends at once
The owlish eye of critic dunce,
DULLNESS alarm'd, collects her Force,
And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
Then far abroad the LIEBLES flies
From all th' artillery of lies,
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
Around the frequent pellets whistle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead strives to throw
His share of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck
Some woe-full 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
When high above the croud he stands
With equi-distant sprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.

O GENIUS! though thy noble skill
Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will?
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.
Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,
MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would sanctify the noble prize.
While modern critics should behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wond'ring gape at one another,
To see the likeness of a brother,

But with us *rhiming* moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
Whole book and memory are at hand,
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts—*more or less*;
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,
They write A. M. or sign M. D.
Or make advances somewhat higher
And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
And bring your strange quotations pat in,
As if each sentence grew more terse
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
And load one Letter with the labours,
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
Who know that thought produces pain,
And deep reflection mads the brain,
And therefore, wise and prudent grown.
Have no ideas of their own.
But if the man of *Nature* speak,
Advance their Bayonets of Greek,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies,
But those who cannot *spell* will TALK,
As women 'scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands forever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like *sun and rain in April weather*,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a NAME.

A Rake! Alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
And rushes to FOLLY for relief,
There, 'midst the momentary joys
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind;
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
The world is all alike to him.
Distress is all in apprehension;
It ceases when 'tis past prevention:
And happiness then presses near,
When nor a hope's left, nor a fear.

— But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
And I was never form'd for teaching.

Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things)
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
How will the sober Cit abuse,
The sallies of the Culprit muse;
To her and Poet shut the door—
And whip the beggar, with his whore!

POET!—a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
A mere mechanic dirty slave!
What is his verse, but cooping sense
Within an arbitrary fence?

At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
Which prose would say in half the time?
Measure and numbers! what are those
But artificial chains or prose?
Which mechanism quaintly joins
In parallels of see-saw lines.

And when the frisky wanton writes
In PINDAR's (what d'ye call 'em)—*sights*
Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
Now rhiming *twice*, now *not at all*,
In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
Like *Chinese* railing, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
Cull'd all the *flowers*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
The churl, whose dull imagination
Is dead to every fine sensation,
Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,
Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
And fly with keenness to his—*snuff*.

Look round the world, not one in ten,
Thinks Poets good, or honest men.

'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.
Perhaps their *Temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.

Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;
And every Moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, though pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will fall from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn.
Till every error seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size.

Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard,
His *public* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,
And ev'ry social, dear connection,
Must bear a critical dissection;
While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bate.
Perhaps you'll readily admit
There's danger from the *trading* wit,

And dunce and fool, and such as those,
Must be of course the poet's foes:
But sure no sober man alive,
Can think that *friends* would e'er *connive*.

From just remarks on earliest time,
In the first infancy of rhyme,
It may be fairly understood
There were two sects—the Bad, the Good.
Both fell together by the ears,
And both beat up for volunteers.
By interest, or by birth allied,
Numbers flock'd in on either side.
WIT to his weapons ran at once,
While all the cry was “down with DUNCES!”
Onward he led his social bands,
The common cause had join'd their hands.
Yet even while their zeal they show,
And war against the gen'ral foe,
Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
They stop it all to fight a duel.
And each cool wit would meet his brother,
To pink and tilt at one another.

Jealous of every puff of fame.
The idle whist'ling of a name,
The property of half a line,
Whether a comma's your's or mine,
Shall make a Bard a Bard engage,
And shake the friendship of an age.
But diffident and modest wit
Is always ready to submit;
Fearful of preface and publication,
Consults a brother's observation,
Talks of the maggot in his brains,
As hardly worth the critic pains;
“If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
“You cannot, sir, be too *severe*.
“Expunge, correct, do what you will,
“I leave it to superior skill;
“Exert the office of a friend,
“You may oblige but can't offend.”

This Bard too has his private clan,
Where *He's* the great, the only man.
Here, while the bottle and the bowl
Promote the joyous flow of soul,
(And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
When failing legs can stand no longer)
Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
And damns about her with an air.
Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
Able to cope with hosts alone,
Draw canfir like, his murders blends,
First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.

While your good word, or conversation,
Can lend a brother reputation;
While verse of preface quaintly penn'd,
Can raise the consequence of friend,
How visible the kind affection!
How close the partial fond connection!
Then *He* is quick, and *I'm* discerning,
And *I* have wit, and *He* has learning,
My judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste;
And BOTH—ay BOTH, are men of taste.
Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
And set up for yourself in trade,
Resolv'd imprudently to show
That 'tis not always Wit and Co.
Feelings, before unknown, arise,
And Genius looks with jealous eyes

Though thousands may arrive at fame,
Yet never take one path the same,
An Authors vanity or pride
Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
Although he but delighted goes
Along the track which nature shows,
Nor ever madly runs astray,
To cross his brother in his way.
And some there are, whose narrow minds,
Center'd in self, self always blinds,
Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's insulting dirt.

And some, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are scanty to express,
But friends must feel from friends' success,
When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
Which every breath of praise pursues,
Wou'd open to their free embrace,
Meet her with such a blasting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which seeks the sun of approbation,
No more its early blossoms tries,
But curls its tender leaves, and dies.

Is there a man whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose Muse, long hid in cheerful night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks fancy's region's, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affection, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the Wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:
CHURCHILL will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would show.

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

A DIALOGUE.

IN *Russel-street*, ensued of late,
Between two posts a strange debate.
—Two posts—aye posts—for posts can speak,
In *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *French* or *Greek*,
One Rubric thus address'd the other:
“—A noble situation, brother,
“With authors lac'd from top to toe,
“Methinks we cut a *taring* show,

"The *Dialogues* of famous dead*,
 "You know how much they're bought and read.
 "Suppose again we raise their ghosts,
 "And make them chat through us two posts;
 "A thing's half finish'd well begun,
 "So take the authors as they run.
 "The list of names is mighty fine,
 "You look down this, and I that line.
 "Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY,
 "And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
 "Whilst you have those, I cannot speak,
 "But found most wonderful in Greek.
 "—A Dialogue—I should adore it,
 "With such a show of names before it."
 "Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"
 The antient Rubric strait reply'd.
 "It grieves me much, indeed, to find
 "We never can be of a mind,
 "Before one door, and in one street,
 "Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,
 "And we, as brother oft with brother,
 "Are at a distance from each other.
 "Suppose among the *letter'd* dead,
 "Some author should erect his head,
 "And starting from his Rubric, pop
 "Directly into *Davies'* shop,
 "Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
 "To find his own opinions out;
 "D'ye think one author out of ten
 "Would know his sentiments again?
 "Thinking, your authors differ less in,
 "Than in their manner of expressing.
 "'Tis stile which makes the writer known,
 "The mark he sets upon his own.
 "Let CONGREVE speak as CONGREVE writ,
 "And keep the ball up of his wit;
 "Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e'er demean
 "The sense and humour of the DEAN.
 "E'en let the antients rest in peace,
 "Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
 "To give a cause for past transactions,
 "They never dreamt of in their actions.
 "I can't help quibbling, brother post,
 "'Twere better we should *say* the ghost,
 "But 'twere a task of real merit
 "Could we contrive to raise their *Spirit*.
 "Peace, brother, peace, though what you say,
 "I own has reason in his way,
 "On *Dialogues* to bear so hard,
 "Is playing with a dangerous card;
 "Writers of rank are sacred things,
 "And crush like arbitrary kings.
 "Perhaps your sentiment is right,
 "Heav'n grant we may not suffer by't.
 "For should friend DAVIES overhear,
 "He'll publish ours another year."

* By Lord Lyttleton.

S O N G.

THOUGH winter its desolate train
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,
 Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
 And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in its glories decreas'd,
 Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
 Yet he rises with joy from the east,
 And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,
 It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
 For *Cupid*'s a vagrant, a boy,
 And his seasons will never return.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

SHALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
 Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
 In that affection firm and true,
 Which Gratitude excites to You;
 Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle
 This meditation of a trifle?

But you, perhaps, will kindly take
 The trifle for the Giver's sake,
 Who only pays his grateful Mite,
 The just acknowledgment of Right,
 As to the Landlord duly sent
 A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.

Yet Trifles often shew the Man,
 More than his settled Life and Plan;
 These are the starts of inclination;
 Those the mere glofs of EDUCATION,
 Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
 A Blockhead to a man of Learning;
 And, by the help of form and place,
 The child of Sin to babe of Grace.
 Not that it alters Nature quite,
 And sets perverted Reason right,
 But, like Hypocrisy, conceals
 The very passions which she feels;
 And claps a Vizard on his face,
 To hide us from the World's disgrace,
 Which, as the first Appearance strikes,
 Approves of all things, or dislikes.
 Like the fond fool with eager glee,
 Who sold his all, and put to sea,
 Lur'd by the calm which seem'd to sleep
 On the smooth surface of the Deep;
 Nor dreamt its waves could proudly rise,
 And toss up mountains at the skies.

APPEARANCE is the only thing,
 A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
 Undress them both—You King, suppose
 For once you wear the beggar's cloaths;
 Cloaths that will take in every air;
 —Bless me! they fit you to a hair.
 Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
 The robes his Majesty had on
 And now, O Wretch, so wond'rous wife,
 Who see with such discerning eyes,
 Put observation to the Stretch,
 Come—which is King, and which is Wretch?

To cheat *this* World, the hardest task
Is to be constant to our Mask.

Externals make direct impressions
And masks are worn by all Professions.

What need to dwell on topics stale?
Of Parsons drunk with wine or ale?
Of Lawyers, who with face of brass,
For learned Rhetoricians pass?
Of Scientific Doctors big,
Hid in the pent-house of their wig?
Whose conversation hardly goes
Beyond half words, and hums! and Oh's!
Of Scholars, of superior *Taste*,
Who cork it up for fear of waste,
Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
But keep it always for themselves?

Wretches like these, my Soul disdains,
And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
Suppose a Neighbour should desire
To light a candle at your fire,
Would it deprive your flame of Light,
Because another profits by't?

But youth must often pay its court,
To these *great* Scholars, *by report*,
Who live on hoarded reputation,
Which dares no risque of Conversation,
And boast within a store of Knowledge,
Sufficient, blest us! for a College,
But take a prudent care, no doubt,
That not a grain shall straggle out;
And are of wit too nice and fine,
To throw their pearl and gold to *Swine*;
And therefore, to prevent deceit,
Think every Man a *Hog* they meet.

These may perhaps as Scholars shine,
Who hang *themselves* out for a *Sign*.
What signifies a Lion's skin,
If it conceals an Ass within?
If thou'rt a Lion, pritheer roar;
If Ass—bray once, and stalk no more;
In words as well as Looks be wise,
Silence is folly in Disguise;
With so much wisdom bottled up,
Uncork and give your friends a sup.

What need your *nothings* thus to save?
Why place the *Dial* in the *Grave*?
A fig for Wit and Reputation,
Which sneaks from all Communication.
So in the post-bag, cheek by jole,
Letters will go from pole to pole,
Which may contain a wond'rous deal;
But then they travel under seal,
And though they bear your wit about,
Yet who shall ever find it out,
Till trusty Wax foregoes its use,
And sets imprison'd meaning loose?

Yet idle folly often dreams
What Man must be from what he seems;
As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
You'd go no farther than the Door.

Mark yon round Parson, fat and sleek,
Who preaches only once a Week,
Whom Claret, Sloth, and Ven'ison join
To make an *orthodox* Divine;
Whose Holiness receives its beauty
From income large, and little Duty;
Who loves the Pipe, the Glass, the Smock,
And keeps—a Curate for his Flock.

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The world, obsequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor priest, with half a score
Of prattling infants at his Door,
Whose sober wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For man of Wealth, or man of Wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wise as He
Who signs with staring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal Pride,
Lays God and Duty both aside.

"This Curate, say you, learn'd and wise!
"Why does not then this Curate rise?"

This Curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a Curacy)
At no great mart of Letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That Parts, and Books, and Application,
Furnish'd all means of Education;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below;
That Learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
Were *insults* on a Congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard;
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine;
That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuse for sinful *Monday*;
That pious doctrine, pious Life,
Should both make one, as Man and Wife.

Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
So out of all the priestly road,
What man alive can e'er suppose,
Who marks the way *PREFERMENT* goes,
That she should ever find her way
To this *poor Curate's* house of clay?
Such was the Priest, so strangely wise!
He could not bow—How should He rise?
Learned He was, and deeply read;
—But what of that?—not duly bred.
For he had suck'd no grammar rules
From Royal founts, or Public schools,
Nor gain'd a single Corn of Knowledge
From that vast Granary—a College.
A Granary, which food supplies
To vermin of uncommon Size.

Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public school's the place alone,
Where Talents may be duly known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
But then, such Friendships! such connections!
The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
And in his Child consider'd Man,
What is his grand and golden Rule?
"Make your connections, Child, at School."
"Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,"
"But follow *closely* your Superiors;
"On them your ev'ry Hope depends,
"Be prudent, Tom, get *useful* Friends;
"And therefore like a spider wait,
"And spin your Web about the great.

2 C 2

" If my Lord's Genius wants supplies,
 " Why—You must make his Exercise.
 " Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
 " And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
 " Suppose (such Things may happen once)
 " The Nobles wits, and You the Dunce,
 " Improve the means of Education;
 " And learn commodious Adulation,
 " Your Master scarcely holds it sin,
 " He chucks his *Lordship* on the Chin,
 " And would not for the World rebuke,
 " Beyond a pat, the school-boy *Duke*.
 " The Pastor there, of—what's the Place?
 " With smiles eternal in his Face,
 " With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
 " That shames the whiteness of his band;
 " Whose mincing Dialect abounds
 " In Hums and Hahs, and half form'd sounds;
 " Whose Elocution, fine and chaste,
 " Lays his commands with judgment *vast*;
 " And lest the Company should hear,
 " Whispers his Nothings in your Ear;
 " Think you 'twas Zeal, or Virtue's Care
 " That placed the *smirking* Doctor there?
 " No—'twas Connections form'd at School
 " With some rich Wit, or noble Fool,
 " Obsequious Flattery, and Attendance,
 " A wilful, useful, base dependance;
 " A supple bowing of the Knees
 " To any *human* God you please.
 " (For true good-breeding's so *polite*,
 " 'T would call the very Devil white)
 " 'Twas watching others' shifting Will,
 " And veering to and fro with skill:
 " These were the means that made him rise,
 " Mind your *connections*, and be wise."
 Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
 I'll be a Bishop by and by.

Connections at a public School
 Will often serve a wealthy Fool,
 By lending him a letter'd Knave
 To bring him Credit, or to save;
 And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
 By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
 The child that marks this slavish Plan,
 Will make his Fortune when a Man.
 While honest Wit's ingenious Merit
 Enjoys his pittance, and his spirit.

The Strength of public Education
 Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION;
 And Emulation will create
 In narrow minds a jealous state,
 Which stifled for a course of Years,
 From want of Skill or mutual Fears,
 Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
 Which none but rival Wits can feel.
 For when good people Wits commence,
 They lose all other kind of sense;
 (The maxim makes you smile, I see,
 Retort it when you please on me;)
 One writer always hates another,
 As Emperors would kill a brother,
 Or Empress Queen to rule alone,
 Pluck down a Husband from the throne.
 When tir'd of Friendship and alliance,
 Each side springs forward to defiance,
 Inveterate Hate and Resolution,
 Faggot and Fire and Persecution,

Is all their aim, and all their Cry,
 Though neither side can tell you why.
 To it they run like valiant Men,
 And slash about them with their Pen.

What Inkshed springs from Altercation!
 What loppings off of Reputation!
 You might as soon hush stormy Weather,
 And bring the North and South together,
 As reconcile your letter'd foes,
 Who come to all things but dry blows.

Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
 As needy culprits in a jail,
 Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,
 Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
 (For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
 Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
 Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
 Merely to make it up again.

Though swain look glum, and maids look fiery,
 'Tis nothing but *amantium ira*,
 And all the progress purely this—
 A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
 Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
 Like vinegar and oil together,
 Join in an easy mingled strife,
 To make the salad up of life.
 Love settles best from altercation,
 As liquors after fermentation.

In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
 Between two bulky bodies jam'm'd,
 Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
 To find the seat and cushion out?
 How disagreeably you fit,
 With b—m away, and place unfit,
 Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
 Shall wedge you close, and nail you down,
 So fares it with your fondling dolts,
 And all love's quarrels are but jolts.

When tiffs arise, and words of strife
 Turn one to two in man and wife,
 (For that's a matrimonial course
 Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,
 And ev'ry married man is certain
 To attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
 Though not another word is said,
 When once the couple are in bed:
 There things their proper channel keep,
 (They make it up, and go to sleep)
 These fallings in and fallings out,
 Sometimes with cause, but most without,
 Are but the common modes of strife,
 Which oil the springs of married life,
 Where sameness would create the spleen,
 For ever *stupidly serene*.

Observe yon downy bed—to make it,
 You toss the feathers up and shake it.
 So fondness springs from words and scuffling,
 As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.

But authors' wranglings will create
 The very quintessence of hate;
 Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
 Sworn foes for *once*, they're foes for ever.

—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
 That I had never tasted letters,
 Then no Parnassian maggots bred,
 Like fancies in a madman's head,
 No graspings at an idle name,
 No childish hope of future fame,

No impotence of wit had ta'en
Possession of my muse-struck brain.
Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit ;
I had not held a shameful place,
Nor letters paid me with disgrace.

—O ! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unfought, unknown !
Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
Far from the cares of buil'ing life ;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

THE MILK-MAID.

WHOE'ER for p'eaure plans a scheme,
Will find it vanish like a dream,
Affording nothing found or real,
Where happiness is all ideal ;
In grief, in joy, or either state,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the future sees,
It cancels all its present ease.

Is Pleasure's scheme the point in view ;
How eagerly we all pursue !

Well—Tuesday is th' appointed day ;
How slowly wears the time away !
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

DELIA surveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the skies ;
Wishes no storm may rend the air,
And Tuesday may be dry and fair ;
And I look round, my boys, and pray,
That Tuesday may be holiday.
Things duely settled—what remains ?
Lo ! Tuesday comes—alas ! it rains ;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation ;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence ;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and monstrous gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold ;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

“ Please heav'n but to preserve my health,
“ No doubt I shall have store of wealth ;
“ It must of consequence ensue
“ I shall have store of lovers too.
“ Oh ! how I'll break their stubborn heart ;
“ With all the pride of female arts.

“ What Suitors then will kneel before me.
“ Lords, Earls, and Viscounts shall adore me.
“ When in my gilded coach I ride,
“ My Lady at his Lordship's side,
“ How will I laugh at all I meet
“ Clatt'ring in pattens down the street !
“ And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
“ Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore ;
“ Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
“ I will not hear the simple youth,
“ But rise indignant from my seat,
“ And spurn the lubber from my feet.”

Action, alas ! the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew !
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.
Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home ;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE, TO

THE REV. MR. SCOT.

AMONGST you *lipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation* ;
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth*.
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor ;
While wealthy dullness lolls at ease,
And is as witty as you please.
—“ What did his *Lordship* say ?—O ! fine !
“ The very *Thing* ! *Bravo* ! *Divine* !”
And then 'tis buzz'd from *Route* to *Route*,
While ladies whisper it about,
“ Well, I protest, a charming hit !
“ His *Lordship* has a deal of wit :
“ How elegant that double sense !
“ *Perdigious* ! *vastly fine* ! *immente* !”
When all my lord has said or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.

Mark the fat *Cit*, whose good round sum,
Amounts at least to half a *Plumb* ;
Whose chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town ;
For thither sober folks repair,
To take the *Dust* which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,
And peeping from his windows, tells
To all beholders, where she dwells.
Yet once a week, this purse-proud *cit*]
Shall ape the fallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To priestly saint, or city sinner,
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,
H'as told a thousand times before ;

Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.

Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'quire:
While he looks pleas'd at ev'ry guest,
And laughs much louder than the rest;
And cackling with incessant grin,
Triples the *Double* of his chin.

Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill;
Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will;
While genius holds no estimation,
From luckless want of *Situation*;
And, if through clouded scenes of life,
He takes dame poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and teize his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a grain;
While with his *Lordship* it abounds,
And one light grain swells out to pounds.

Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton gallop of the mind;
But, since all things increase in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Left you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My *Breed*, my *Blood*, my *Sire*, my *Dam*.
My *Sire* was PINDAR's *Eagle*, son
Of Pegasus of HELICON;
My *Dam*, the Hippograph, which whirl'd
Aetholpo to the lunar world.

Both high-bred things of mettled blood,
The best in all APOLLO's stud.

Now CRITICS here would bid me speak
The old horse language, that is, *Greek*;
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago;
And men of *Taste* and *Judgment* *VINE*,
Allow the passage is *divine*.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed;
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a stride.

How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
A third, good lord! would clear the world.

But till some learned wight shall shew
If *Accents* must be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
Of giant and of pigmy size,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of *mark* and *punctuation*,
As 'twere a matter of salvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to *Men*,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very *Straw*;
Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of *our* days;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a *trat* in easy rhyme.

Nor let it shock your thought or sight,
That thus a quadruped should write;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me;

Grown men and *Sparrows* taught to dance,
By monsieur *Passerat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;
And all are *fashionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.

Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, *Hocumytron* bred
(A word that must be *seen*, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folk feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of steed;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for my guide.
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
Ensured protection to the fair.
No—conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slip no more.
For though I scorn the *Poet's* skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.

Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,
As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of *sweeter* *Tune*,
Month might be elink'd instead of moon:
No wonder poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.
Whether they ride or walk the street,
Their heads are always on their feet;
They now and then may get astride
Th' ideal Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.

Whether *Acroftics* teize the brain,
Which goes a hunting words in vain,
(For words most *capitally* fin,
Unless their letters right begin.)
Since how to man or woman's name,
C could you or I *Acroftic* frame.
O make the *flaring* letters join,
To form the word that tells us *thine*,
Unless we'd *right* initials got,
S, C, O, T, and so made *Scot*?
Or whether *Robus*, *Riddle's* brother
(Both which had *DULLNESS* for their mother)
Employ the gentle poet's care,
To celebrate some town or fair,
Which all *ad libitum* he flits
For you to pick it up by bits,
Which bits together plac'd, will frame
Some city's or some lady's name;
As when a worm is cut in twain,
It joins and is a worm again;
When thoughts so weighty, so intense.
Above the reach of common sense,
Distract and twirl the mind about,
Which fain would hammer something out;
A kind discharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of sense in poet's head,
They fix themselves without controul,
Where'er its seat is on the soul.

Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see.
(We, for I take the poet's part,
And for my blood, am *Bard* at heart)
For in reflection deep immerst,
The man muse-bitten and *be-verst*,
Neglectful of externals all,
Will run his head against a wall,
Walk, through a river as it flows,
Nor see the bridge before his nose.

Are things like these equestrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Are—but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
And I must serve some hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Transport the bard to our *Plantation*.

Roberts joins compts with *Burnam Black*,
Your humble servant, *Hanbury's* hack.

THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A T A L E .

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C.
DENIS.

INSCRIBED TO J. WILKES Esq.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

HOR.

DEAR WILKES, whose lively social Wit
Disdains the prudish Affectation
Of gloomy Folks, who love to sit
As Doctors *should* at Consultation,
Permit me, in familiar Strain
To steal you from the idle hour
Of combating the NORTHERN THANE,
And all his puppet tools of Pow'r.
Shame to the Wretch, if sense of shame
Can ever touch the miscreant's breast,
Who dead to virtue as to fame,
(A Monster whom the Gods detest)
Turns traitor to himself. to court,
Or Minister or Monarch's smile;
And dares, in insolence of sport,
Invade the CHARTER of our isle.
But why should I, who only strive
By telling of an easy tale,
To keep attention half alive
Gainst BODGOLAM and FLIMNAP rail?
For whether ENGLAND be the name,
(Name which w're taught no more to prize)
Or BRITAIN, it is all the same,
The Lilliputian Statesmen rise
To malice of gigantic size.
Let them enjoy their warmth a while,
Truth shall regard them with a smile,
While you, like GULLIVER, in sport
Piss out the fire and save the Court.
But to return—The tale is old;
Indecent, truly none of mine—

What BEROALDUS gravely told;

I read it in that sound divine.
And for indecency, you know
He had a fashionable turn,
As prim observers clearly shew

In t'other Parson, Doctor STERN.

Yet POPE denies it all defence,
And call it, bless us! Want of sense.
But e'en the decent POPE can write

* Of bottles, corks, and maiden sighs,
Of charming beauties less in sight,
Of the more secret precious hair,

† “ And something else of little size,
You know where.

If such Authorities prevail,

To varnish o'er this petty sin,

I plead a pardon for my tale,

And having hemm'd and cough'd—begin.

A Genius (one of those I mean,

We read of in the Arabian nights;

Not such as every day are seen

At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;

For howsoever you change the name,

The Clubs and Meetings are the same;

Nor those prodigious learned folks,

Your Haberdashers of stale Jokes,

Who dress them up so neat and clean

For News-paper or Magazine;

But one that could play wondrous tricks,

Changing the very course of Nature,

Not ASMODEUS on two sticks

Or sage URGANDA could do greater.)

Once on a time incog came down

From his equivocal dominions,

And travell'd o'er a country town

To try folks' tempers and opinions.

When to accomplish his intent

(For had the cobbler known the king.

Lord! it would quite have spoil'd the thing)

In strange disguise he slyly went

And stump'd along the high-way track,

With greasy knapsack at his back;

And now the night was pitchy dark,

Without one star's indulgent spark,

Whether he wanted sleep or not,

Is of no consequence to tell;

A bed and lodging must be got,

For genuises live always well.

At the best house in all the town,

(It was th' attorney's you may swear)

He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,

Knock as you would, no entrance there.

But from the window cried the dame,

Go, firrah go, from whence you came.

Here, Nell, John, Thomas, see who knocks,

Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks.

Be gentle ma'am, the Genius cried:

Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,

Who knows not where his head to hide,

And asks a pittance at your door.

A mug of beer, a crust of bread—

Have pity on the houseless head;

Your husband keeps a lordly table,

I ask but for the offal crumbs,

* Rape of the Lock.

† Pope's Letters.

And for a lodging—barn or stable
Will shroud me till the morning comes.

'Twas all in vain : she rang the bell,
The servants trembl'd at the knell ;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,
To drive the vagrant back again.
He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
Till-throught a casement's dingy pane,

A rush light's melancholy ray,
Bad him e'en try his luck again ;
Perhaps beneath a house of clay
A wand'ring passenger might find,
A better friend to human kind,
And far more hospitable fare,
Though not so costly, nice, or rare,
As smokes upon the silver plate
Of the luxurious pamp'ring great.

So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the same plight the genius came :
Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch ;
What want ye fir ?

God save you, dame.

And so he told the piteous tale,
Which you have heard him tell before ;
Your patience and my own would fail
Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her best, though simple fare,
And from the corner-cupboard's board,
Her stranger guest the more to please,
Bespread her hospitable board
With what she had—'twas bread and cheese.
'Tis honest though but homely cheer ;
Much good may't do ye, eat your fill.
Would I cou'd treat you with strong beer,
But for the action take the will,
You see my cot is clean though small,
Pray heav'n encrease my slender stock !
You're welcome, friend, you see my all ;
And for your bed, Sir there's a flock.
No matter what was after said,
He eat and drank and went to bed.
And now the cock his matins sung,
(Howe'er such fing'ring's light esteem'd,
'Tis precious in the Muses' tongue
When sung, rhimes better than he scream'd ;)

The dame and pedlar both arose,
At early dawn of rising day,
She for her work of folding clothes,
And He to travel on his way ;
But much he thought himself to blame.

If, as in duty surely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found,
Hostess, quoth He, before I go,
I thank you for your hearty Fare ;
Would it were in my pow'r to pay
My gratitude a better way ;

But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doit to spare ;
But if you'll take this piece of Stuff—

—No, quoth the dame, I'm as poor as you,
Your kindest wishes are enough,
You're welcome, friend, farewell—Adieu.

But first reply'd the wand'ring guest,
For bed and board and homely dish,
May all things turn out for the best,
So take my blessing and my wish.

May what you first begin to do.

Create such profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finish till the depth of night.

Thank you, said she, and shut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more,
And now the napkin which was spread
To treat her guest with good brown bread,
She folded up with nicest care ;
When lo ! another napkin there !

And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a shift—by strange encrease,
The remnant swells into a piece.

Her Caps, her Laces, all the same,
Till such a quantity of Linen,
From such a very small beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the Dame,
Who wond'ring how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry she had got
Within her little shabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-street and Cheap-side.

It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
Who to be sure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher Life,
Who did the Parish mighty honour,
Sent for the Dame, who poor and willing,
Would take a job of charring work,
And sweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a sixpence or a shilling.

She could not come, not she indeed !
She thank'd her much but had no need.
Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous story came,
About the Pedlar and the Dame,
Which made th' Attorney's wife so mad,
That she resolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and Lady airs,
To get the Pedlar tete-a-tete,

And make up all the past affairs :
And though she wish'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monstrous civil,
And drop her curtsey at the door.
Now all was racket, noise and pother.
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horse sent,
To learn which way the Pedlar went.

Thomas return'd ;—the Pedlar brought,
—What could my dainty Madam say,
For not behaving as she ought,
And driving honest folks away ?
Upon my word, it shocks me much,
—But there's such thieving here of late—
Not that I dream'd that you were such,
When you came knocking at my gate,
I must confess myself to blame,
And I'm afraid you lately met
Sad treatment with that homely dame,
Who lives on what her hands can get,
Walk in with me at least to-night,
And let us set all matters right.
I know my duty, and indeed
Would help a friend in time of need.
Take such refreshment as you find,
I'm sure I mean it for the best ;

And give it with a willing mind,
To such a grave and sober guest.
So in they came, and for his picking,
Behold the table covers spread,
Instead of Goody's cheese and bread,
With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken.
And to appear in greater state,
The knives and forks with silver handles,
The candlesticks of bright (French) plate
To hold her best mould (tallow) candles.
Were all brought forth to be display'd,
In female housewifery parade,
And more the Pedlar to regale,
And make the wond'rous man her friend,
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
And port and claret without end;
They hobb'd and nobb'd, and smil'd and laugh'd,
Touch'd glasses, nam'd their toasts, and quaff'd;
Talk'd over every friend and foe,
Till eating, drinking, talking past,
The kind house-clock struck twelve at last,
When wishing Madam *bon repos*,
The pedlar pleaded weary head,
Made his low bow, and want to bed.
Wishing him then at perfect ease,
A good soft bed, a good sound sleep,
Now, gentle reader, if you please,
We'll at the lady take a peep.
She could not rest, but turn'd and tosd'
While fancy whisper'd in her brain,
That what her indiscretion last,
Her art and cunning might regain.
Such Linen to so poor a dame!
For such coarse fare! perplex'd her head;
Why might not she expect the same,
So courteous, civil, and well-bred?
And now she reckon'd up her store
Of Cambricks, Hollands, Mullins, Lawns,
Free gifts, and Purchases, and Pawns,
Resolv'd to multiply them more,
Till she had got a Stock of Linen.
Fit for a Dowager to sin in.
The morning came, when up she got,
Most ceremoniously inclin'd
To wind up her sagacious plot,
With all that civil stuff we find
'Mongst those who talk a wond'rous deal
Of what they neither mean nor feel.
How shall I, Ma'm, reply'd the Guest,
Make you a suitable return,
For your attention and concern,
And such civilities express'd
To one, who must be still in debt
For all the kindness he has met?
For this your entertainment's sake,
If ought of good my wish can do,
May what you first shall undertake,
Last without ceasing all day through.
Madam, who kindly understood
His wish effectually good,
Strait dropp'd a curtle wond'rous low,
For much she wanted him to go,
That she might look up all her store,
And turn it into thousands more.
Now all the maids were sent to look
In every cranny, hole and nook,
For every rag which they could find
Of any size, or any kind.

Draw'rs, Boxes, Closets, Chests and Cases
Were unlock'd at once to get
Her Point, her Gawz, her Prussia-net,
With fifty names of fifty kinds,
Which suit variety of minds.
How shall I now my tale pursue,
So passing strange, so passing true?
When every bit from every hoard,
Was brought and laid upon the board,
Left some more urgent obligation
Might interrupt her pleasing toil,
And marring half her application.
The promis'd hopes of profit spoil,
Before she folds a single rag,
Or takes a cap from board or bag,
That nothing might her work prevent,
(For she was now resolv'd to labour,
With earnest hope and full intent
To get the better of her neighbour)
Into the garden she would go
To do that necessary thing,
Which must by all be done, you know,
By rich and poor, and high and low,
By Male and Female, Queen and King;
She little dream'd a common action,
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
Should prove so tedious a transaction,
Or cost her such a sea of cares.
In short the streams so plenteous flow'd,
That in the dry and dusty weather,
She might have water'd all the road
For ten or twenty miles together.
What could she do? as it began,
Th' involuntary torrent ran.
Instead of folding Cap or Mob,
So dreadful was this distillation.
That from a simple watering job,
She fear'd a general inundation,
While for her Indiscretion's crime,
And coveting too great a store,
She made a river at a time,
Which sure was never done before.

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHIMES.

TO A LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And strip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their fairest hue,
Merely to be out blush'd by you.
The lilly, pale, by my direction,
Should fight the rose for your complexion;
Or I could make up sweetest posies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,
Which drooping, on your breast reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every songster can display,
I've more authorities than GAY;
Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
To pay all homage to your beauty,
And, wit's creative pow'r to show,
The very fire should mix with snow;
Your eyes, that brandish burning darts
To scorch and singe our tender hearts,

Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
And light them to their own undoing ;
While all the *snow* about your breast
Should leave them hopeless and distressed

For those who rarely soar above
The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
In their conceits and amorous fictions,
Are mighty fond of contradictions,
Above, in air ; in earth, beneath ;
And things that do, or do not breathe,
All have their parts, and separate place,
To paint the fair one's various grace.

Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show
The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.
Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,
The poet gives them all a share
In the description of his fair,
She *burns*, she *chills*, she pierces hearts
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
And could we trust th' extravagancy
Of every poet's youthful fancy,
They'd make each nymph they love so well,
As cold as snow, as hot as —

—O gentle lady, spare your fright,
No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight.
I would not for the world be heard,
To utter such *unseemly* word,
Which the pollster parson fears
To mention to pollster ears.

But, could a female form be shown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumstance should meet
To make the poet's nymph compleat
Form'd to his Fancy's utmost pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.

Come then, O muse, of trim conceit,
Muse, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unsated ear
Of *French* or *Tuscan* SONNETTEER,
Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's mistress, whore, or saint ;
Whether thou dwell'st on ev'ry grace,
Which lights the world from LAURA's face,
Or amorous praise expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph must hide ;
For wit affected, loves to show
Her every charm from top to toe,
And wanton fancy oft pursues
Minute description from the muse,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's mortal nymph divine.

Her golden locks of classic hair,
Are *nets* to catch the wanton air ;
Her forehead *ivory*, and her eyes
Each a bright *sun* to light the skies,
Orb'd in whose centre, *Cupid* aims
His darts protect us ! tipt with *flames* ;
While the fly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her brow.
Each lip a *ruby*, parting, shows
The precious *pearl* in even rows,
And all the loves and graces sleek
Bathe in the dimples of her cheek.
Her breasts pure *snow*, or white as *milk*,
Are *ivory* apples, smooth as silk,

Or else, as fancy trips on faster,
Fine *marble* hills or *alabaster*.

A figure made of wax wou'd please
More than an aggregate of these,
Which though they are of precious worth,
And held in great esteem on earth,
What are they, rightly understood,
Compar'd to real flesh and blood ?

And I, who hate to act by rules
Of whining, rhiming, loving fools,
Can never twist my mind about
To find such strange resemblance out,
And smile that's only fit
To shew my plentiful lack of wit.
Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
Wounds, sighs and tears ; and bleeding hearts,
Obeying, what I here declare,
Makes half my happiness, the Fair,
The favourite subject I pursue,
And write, as who would not, for you.

Perhaps my muse, a common curse,
Errs in the manner of her verse,
Which, slouching in the doggel lay,
Goes titup all her easy way.
Yes—an Acrotic had been better,
Where each good natured prattling letter,
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name,

But all Acrostics, it is said,
Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.

I love a fanciful disorder,
And straggling out of rule and order ;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's so full of you.

Like TRISTRAM SHANDY, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning,
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigued myself, pursue
The civil mode of teasing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumstance in story telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Describe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiously exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders *undefiled*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired ;
So they who take a method worse,
And *prose* away, like me, in *verse*,
Worry their mistress, friends or betters,
With satire, sonnet, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleasing follows
Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.

—Yet let it be a venial crime
That I address you thus in rhyme.
Nor think that I am *Pharbus*-bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meanest critic knows
All females have a knack at *prose*,
And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the most delight in ;
Bold is the man, whose fauzy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim ;

A double death the victim dies,
Wounded by wit as well as eyes.

—With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
And put a nettle next a rose?
Who would, so long as taste prevails,
Compare St. *James's* with *Verfailles*?
The nightingale, as story goes,
Fam'd for the music of his woes,
In vain against the artist try'd,
But strain'd his tuneful throat—and died.

Perhaps I fought the rhiming way,
For reasons which have pow'rful sway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues
The nymph he's sure will not refuse.
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair;
Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehension and desire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs to make them spin.

For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.

Now Poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Strait go a courting to the muse.
But still some difference we find
'Twixt goddesses and human kind;
The muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,
On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score
Of *Phylisses* and *Delias* more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic muse by turns;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Altho' he take them all to bed.
The muse detests coquetry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.

Jilt! O dishonest hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame.
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With smile endearing, winning look,
And wind them in the easy heart
Of man, with most ensnaring art,
Only to torture and betray
The wretch they mean to cast away.
No doubt 'tis charming pleasant angling
To see the poor fond creatures dangling,
Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
And gorge the mischief they should hate.
Yet sure such cruelties deface
Your virtues of their fairest grace.

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And pity, which in woman's breast,
Should swim at top of all the rest,
Must such insidious sport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.

So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a traveller's word,
(Authority may pass it down,
So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
At Metz, a dreadful engine stands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely dress'd, with primmest grace,
Receives the culprit's first embrace;
But at the second (dismal wonder!)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.
You'll say, perhaps I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.

A Robin once, who lov'd to stray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,
—In short, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *Eagle's* place:
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wish'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.

Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A parrot, dress'd in red and green,
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd, swore and ly'd—by rote.
“Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
“When honour and affection fail.”
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird or man,
None sure can think it wrong, or strange,
That ladies should admire a change.
The Parrot now came into play,
The Robin! he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
So fled—and ne'er came back again.

THE

COBLER OF TISSINGTON'S LETTER

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

MY predecessors often use
To cobble verse as well as shoes;
As PARTRIDGE (*vide* SWIFT's disputes)
Who turn'd BOOTES into boots,
Ah!—PARTRIDGE!—I'll be bold to say
Was a rare scholar in his day.
He'd tell you when t'wou'd rain, and when
The weather would be fine again;

2 D

Precisely when your bones *should* ache,
 And when grow found! by th' almanack.
 For he knew ev'ry thing, d'y'e see,
 By, what d'y'e call't, astrology,
 And skill'd in all the starry system,
 Foretold events, and often mist' em.
 And then it griev'd me sore to look
 Just at the *heel-piece* of his book,
 Where stood a man, Lord bless my heart!
 (No doubt by *matthew maticks* art,)
 Naked, expos'd to public view,
 And darts stuck in him through and through.
 I warrant him some hardy fool,
 Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,
 And dar'd blasphemously despise
 Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
 Full dearly he abides his laugh,
 I'm sure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.

Excuse this bit of a digression,
 A cobbler's is a learn'd profession.
 Why may not I too couple rhimes?
 My wit will not disgrace the times;
 I too, forsooth, among the rest,
 Claim one advantage, and the best,
 I scarce know writing, have no reading,
 Nor any kind of scholar breeding;
 And wanting that's the sole foundation
 Of half your poets' reputation.
 While genius, perfect at its birth,
 Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.

You know they send me to and fro
 To carry messages or so;
 And though I'm somewhat old and crazy,
 I'm still of service to the lazy,
 For our good squire has no great notion
 Of much alacrity in motion,
 And when there's miles betwixt you know
 Would rather *send* by half than *go*;
 Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
 And bear myself by way of card.
 I'm a two-legg'd excuse to show
 Why other people cannot go;
 And merit sure I must assume,
 For once I went in GARRICK's room.

In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard
 To come to town, as trav'ling card,
 Then let the post convey me there,
 The clerk's direction tell him where,
 For, though I ramble at this rate
 He writes it all, and I *dictate*;
 For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,
 (Who keeps a school, and goes to *labour*)
 To tell you all things as they pass;
 Cobblers will go beyond their last,
 And so I'm told will authors too,
 —But that's a point I leave to you;
 Cobbling extends a thousand ways,
 Some cobble shoes, some cobble plays;
 Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
 It makes a body write for ever.
 While with the motion of the pen,
 METRON pops in and out again,
 So, as I said, I thought it better,
 To set me down and *think* a letter,
 And without any more ado,
 Seal up my mind, and send it you.
 You'll ask me, master, why I chuse
 To plague your worship with my muse?

I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
 I though cobbler, yet I love my friend.
 Besides, I like you merry folks,
 Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
 Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
 I love a story, or a song;
 But always feel most grievous qualms,
 From WESLEY's hymns, or WISDOM's psalms*.

My father often told me, one day
 Was for religion—that was Sunday,
 When I should go to prayers twice,
 And hear our parson battle vice;
 And dress'd in all my finest cloaths,
 Twang the *psalmody* through my nose.
 But betwixt churches, for relief,
 Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast-beef;
 And cheerful, without sin, regale
 With good home brew'd, and nappy ale,
 But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
 And *dry* religious fingering meetings.
 But here comes folks a-preaching to us
 A *saving* doctrine to *undo* us,
 Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
 Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
 I'll give my pleasure up for no man
 And an't I right now, master SNOW-MAN?
 You seem'd to me a person civil,
 Our parson gives you to the devil;
 And says, as how, that after grace,
 You laugh'd directly in his face;
 Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a sinner)
 I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
 Not for the sake of master's fare,
 But to have seen the doctor stare,
 Odzooks, I think, he's perfect mad,
 Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
 For wherefoe'er the doctor comes,
 He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
 And mutters, in a broken rage,
 The MINOR, GARRICK, FOOT, the STAGE;
 (For I must blab it out—but hilt,
 His reverence is a *methodist*)
 And preaches like an errant fury,
 'Gainst all your *show* folks about DRURY,
 Says actors all are hellish imps,
 And managers the devil's pimps.
 He knows not what he sets about;
 Puts on his surplice inside out,
 Mistakes the lessons in the church,
 Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
 And t'other day—God help his head,
 The gardener's wife being brought to bed,
 When sent for to baptize the child
 His wig awry, and staring wild,
 He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
 And read the burial service o'er him.
 —The folks must wait without their shoes,
 For I must tell you all the news.
 For we have had a deal to do,
 Our squire's become a show-man too!
 And horse and foot arrive in flocks
 To see his worship's famous rocks,
 Whilst, he with humorous delight,
 Walks all about and shews the fight,

* Robert Wisdom was an early translator of the Psalms. Wood says, "he was a good Latin and English poet of his time." He died 1568.

Points out the place, where trembling you
Had like t' have bid the world adieu ;
It bears the sad remembrance still,
And people call it GARRICK's Hill.
The goats their usual distance keep,
We never have recourse to sheep ;
And the whole scene wants nothing now,
Except your ferry-boat and cow.
I had a great deal more to say,
But I am sent express away,
To fetch the squire's three children down
To TISSINGTON from DERBY town ;
And ALLEN says he'll mend my rhyme,
When e'er I write a second time.

THE

COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

UNUS'D to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
Of drudging on in heavy prose,
Day after day, year after year,
Which I have sent the GAZETTEER ;
Now, for the first time I essay
To write in your own easy way.
And now, O LLOYD, I wish I had,
To go that road your ambling pad,
While you, with all a poet's pride,
On the great horse of verse might ride.
You leave the road that's rough and stoney,
To pace and whistle with your poney ;
Sad proof to us you're *lazy* grown,
And fear to gall your huckle bone.
For he who rides a nag so small,
Will soon we fear, ride none at all.

There are, and nought gives more offence,
Who have some fav'rite excellence,
Which evermore they introduce,
And bring it into constant use.
Thus GARRICK still in ev'ry part
Has pause, and attitude, and start :
The pause, I will allow, is good,
And so, perhaps, the attitude ;
The start too's fine : but if not scarce,
The tragedy becomes a farce.

I have too, pardon me, some quarrel,
With other branches of your laurel.
I hate the stile, that still defends
Yourself, or praises all your friends,
As if the club of wits was met
To make eulogiums on the *Set* ;
Say, must the town for ever hear,
And no *Reviewer* dare to sneer,
Of THORNTON's humour, GARRICK's nature,
And COLMAN's wit, and CHURCHILL's satire ;
CHURCHILL, who—let it not offend,
If I make free, though he's your friend,
And sure we cannot want excuse,
When CHURCHILL nam'd for smart abuse—
CHURCHILL ! who ever loves to raise
On slander's dung his mushroom bays :

The priest, I grant, has something clever,
A something that will last for ever :
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whose muse, now queen, and now a flatterer,
Trick'd out in ROSCIAD rules the roast,
Turns trapes and trollop in the GHOST,
By turns both tickles us, and warms,
And, drunk or sober, has her charms.

GARRICK, to whom with lath and plaister
You try to raise a fine pilaster,
And found on LEAR and MACBETH,
His monument e'en after death,
GARRICK's a dealer in grimaces,
A haberdasher of wry faces,
A hypocrite, in all his stages,
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages ;
As undertakers' men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and sob,
And of their passions make a job.

And COLMAN too, that little sinner,
That effy-weaver, drama-spinner,
Too much the comic *Set* will use,
For 'tis the law must find him *Stoos*.
And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He swims, and has a pretty motion,
Inform him, LLOYD, for all his grin
That HARRY FIELDING holds his chin.

Now higher soar, my muse, and higher,
To BONNEL THORNTON, hight Esquire !
The only man to make us laugh,
A very PETER PARAGRAPH ;
The grand conductor and adviser
In CHRONICLE, and ADVERTISER,
Who still delights to run his rig
On *Citizen* and *Perriwig* !
Good sense, I know, though dash'd with oddity,
In THORNTON is no scarce commodity :
Much learning too I can defery,
Beneath his perriwig doth lie.

—I beg his pardon, I declare,
His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,
Which now the wag with ease can scruce.
With dirty ribband in a queue—
But why neglect (his trade forsaking
For scribbling, and for merry-making,)
With tye to overshadow that brain,
Which might have shewn in WARWICK-LANE ?
Why not, with spectacles on nose,
In chariot lazily repose,
A formal, pompous, deep physician,
HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION ?

But hold, my Muse ! you run a-head :
And where's the clue that shall unthread
The maze, wherein you are entangled ?
While out of tune the bells are jangled
Through rhimes rough road that serve to deck
My jaded Pegasus his neck.
My muse with LLOYD alone contends :
Why then fall foul upon his friends ?
Unless to shew like handy-dandy,
Or CHURCHILL's GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHAN-
DY.

Now here, now there, with quick progression,
How smartly you can make digression :
Your rambling spirit now confine,
And speak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean
By cobbling up a MAGAZINE ?

A MAGAZINE, a wretched Olio
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From Pamphlet, News-paper, and Book ;
Which toft up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine fhares, and titles new,
Of fricaftee or rich ragout,
Which dunces drefs, as well as you.

Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble through this narrow hoop ?
The body thrives, and fo the mind,
When both are free and unconfin'd ;
But harnefs'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly ftage of wit,
The racer tumbles in the shaft,
And fhews he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, flaves of taite,
Who bind in leathern belt their waift,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to fee the strutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumfcription of the belt.
Thus women too we ideots call,
Who lace their fhares too clofe and fmall.
Tight ftays, they find, oft end in humps,
And take, too late, alas ! to jumps.
The chinefe ladies cramp their feet,
Which feem, indeed, both fmall and neat,
While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
And can do every thing—but walk ;
Thus you, “ who trip it as you go
On the light fantaftic toe,”

And in the *Ring* are never feen,
Or *Rotten-Row* of Magazine,
Will cramp your mufe in four-foot verfe,
And find at laft your eafe your curfe.
CLIO already humbly begs
You'd give her leave to ftretch her legs,
For though fometimes fhe takes a leap,
Yet quadrupeds can only creep.

While Namby-Pamby thus you fcribble,
Your manly genius a mere fribble,
Pinn'd down, and fickly, cannot vapour,
Nor dares to fpring, or cut a caper.

Rouse then, for fhame, your ancient fpirit !
Write a great work ! a work of merit !
The conduct of your friend examine,
And give a PROPHECY OF FAMINE ;
Or like yourfelf, in days of yore,
Write ACTORS, as you did before :
Write what may pow'rful friends create you.
And make your prefent friends all hate you.
Learn not a fhuffling, shambling, pace,
But go erect with manly grace ;
For OVID fays, and pry thee heed it,
Os homini fublime dedit.
But if you ftill waite all your prime
In fpinning Lilliputian rhyme,
Too long your genius will lie fallow,
And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

ON RHYME.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BRING paper, Afh, and let me fend
My hearty fervice to my friend.

How pure the paper looks and white !
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour fcrrawl
With desperate ink, and heart of gall !
Yet thus it often fares with thofe
Who, gay and eafy in their *profe*,
Incur ill-natures ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.

No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous focial mind,
Than CHURCHILL, yet though CHURCHILL hear,
I will pronounce him too fevere,
For, whether fcribbled at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.

Yet let me urge one honeft plea ?
Say, is the Mufe in fault or He ?
The man, whose genius thirfts for praife,
Who boldly plucks, not waits the bays ;
Who drives his rapid car along,
And feels the energy of fong ;
Writes, from the *impulfe* of the Mufe,
What fober reafon might refufe.

My Lord, who lives and writes at eafe,
(Sure to be pleas'd, as fure to pleafe)
And draws from filver-ftand his pen,
To fcribble fonnets *now* and *then* ;
Who writes not what he truly feels,
But rather what he filly feels,
And patches up in courtly phrafe,
The manly fenfe of better days ;
Whofe dainty Mufe is only kift ;
But as his dainty lordfhip lift,
Who treats her like a *Miftrefs* ftill,
To turn her off and keep at will ;
Knows not the labour, pains and ftrife,
Of him who takes the Mufe to *Wife*.
For then the poor good-natur'd man
Must bear his burden as he can ;
And if my lady prove a fhrew,
What would you have the husband do ?

Say, fhould he thwart her inclination
To work his own, and her vexation ?
Or giving madam all her rein,
Make marriage but a filken chain ?
Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,
Receive their orders, and obey,
Like husbands in the common way :
And when we write with too much phlegm,
The fault is not in us, but them :
True fervants always at command,
We hold the pen ; they guide the hand.

Why need I urge fo plain a fact
To you who catch me in the act ?
And fee me, (ere I've faid my grace,
That is, put SIX in proper place,
Or with epiftolary bow,
Have prefac'd, as I fcarce know how.)

You see me, as I said before,
Run up and down a page or more,
Without one word of tribute due
To friendship's altar, and to you.
Accept, then, in or out of time,
My honest thanks, though writ in rhyme.
And these once paid, (to obligations
Repeated thanks grow stale vexations,
And hurt the liberal donor more,
Than all his lavish gifts before,)
I skip about, as whim prevails,
Like your own frisky goats in WALES,
And follow where the Muse shall lead,
O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.

Well might the * Lordly writer praise
The first inventor of *Essays*,
Where wanton fancy gaily rambles,
Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
And all things may be sung or said,
While drowsy METROD's gone to bed,
And blest the poet, or the rhymist,
(For surely none of the sublimest)
Who prancing in his easy mode;
Down this epistolary road,
First taught the Muse to play the fool,
A truant from the pedant's school,
And skipping, like a tasteless dunce,
O'er all the UNITIES at once;
(For so we keep but clink and rhyme,
A fig for ACTION, PLACE, and TIME.)

But critics, (who still judge by rules,
Transmitted down as guides to fools,
And howsoever they prate about 'em,
Drawn from wise folks who writ without 'em;)
Will blame this frolic, wild excursion,
Which fancy takes for her diversion,
As inconsistent with the law,
Which keeps the sober Muse in awe,
Who dares not for her life dispense,
With such *mechanic* chains for sense.

Yet men are often apt to blame
Those errors they'd be proud to claim,
And if their skill, of pigmy size,
To glorious darings cannot rise,
From critic spleen and pedant phlegm,
Would make all genius creep with them.

Nay e'en professors of the art,
To prove their wit betray their heart,
And speak against themselves, to show,
What they would hate the world shou'd know,
As when the measur'd couplets curse,
The manacles of Gothic verse,
While the trim bard in *easy* strains,
Talks much of *fetters*, *clags*, and *chains*;
He only aims that you should think,
How charmingly he makes them clink.
So have I seen in tragic stride,
The hero of the Mourning Bride,
Sullen and sulky tread the stage:
Till, fixt attention to engage,
He flings his fetter'd arms about,
That all may find ALPHONSO out.

Oft have I heard it said by those,
Who most shou'd blush to be her foes,
That rhyme's impertinent vexation,
Shackles the brave imagination,

* Shaftsbury.

Which longs with eager zeal to try
Her trackless path above the sky,
But that the clog upon her feet,
Restrains her flight, and damps her heat.

From BOILEAU down to his translators,
Dull paraphraists, and imitators,
All rail at metre at the time
They write and owe their sense to rhyme.
Had HE so maul'd his gentle foe,
But for that lucky word QUINEAUT?
Or had his strokes been half so fine,
Without that closing name COTIN?
Yet dares He on this very theme,
His own APOLLO to blaspheme,
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and sense,
And murders which ensu'd from thence,
As if they both resolv'd to meet,
Like Theban sons, in mutual heat,
Forgetful of the ties of brother,
To maim and massacre each other.

'Tis true, sometimes to costive brains,
A couplet costs exceeding pains;
But where the fancy waits the skill
Of fluent easy drest at will,
The thoughts are oft, like colts which stray
From fertile meads, and lose their way,
Clapt up and fasten'd in the pound
Of measur'd rhyme, and barren sound.

—What are these jarring notes I hear,
Grating harsh discord on my ear!
How shrill, how coarse, th' unsettled tone,
Alternate 'twixt a squeak and drone,
Worse than the scrannel pipe of straw,
Or music grinding on a saw!
Will none that horrid fiddle break?

—O spare it for GIARDINI's sake.
'Tis *His*, and only errs by chance,
Play'd by the hand of ignorance,

From this allusion I infer,
'Tis not the art, but artists err,
And rhyme's a fliddle, sweet indeed,
When touch'd by those who well can lead,
Whose varied notes harmonious flow,
In tones prolong'd from sweeping bow;
But harsh the sounds to ear and mind,
From the poor fidler lame and blind,
Who begs in music at your door.

And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.
Some MILTON-mad, (an affectation
Glean'd up from college education)
Approve no verse, but that which flows
In epithetic measur'd prose,
With trim expressions daily drest
Stol'n misapply'd, and not confess,
And call it writing in the stile
Of that great HOMER of our isle.
Whilom, what time, effusions and erst,
(So prose is oftentimes *beverst*)
Sprinkled with quaint fantastic phrase,
Uncouth to ears of modern days,
Make up the metre, which they call
Blank, CLASSICK BLANK, their All in All.

Can only blank admit sublime?
Go read and measure DRYDEN's rhyme.
Admire the magic of his song,
See how his numbers roll along,
With ease and strength and varied pause,
Nor cramp'd by sound, nor metre's laws.

Is harmony the gift of rhyme?

Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
Where taste, not wantonly severe,
May find the measure, not the ear,

As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
I deem it as the subjects lead,
That either measure will succeed.

That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy numbers, force and wit;
But though each couplet has its strength,
It palls in works of epic length.

For who can bear to read or hear,
Though not offensive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely sing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,

Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeless, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity such laborious toil,
And less of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But still, (though peace be to the dead,)
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.

So have I seen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horses eight,
Pair'd like great folks who strut in state:
While the gay steeds, as proud as strong,
Drag the slow tottering weight along,
Each as the steep ascent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.

The Muses dwell on OVID's tongue,
For OVID never said, but *sung*,
And POPE (for POPE affects the same)
In numbers *lisp'd*, for numbers came.
Thus, in historic page I've read
Of some queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
Who could not either cough or spit,
Without some precious flow of wit,
While her fair lips were as a spout,
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.

Yet though dame nature may bestow
This nack of verse, and jingling flow:
(And thousands have that impulse felt,
With whom the Muses never dwell)
Though it may save the lab'ring brain
From many a thought-perplexing pain,
And while the rhyme presents itself,
Leaves BYSSHE untouch'd upon the shelf;
Yet more demand the critic ear,
Than the two catch-words in the rear,
Which stand like watchmen in the close,
To keep the verse from being prose,
But when reflection has refin'd
This boist'rous bias of the mind.
When harmony enriches sense,
And borrows stronger charms from thence,
When genius steers by judgment's laws
When proper cadence, varied pause
Shew nature's strength combin'd with art,
And through the ear possess the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, scab—mere rhymes—no more.

Some boast, which none could e'er impart,
A secret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to Bards of antient time.

And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
To all who enter PHOEBUS' school,
To make the metre strong and fine,
Poets write first your *second* line.

'Tis folly ill—No poet flows
In tuneful verse, who thinks in prose;
And all the mighty secret here
Lies in the niceness of the ear.

E'en in this measure, when the muse,
With genuine ease, her way pursues,
Though the affect to hide her skill,
And walks the town in dishabille,
Something peculiar will be seen
Of air, or grace, in shape or mien,
Which will, though carelessly display'd,
Distinguish MADAM from her maid.

Here, by the way of critic sample,
I give the precept and example.
Four feet, you know, in every line
Is PRIOR's measure, and is mine;
Yet Taste wou'd ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.

Yet, take it on a Poet's word,
There are who foolishly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By sticking close to imitation.

A double rhyme is often fought
At strange expence of time and thought;
And though sometimes a lucky hit
May give a zest to BUTLER's wit;
Whatever makes the measure halt
Is beauty seldom, oft a fault
For when we see the wit and pains,
The twisting of the stubborn brains,
To cramp the sense within the bound
Of some queer double trouble sound:
Hard is the Muses's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd sense, and EASE in PAIN;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.

But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both simile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and Muses please,
I talk so much of ease and ease,
Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,
I scarce have thought of yours before.

'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
'Tis a rare science when to end,
As 'tis with wits a common sin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, Sir, (at last indeed) adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
APOLLO whispers you in rhyme,
Or Lady Fancy should dispose
Your mind to sally out in prose,
I shall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The Muse's mail from FLEKNY's drive.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR

A HAMPER OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitiis imitabile. Hor.

FOND of the loose familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The Muse is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone;
And though perhaps her p'w'rs of rhyme,
Might rise to fancies more sublime,
Prefers this easy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-bar'd ODE,
Or starting in the Classic race
Jack-booted for an EPIC chace.

That Bard, as other Bards, divine,
Who was a *facris* to the Nine,
DAN PRIOR I mean, with natural ease,
(For what's not nature cannot please)
Would sometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now;
And howso'er the critic train
May hold my judgment rather vain,
Allow me *one* resemblance true,
I have my friend, a SHEPHERD * too.

You know, dear Sir, the Muses nine,
Though sober Maids are wooed in wine,
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
You've found my dangling foible out,
Send me nectareous inspiration,
Though others read Intoxication.
For there are those who vainly use
This grand Elixir of the Muse,
And fancy in their apish fit,
An idle trick of maudlin wit,
Their genius takes a daring flight,
'Bove PINDUS, or PLINLIMON's height:
Whilt more of madman than of poet,
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.

The Bard, whose charming measure flows
With all the native ease of prose,
Who, without flashy vain pretence,
Has best adorn'd Eternal Sense,
And, in his cheerful moral page,
Speaks to mankind in every age;
Tells us, from folks whose situation
Makes them the mark of observation,
Example oft gives Folly rise,
And Imitation clings to Vice.

ENNIUS could never write, 'tis said,
Without a bottle in his head;
And your own HORACE quaff'd his wine
In plenteous draughts at BACCHUS' shrine:
Nay, ADDISON would oft unbend,
T'indulge his *genius* with a friend;
(For fancy, which is often dry,
Must wet her wings, or cannot fly)

What precedents for fools to follow
Are BEN the DEVIL and APOLLO!
While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
Parent of stupid imitation,
Intrinsic proper worth neglects,
And copies Errors and Defects.

The man, secure in strength of Parts,
Has no recourse to shuffling Arts,
Seeks not his nature to disguise,
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
His wit, his faults at once displays,
Careless of envy, or of praise;
And squibbles, which we often find
Just on the surface of the mind,
Strike common eyes, which can't discern
What to avoid, and what to learn.

Errors in wit conspicuous grow,
To use GAY's words, like specks in snow;
Yet it were kind, at least, to make
Allowance for the merit's sake;
And when such beauties fill the eye,
To let the blemishes go by.
Plague on your philosophic sots!
I'll view the sun without its spots.

Wits are peculiar in their mode;
They cannot bear the hackney road
And will contract habitual ways,
Which sober people cannot praise,
And fools admire: Such fools I hate;
—Begone, ye slaves, who imitate.

Poor SPURIOUS! eager to destroy
And murder hours he can't enjoy,
The last of wittings, next to dunce,
Would fain turn Genius all at once,
But that the wretch mistakes his aim,
And thinks a Libertine the same.
Connected as the hand and glove,
Is Madam POETRY and LOVE;
Shall not *He* then possess his Muse,
And fetch CORINNA from the stews,
The burthen of his amorous verse,
And charming melter of his purse,
While happy REBUS tells the name
Of His and DUNNY's common Flame?
How will the wretch at BACCHUS' shrine,
Betray the cause of wit and wine,
And waste in bawdy, port, and pun,
In taste a very GOTH or HUN,
Those little hours, of value more
Than all the round of time before;
When fancy brightens with the flask,
And the heart speaks without a mask?

Must THOU, whose genius, dull and cool,
Is muddy as the stagnant pool;
Whose torpid soul and sluggish brains,
Dullness pervades, and Wine disdains;
Must THOU to nightly taverns run,
APOLLO's guest, and JONSON's son?
And in thy folly's beastly fit,
Attempt the fallies of a wit?
Art thou the child of PHOEBUS' choir?
Think of the Adage—*Afs and Lyre*.*

If thou wouldst really succeed,
And be a *mimic* wit indeed,
Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD's blows,
Or like WILL. DAVENANT lose your nose.

* Dr. Richard Shepherd, Author of a didactic Poem called *The Nuptials*.

* *Afinus ad Lyram*.

O LUCIAN, Sire of ancient wit,
 Who wedding HUMOUR, diſt beget
 Thoſe doctors in the laughing ſchool,
 Thoſe Giant ſons of RIDICULE,
 SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and † that favourite Child,
 Who, leſs excentrically wild,
 Inverts the miſanthropic Plan,
 And hating vices, hates not Man:
 How do I love thy gibling vein!
 Which glances at the mimic train
 Of ſots, who proud of modern beaux
 Of birth-day ſuits, and tinsel cloaths,
 Affecting cynical grimace
 With philoſophic ſtupid face,
 In dirty hue, with naked feet,
 In rags and tatters, ſtrole the ſtreet;
 OSTENSIVELY exceeding wiſe;
 But Knaves, and Fools, and walking Lies,
 External Mimicry their plan,
 The monkey's copy after Man.

Wits too poſſeſs this affectation,
 And live a life of imitation,
 Are Slovens, Revelers and Brutes,
 Laborious, abſent, prattlers, Mutes,
 From ſome example handed down
 Of ſome great Genius of Renown.

If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
 Could bite his fingers to the quick,
 Shall not I nibble from deſign,
 And be an ADDISON to mine?
 If POPE moſt feelingly complains
 Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
 My head and arm his poſture hit,
 And I already ache for wit.
 If CHURCHILL, following nature's call,
 Has head that never aches at all,
 With burning brow, and heavy eye,
 I'll give my looks and pain the Lye.

If huge tall words of termination,
 Which aſk a Critic's explanation,
 Come rolling out along with thought,
 And ſeem to ſtand juſt where they ought;
 If language more in grammar dreſt,
 With greater emphasis expreſt,
 Unſtudied, unaffected flows,
 In ſome great Wit's converſing-proſe:
 If from the tongue the period round
 Fall into ſtile, and ſwell the ſound,
 'Tis nature which herſelf diſplays,
 And JOHNSON ſpeaks a JOHNSON's phraſe.

But can you hear, without a ſmile,
 The formal coxcomb ape his ſtile,
 Who, moſt dogmatically wiſe,
 Attempts to cenſure, and deſpiſe,
 Affecting what he cannot reach,
 A trim propriety of ſpeech?
 What though his pompous Language wear
 The grand deciſive ſolemn Air,
 Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
 And ſentences are weighed in ſcales,
 Can you bow down: with reverend awe
 Before this puppet king of ſtraw?
 Or huſh'd in mute contention ſit,
 To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,

† The late inimitable HENRY FIELDING, Eſq.

PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
 And to compleat them all this—DUNCE?
 —All this you'll ſay is mighty fine,
 But what has this to do with Wine?

Have patience and the Muſe ſhall tell
 What you my friend, know full as well,
 Vices in Poets, Wits and Kings,
 Are catching, imitable things;
 And frailties ſtanding out to view,
 Become the objects fools purſue.
 Thus have I pictures often ſeen,
 Where features neither ſpeak nor mean,
 Yet ſpite of all, the Face will ſtrike,
 And mads us that it ſhould be like,
 When all the near reſemblance grows,
 From ſcratch or pimple on the Noſe.

To Poets then (I mean not here
 The ſcribbling Drudge, or ſcribbling Peer,
 Nor thoſe who have the monthly fit,
 The Lunatics of modern Wit)
 To Poets Wine is inſpiration,
 Blockheads get drunk in imitation.

As different Liquors different ways
 Affect the body, ſometimes raiſe
 The fancy to an Eagle's flight,
 And make the heart feel wondrous light;
 At other times the circling mug,
 Like LETHE's draught, or opiate drug,
 Will ſtrike the ſenſes on a heap,
 When Folks talk wiſe, who talk aſleep;
 A whimſical imagination,
 Might from a whimſical relation,
 How every Author writes and thinks
 Analogous to what he drinks,
 While quaint Conjecture's lucky hit,
 Finds out his beverage in his Wit.

Ye goodly dray-nymph Muſes, hail!
 MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE,
 And chiefly thou of boateſt fame,
 Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name;
 O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry ſteals,
 His ſtockings dangling at his heels,
 To where ſome pendant head invites
 The Bard to ſet his own to rights,
 Who ſeeks thy influence divine,
 And pours libations on thy ſhrine,
 In wormwood draughts of inſpiration,
 To whet his ſoul for defamation.

Hail too, your Domes! whoſe Maſter's ſkill
 Takes up illuſtrious folks at will,
 And careleſs of of place or name,
 Beheads and hangs to public ſhame
 Fine garter'd Knights, blue, red, or green,
 Lords, Earls and Dukes, nay King, or Queen,
 And ſometimes pairs them both together,
 To dangle to the wind and weather;
 Or claps ſome mighty General there,
 Who has not any head to ſpare.
 Or if it more his fancy ſuit,
 Pourtrays or fiſh, or bird, or brute.
 And lures the gaping, thirſty gueſt,
 To SCOTT's entire, or TRUUMAN's beſt.

Ye chequer'd Domes thrice hail! for hence
 The fire of Wit, the froth of Senſe,
 Here gentle Puns, ambiguous Joke,
 Burſt forth oracular in ſmoke,
 And inſpiration pottle deep
 Forgets her ſons, and falls aſleep.

Hence issue Treatises and Rhymes,
The Wit and Wonder of the Times,
Hence Scandal, Piracies and Lies,
Defensive Pamphlets on Excise,
The murd'rous Articles of News,
And pert THEATRICAL REVIEWS.
Hither, as to their U'ns, repair,
Bard, Publisher, and minor Play'r,
And o'er the Porter's foaming head
Their venom'd malice nightly shed,
And aim their batteries of dirt
At Genius, which they cannot hurt.
Smack not *their* works, if verse or prose
Offend your eye, or ear, or nose,
So frothy, vapid, stale, hum-drum,
Of STINGO, PORTER, PURL and MUM?
And when the muse *politely* jokes,
Cannot you find the Lady smokes?
And spite of all her inspiration,
Betrays her alehouse education?

Alas! how very few are found,
Whose style tastes neat and full and sound!
In WILMOT's loose ungovern'd vein
There is, I grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAGNE,
And DORSET's lines all palates hit,
The very BURGUNDY of wit.
But when, obedient to the mode
Of panegyric, courtly ode,
The bard bestrides his annual hack,
In vain I taste, and sip and smack,
I find no flavour of the SACK.
But while I ramble and refine
On flavour, Style, and Wit and Wine,
Your Claret, which I would not waste,
Recalls me to my proper taste;
So ending, as 'tis more than time,
At once my Letter, glass and rhyme,
I take this bumper off to you,
'Tis SHEPHERD's health—dear friend, adieu.

THE CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A F A B L E.

"NO author ever spar'd a brother:
Wits are game cocks to one another."
But no antipathy so strong,
Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long
As that which rages in the breast
Of critic, and of wit-poest:
When, eager for some bold emprise,
WIT, Titan-like, affects the skies,
When, full of energy divine,
The mighty dupe of all the nine,
Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
The critic comes, and cuts the string;
Hence dire contention often grows
Twixt man of verse, and man of prose;
While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
And measures wit by line and rule,
And, as he lops off fancy's limb,
Turns executioner of whim;
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While genius, which too oft disdains
To bear e'en honourable chains;
(Such as a sheriff's self might wear
Or grace the wisdom of a may'r)
Turns rebel to dame REASON's throne
And holds no judgment like his own.
Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
In idle threats that cannot hurt,
Methinks they waste a deal of time,
Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme
And when the angry bard exclaims,
And calls a thousand paltry names,
He doth his critic mighty wrong,
And hurts the dignity of song.

The prefatory matter past
The tale, or story, comes at last.
A candle stuck in flaring state
Within the nozzle of French plate,
Tow'ring aloft with smoaky light,
The snuff and flame of wondrous height;
(For, virgin yet of amputation,
No force had check'd its inclination)
Sullen address'd with conscious pride,
The Dormant snuffers at his side.
"Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim
" Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
" Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,
" See how my beams triumphant soar!
" See how I gayly blaze alone
" With strength, with lustre all my own.
" Lustre, good fir!" the snuffers cried,
" Alas! how ignorant is pride!
" Thy light which wavers round the room,
" Shews as the counterfeits of gloom,
" Thy snuff which idly tow'rs so high
" Will waste thy essence by and by,
" Which, as I prize thy lustre dear
" I fain would lop to make thee clear.
" Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,
" Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze;
" You shine but as a beggar's link,
" To burn away, and die in stink,
" No merit waits unsteady light,
" You must burn true as well as bright."
Poets like candles all are puffers,
And critics are the candle snuffers.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

TO WILLIAM KENRICK.

THOUGH pilot in the ship no more,
To bring the cargo safe to shore*;
Permit, as time and place afford,
A passenger to come aboard.
The shepherd who survey'd the deep,
When all its tempests were asleep,

* When this was published in the Saint James's Magazine Mr. Lloyd had relinquished the conduct of that work to Mr. Kenrick.

Dreamt not of danger ; glad was he
To sell his flock, and put to sea ;
The consequence has *Æsop* told,
He lost his venture, sheep and gold.
So fares it with us sons of rhyme,
From doggrel wit, to wit sublime ;
On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
No sands affright, no rocks appear ;
No lightnings blast, no thunders roar,
No furies lash the peaceful shore ;
Till, all too vent'rous from the land,
The tempests dash us on the strand :
Then the low pirate boards the deck,
And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.

The harlot muse so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray ;
Though for a while, with easy air,
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
With fancy's transitory gleams.
Fond of the nothings the bestwags,
We wake at last to real woes.

Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
Consider well the poet's case ;
By turns protected and caref'd,
Defam'd, dependent, and distress'd ;
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves ;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
Too lacquey rogues, or flatter friends ;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live :
The bubble same intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain ;
He quits the world he never priz'd,
Pitied by few, by more despis'd ;
And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy *LEE*, neglected *GAY*,
The shabby *OTWAY*, *DRYDEN* grey,
Those tuneful servants of the nine,
(Not that I blend their name with mine)
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.
At first the Poet idly strays
Along the greenward path of praise,
Till on his journies up and down,
To see, and to be seen, in town,
What with ill-natur'd slings and robs
Prom slippant bucks, and hackney scrubs,
His toils through dust, through dirt, through gravel,
Take off his appetite for travel.

Transient is fame's immediate breath,
Though it blows stronger after death ;
Own then, with *MARTIAL*, after fate
If glory comes, she comes too late.
For who'd his time and labour give
For praise, by which he cannot live ?

But in *APOLLO*'s court of fame
(In this all courts are much the same)
By *FAVOUR* folks must make their way,
FAVOUR, which lasts, perhaps, a day,
And when you've whirl'd yourself about
To wriggle in, you're wriggled out.
'Tis from the sunshine of her eyes
Each courtly insect lives or dies ;

'Tis she dispenses all the graces
Of profits, pensions, honours, places,
And in her light capricious fits
Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
Gives vices, folly, dullness birth,
Nay stamps the currency on worth ;
'Tis she that lends the muse a spur,
And even *Kissing* goes by Her.

Far in the sea a temple stands
Built by dame *ERROR*'s hasty hands,
Where in her dome of lucid shells
The visionary goddess dwells,
Here o'er her subject sons of earth
Regardless of or place, or worth,
She rules triumphant ; and supplies
The gaping world with hopes and lies,
Her throne, which weak and tott'ring seems,
Is built upon the wings of dreams ;
The fickle winds her altars bear
Which quiver to the shifting air ;
Hither hath *REASON* seldom brought
The child of *VIRTUE* or of *THOUGHT*,
And *JUSTICE* with her equal face,
Finds this, alas ! no throne of Grace.

CAPRICE, *OPINION*, *FASHION* wait,
The porters at the temple's gate,
And as the fond adorers press
Pronounce fantastic happiness ;
While *FAVOUR* with a *SYREN*'s smile,
Which might *ULYSSES*' self beguile,
Presents the sparkling bright libation,
The Nectar of intoxication ;
And summoning her ev'ry grace
Of winning charms, and cheerful face,
Smiles away Reason from his throne,
And makes his votaries her own :
Instant resounds the voice of fame ;
Caught with the whistlings of their name,
The fools grow frantic, in their pride
Contemning all the world beside :
Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
The noisy pageant of an hour,
Struts forth the statesman, haughty, vain,
Amidst a supple servile train,
With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and share,
So proud, he almost treads in air ;
While levee-fools, who sue for place,
Crouch for employment from his Grace,
And e'en good Bishops, taught to trim,
Forfake their God to bow to him.

The Poet in that happy hour,
Imagination in his pow'r,
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
Enjoys the liberty of mind :
Dupe to the smoke of slimy praise,
He vomits forth sonorous lays ;
And, in his fine poetic rage,
Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,
Indulges pride's fantastic whim,
And all the WORLD must wake to HIM.

A while from fear, from envy free,
He sleeps on a pacific sea ;
Lethargic *ERROR* for a while
Deceives him with her specious smile,
And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed
Gay gilded visions round his head.

When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd
Shifts the light gate ; and tempests ruddy

Such as the northern skies deform,
When fell DESTRUCTION guides the storm,
Transport him to some dreary isle
Where FAVOUR never deign'd to smile.
Where waking, helpless, all alone,
'Midst craggy steeps and rocks unknown;
Sad scenes of woe his pride confound,
And DESOLATION stalks around.
Where the dull months no pleasures bring,
And years roll round without a spring;
Where He all hopeless, lost, undone,
Sees cheerless days that know no sun;
Where jibing SCORN her throne maintains,
Midst mildews, blights, and blasts, and rains.

Let others, with submissive knee,
Capricious goddess! bow to Thee;
Let them with fixt incessant aim
Court fickle favour, faithless fame;
Let vanity's fastidious slave
Lose the kind moments nature gave,
In invocations to the shrine
Of Phœbus and the fabled Nine,
An Author to his latest days,
From hunger, or from thirst of praise,
Let him through every subject roam
To bring the useful moral home;
Write upon LIBERTY oppress'd,
On happiness, when most distress'd,
Turn bookseller's obsequious tool,
A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
The muse's dignity for gain,
Yield to the dunce his sense contemns,
Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
Reluctant genius from his course;
Write ode, epistle, essay, libel,
Make notes, or steal them, for the bible;
Or let him, more judicial, sit,
The dull Lord Chief, on culprit wit,
With rancour ready with passion blame,
Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
And from the dark, but useful shade,
(Fit place for murd'rous ambushade,)
Weak monthly shafts at merit hurl,
The GILDON of some modern CURT.

For me, by adverse fortune plac'd
Far from the colleges of taste,
I justify no poetic name;
I envy none their proper fame;
And if sometimes an easy vein,
With no design, and little pain,
Form'd into verse, hath pleas'd a while,
And caught the reader's transient smile,
My muse hath answer'd all her ends,
Pleasing herself, while pleas'd her friends;
But, fond of liberty, disdains
To bear restraint, or clink her chains;
Nor would, to gain a Monarch's FAVOUR,
Let dulness, or her sons, enslave her *.

* These two last lines were added by Mr. Kenrick;
to whom the piece was originally addressed.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A T A L E.

THE very filliest things in life
Create the most material strife.
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
It is, you say; I say 'tis not—
Why you grow warm—and you are hot.
Thus each alike with passion glows,
And words come first, and, after, blows.

Friend JERKIN had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year,
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums *per ann.*
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about;
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refin'd,
Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's, very apt to change;
What she most hated was conviction,
What she most lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.

A charming housewife ne'ertheless;
—Tell me a thing she could not dress,
Soups, hatches, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiss—she was so wise.
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mein:
She could not bear the sound of *Dame*;

—No—*Mistress* JERKIN was her name.
She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who took no pride,
And was a deal too countrified.
Such were our couple, man and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair
For exercise and cheerful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds and brought them home.
—Here, CIRCELY, take away my gun—
How shall we have these starlings done?
Done! what my love? Your wits are wild;
Starlings, my dear; they're thrushes child,
Nay now but look, consider, wife,
They're starlings—No—upon my life:
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thrush and starling too,
Who was it shot them, you or I?

They're starlings—thrushes—zounds you lie,
Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
I scorn your language as your bird;

It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.
Thrush, Cicely!—Yes—a starling—No,
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well:
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas as you like, and what you please,
'Till in its course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
No tumults now, no blows, no strife.
What fools we were this day last year!
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!
—Sure it was idle and absurd
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling—no, my love, a thrush,
That I'll maintain—that I'll deny.
—You're wrong, good husband—wife, you lie,
Again the self same wrangle rose,
Again the lye, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and buss, and friends;
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling;
You dog, you b—; my dear, my darling.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO *****

WHAT, three months gone, and never send
A single letter to a friend?
In that time, sure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown;
Whether your host was short or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all;
Whether the neighb'ring squire you found
As mere a brute as fox or hound;
Or if the parson of the place
(With all due reverence to his grace)
Took much more pains himself to keep,
Than to instruct and feed his sheep;
At what hour of the day you dine;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine;
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
Which you, in visionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,
Sigh for some awkward country lass,
Who must of consequence surpass
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day surpasses night;
Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever talk, or ever think;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts?

If the moon rises and goes down,
And changes as she does in town;
If you've returns of night and day,
And seasons varying roll away;
Whether your mind exalted woos
Th' embraces of a serious muse;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.—
These, and a thousand things like these,
The friendly heart are sure to please.

Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look superlatively wise;
Wonder what all this stuff's about,
And how the plague I found him out!
When he had taken so much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no soul alive knew where!
Besides, 'tis folly to suppose
That any person breathing goes
On such a scheme, with a design
To write or read such stuff as mine,
And idly waste his precious time
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.

My good, wife, venerable sir!
Why about nonsense all this stir!
Is it, that you would stand alone,
And read no nonsense but your own;
Though you're (to tell you, by and bye)
Not half so great a fool as I;
Or is it that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have some sense?

And would you really have my muse
Employ yourself in writing news,
And most unconscionably teize her
With rhyming to Warsaw and Wefer;
Or toss up a poetic olio,
Merely to bring in Marshal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French see all
Their hopes defeated at Montréal,
Or should I your attention carry
To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,
Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
And baffled Austria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what design
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?
Or should I shake my empty head,
And tell you that the king is dead,
Observe what changes will ensue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving these things to my betters,
Before you set the state of letters!
Or should I tell domestic jars,
How author against author wars,
How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr—k—n darms M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—n?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the stage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What GARRICK acts still, and how well,
That SHERIDAN with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the best
Is all but art, and art confess;

That BRIDE*, if reason may presume
To judge by things past, things to come,
In future times will tread the stage,
Equally form'd for love and rage,
Whilst POPP for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when CLIVE no more is nam'd.

Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
About dull pantomime to hear;
Nor would you have a single word
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
Of dumb shew, fools tricks, and wry faces,
And wit which lies all in grimaces,
Nor should I any thing advance
Of new invented comic dance.

Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
Would it your worship better please,
That I, more loaden than the camels,
Should crawl in philosophic trammels?
Should I attack the stars, and stray
In triumph o'er the milky way,
And-like the TITANS try to move
From seat of empire royal JOVE,
Then spread my terrors all around,
And his Satellites confound,
Teach the war far and wide to rage,
And ev'ry star by turns engage?
The danger we should share between us,
You fight with MARS and I with VENUS.

Or should I rather, if I cou'd,
Talk of words little understood,
Centric, excentric, epicycle,
Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle!
A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
And other words of like relation,
Which may agree with studious men,
But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen;
Things of such grave and serious kind
Puzzle my head and plague my mind;
Besides in writing to a friend
A man may any nonsense send,
And the chief merit's to impart,
The honest feelings of his heart.

CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

WORTH is excis'd, and Virtue pays
A heavy Tax for barren praise.
A friend to universal Man,
Is universal good your plan?
God may perhaps your project bless
But man shall strive to thwart success.
Though the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,
Where CHARITY o'er all presides,
And SENSE approves what VIRTUE guides,

* Miss Bride an Actress then of Drury-Lane Theatre, who soon after quitted the Stage. See her character in the Rosciad.

Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For Rogues hate virtue, Blockheads sense.

Believe me, Opposition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it seldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous seeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis War for War, and dare who dare;
But your sly, sneaking, worming owls,
Whom FRIENDSHIP scorns and FEAR controuls;
Who praise, support, and help by halves,
Like Heifers, neither Bulls, nor Calves;
Who, in Hypocrisy's disguise,
Are truly *as the Serpent wife*,
But cannot ALL the precept love,
And be *as harmless as the Dove*.
Who hold each charitable meeting,
To mean no more than good sound eating,
While each becomes a hearty fellow
According as he waxes mellow,
And kindly helps the main design,
By drinking its success in wine;
And when his feet and senses reel,
Totters with correspondent zeal;
Nay, would appear a patron wife,
But that his wisdom's in disguise,
And would harangue, but that his mouth,
Which ever hates the sin of drought,
Catching the full perpetual glass,
Cannot afford a word to pass.

Such, who like true Churchwardens eat,
Because the Parish pays the treat,
And of their bellyful secure,
O'ersee, or over-look the poor;
Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,
And faithful Guardians of their trust,
But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their Heirs for ever,
That Charity, too apt to roam,
Might end, where she begins, at home;
Who make all public good a trade,
Benevolence a mere parade,
And Charity a cloak for sin,
To keep it snug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promise much and never pay,
Who wind themselves about your heart
With hypocritic, knavish art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high estate,
To speak the honest truth, I hate:
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulsome protestation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who smiles, and simirks, and strokes my face,
And all so tender, fond, and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the softness of the Dove,
And p—xes me to shew her Love.

The Maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,
Whose charms, tho' strong, are rather stale,
Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
—What, DZLIA handsome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or stupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to pass,
A rosy, simple, rustic lass,

—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, so void of grace !
And all the world, with half an eye,
May see her shape grows quite awry.
—I speak not from an ill design,
For she's a favourite of mine,
—Though I could wish that she would wear
A more reserv'd becoming air ;
Not that I hear of indiscretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confessions,
Though the WORLD says, that Parson there,
That smock-fac'd Man with darkish hair,
He who wrote verses on her bird,
The simplest things I ever heard,
Makes frequent visits there of late,
And is become exceeding great ;
This I myself aver is true,
I saw him lead her to his pew.

Thus scandal, like a false quotation,
Misrepresents in defamation ;
And where she haply cannot spy
A loop whereon to hang a lye,
Turns every action wrong side out
To bring her paultry tale about.

Thus Excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark set upon high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by,
A mere Scotch Post for public itch,
Where Hog, or Man, may scrub his breech.

But thanks to nature, which ordains
A just reward for all our pains,
And makes us stem, with secret pride,
Hoarse DISAPPOINTMENT's rugged tide,
And like a forlorn ship, which braves
The roar of winds, and rush of Waves,
Weather all storms, which jealous Hate
Or frantic Malice may create.
'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,
Eyes raging men, or raging seas,
Undaunted, firm, with heart at ease.

From her dark Cave, though ENVY rise
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
Though HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train ;
Shall VIRTUE shrink, abash'd, afraid,
And tremble at an idle shade ?
Fear works upon the Fool, or Knave,
An honest man is always brave.
While OPPOSITION's fruitless aim
Is as the bellows to the flame,
And, like a Pagan persecution,
Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.

Though prejudice in narrow minds,
The mental eye of reason blinds ;
Though WIT, which not e'en friends will spare,
Affect the sneering, laughing air,
Though DULLNESS, in her monkish gown,
Display the WISDOM of a frown,
Yet TRUTH will force herself, in spite
Of all their efforts, into light.

See Bigot Monks in Spain prevail,
See GALILÆO dragg'd to gaol :
Hear the grave Doctors of the schools,
The Golgotha of learned Fools,
As damnable and impious brand
That art they cannot understand,

And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a standing Libel,
On every good and useful plan
That rises in the brain of man.

O BIGOTRY ! whose frantic rage
Has blotted half the classic page,
And in Religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit ;
Who zealous for that Faith's encrease,
Whose ways are righteousness and peace,
With rods and whips, and sword, and axe,
With prisons, tortures, flames and racks,
With persecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing some new-fangl'd mode,
Wouldst pluck down REASON from her throne
To raise some phantom of thy own ;
Alas ! the fury undiscerning,
Which blasts, and stunts, and hews up Learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blasphemes that Wisdom you defend.

Go, kick the prostituted whores,
The nine stale virgins out of doors ;
For let the Abbess beat her drum,
Eleven thousand troops shall come ;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever Saint or Poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,
Who to the Church like light'ning sped,
And ran three miles without her head ;
(Well might the modest Lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The Prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of Life as well as Honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.

No matter of what shape or size,
Gulp down the Legendary Lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Christ allows, nor sense maintains ;
Make Saint of Pope, or Saint of Thief,
Believe almost in unbelief ;
Yet with thy solemn priestly air,
By book and bell, and candle swear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your stem and favourite sect ;
That He who made the world, has blest
One part alone, to damn the rest,
As if th' Allmerciful and just,
Who form'd us of one common dust,
Had render'd up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.

Thus his own eyes the Bigot blinds,
To shut out light from human minds,
And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam transmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the sky,
While ev'ry path by science trod
Leads us with wonder up to God,)
Is doom'd by Ignorance to make
Atonement at the Martyr's stake ;
Though, like pure gold, th' illustrious dame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame.
No persecution will avail ;
No inquisition racks, nor gaol ;
When Learning's more enlight'ned ray
Shall drive these sickly fogs away ;

A thankful age shall pay her more,
Than all her troubles hurt before.
See Shame and Scorn await on those
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
But will the grateful voice of fame
Sink Truth, and GALILEO's name?

How wilful, obstinate, and blind,
Are the main herd of human kind!
Well said the Wit, who well had tried
That malice which his Parts defied,
When merit's sun begins to break,
The Dunces stretch, and strive to wake,
And amity of Dunce with Dunce,
Fingers out Genius all at once.
As you may find the honey out,
By seeing all the flies about.
All ugly Women hate a toast;
The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;
The ivy winds about the oak,
And to the fairest comes the smoke.

Escap'd the dangers of the deep,
When GULLIVER fell fast asleep,
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,
A Giant in a pigmy Land;
Watchful against impending harms,
All Lilliput cried out, To arms;
The trumpets echoed all around,
The Captain slept exceeding sound,
Though crowds of undistinguish'd size
Assail'd his body, legs, and thighs,
While clouds of arrows flew apace,
And fell like feathers on his face.

THE WHIM.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

THE praise of Genius will offend
A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend;
But curse on genius, wit, and parts;
The thirst of science, love of arts,
If inconsistent with the plan
Of social good from man to man.
For me, who will, may wear the bays,
I value not such idle praise:
Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,
And quarrel for an empty name,
What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,
Or grand pas stride of stiff sublime,
That vanity her trump should blow,
And look with scorn on folks below?
Are wit and folly close ally'd,
And match'd like poverty, with pride?
When rival bards for fame contend,
The poet often spoils the friend;
Genius self-center'd feels alone
That merit he esteems his own,
And cold, o'er-jealous, and severe,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendship dies.

Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell,
Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.
None but a weak and brainless fool,
Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
Can hope for favours from the wit:
He pleads prescription to forget,
Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
And, as forgetful, be forgot,
Most wags, whose pleasure is to smoke,
Wou'd rather lose their friend, than joke;
A man in rags looks something queer,
And there's *vast* humour in a sneer;
That jest, alike all wittings suits,
Which lies no farther than the boots.
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;
Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,
Seeks more to comfort than advise,
Who less intent to shine than please,
Wears his own mirth with native ease,
And is from sense, from nature's plan,
The jovial guest, the honest man;
In short, whose picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point resembles you.

And will my friend for once excuse,
This offering of a lazy muse?
Most lazy,—let you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the spot.
A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
Three chairs her indolence employs:
On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
Which would not rise, though kings should come;
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies couchant on its brother,
To make her look supremely wise,
At least like wisdom in disguise,
The weed which first by Raleigh brought,
Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,
Save as the eddies climb the ceiling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their passage round the room,
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drouth,
Which with *potations* *portle* deep
Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need,
But neither pow'r nor will to read,
In scatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.

Such ease no doubt suits *easy* rhyme;
Folks walk about who write *SUBLIME*,
While *RECITATION*'s pompous sound
Drawls words sonorous all around,
And *ACTION* waves her hand and head,
As those who bread and butter spread.

You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,
Whose muse superlatively high
Take lodgings always near the sky;
And like the lark with daring flight
Still soars and sings beyond our sight

May trumpet forth your grand sublime,
And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
Yet though the lark in æther floats,
And trills no doubt diviner notes,
Carelessly perch'd on yonder spray,
The linnet sings a pretty lay,

What horrid, what tremendous sight
Shakes all my fabric with affright!
With ARGUS' hundred eyes he marks,
With triple mouth the monster barks;
And while he scatters flaming brands
BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.

Hift! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he
What wou'd your graceless form with me?
Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
Of spinning unlabourious rhyme,
Of stringing various thoughts together
In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?
A vein, which though it must offend
You *lofty* sirs who can't descend,
To fame has often made its way
From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT, and GAY;
Is it for this your brow austere
Frowns me to stone for very fear?
Hear my just reason first, and then
Approve me right, or split my pen.

I seek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the slipp'ry tail of praise,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainst genius which I most revere;
When Phœbus bursts with genuine fire,
The little stars at once retire;
Who cares a farthing for those lays
Which you can neither blame, nor praise?
I cannot match a CHURCHILL's skill,
But may be LANGHORNE when I will:
Let the mere mimic, for each season bears
Your mimic Bards as well as mimic play'rs.
Creep fervilely along, and with dull pains
Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins
The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a CHURCHILL's style.
Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;
Who'd be PAUL WHITEHEAD, tho' he honours

POPE?

If clinking couplets in one endless chime
Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;
If found alone an easy triumph gains,
While fancy bleeds, and sense is hung in chains,
Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode;
See, all Parthassus is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
For me, who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And fully spoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
Nor ting'd with envy with that genius mine.
To CHURCHILL's muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please;
Be his the STRENGTH of NUMBERS, mine the

EASE,

Ease that rejects not, but betrays no care:
Less of the cockcomb than the sloven's air,

Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that servile task pursue,
And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
But that my flippant muse, too saucy grown,
Prefers that manner she can call own.

ODE TO GENIUS.

THOU child of nature, genius-strong,
Thou master of the poet's song,
Before whose light, Art's dim and feeble ray
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:
Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
Where Fancy, bright aerial maid!
Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
And revels in thy wanton arms;
She to thy bed, in days of yore,
The sweetly-warbling Shakspeare bore;
Whom every muse endow'd with every skill,
And dipt him in that sacred rill,
Whose silver streams flow musical along,
Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with raptur'd song.

Forfake not thou the vocal choir,
Their breasts revisit with thy genial fire,
Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
Tickle the ear but come not near the heart.
Vain every phrase in curious order set,
On each side leaning on the [stop-gap] epithet.
Vain the quick rhyme still tinkling in the close,
While pure description shines in measur'd prose,
Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high disdain,

Upon the dull mechanic train;
Whose nerveless strains sag on in languid tone.
Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowsy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays;
Inspired with energy divine,
To worship at thy sacred shrine.
Since taste* with absolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy shade
The blooming scions of fair fancy's tree;
Which erst full wantonly have stray'd
In many a wreath of richest poësie.
For when the oak denies her stay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way;
No more she twists her branches round,
But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground.

Where then shall exil'd genius go?
Since only those the laurel claim,
And boast them of the poet's name,
Whose sober rhymes in even tenour flow;
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

* By Taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

Why sleep the sons of genius now?
 Why, Wartons, rests the lyre unstrung?
 * And thou, blest bard! around whose sacred
 brow,
 Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung:
 Arise and snatch the majesty of song
 From dullness' servile tribe, and art's unhallow'd
 throng.
 * Dr. Akenfide.

En Illæ, quas Vos semper coluistis, Athenæ,
 Gratia quas voluit, quas sibi Musa domum.
 Hic sese ostendunt prisca monumenta laboris,
 Queis usa est modulis Vitruviana Manus;
 Hic stat Ventorum, Thesei hic venerabile Fanum;
 Hic arce in summâ, Casta Minerva tuum.
 Omnia jam votis respondent: Attica jam sunt
 Omnia. Personæ, Fabula, Scena, Sales.
 Quoque etiam magis hæ nostræ lætentur Athenæ;
 Cecropidas jactant Vos, recoluntque suos.

PROLOGUE, 1757.

EST Schola Rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra
 juvenus,
 Et tumido inflatus ejicit ore sonos.
 Quâ quisque affumit tragicas novus histrio partes,
 Nec loquitur, verbum quin sapit omne, pathos.
 Ingenia hic crescant, mox successura theatris,
 Regis, amatoris, prompta subire vices.
 Multus ibi furiis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,
 Elusâ telum prendit inane manu.
 Multus ibi, infuscat cui vultus suber adustum
 Immodicis sævit raucus Othello minis.
 Omnia queis tragicis opus est, hic arma parantur;
 Auribus insidiæ sunt, oculisque suæ:
 Conatus manuumque, pedumque, orisque rotundi,
 Certatim et vultus vis, laterumque labor.
 Quam sibi, dum gestu stat fixus quisque silenti,
 Quam placet a speculo forma reflexa sui!
 Hac studeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri?
 Non tamen est nobis inde petendus honor.
 Ingenua ut pubes vultum sibi sumat apertum,
 Et sensum assuescat fortius ore loqui;
 Ne dubilis tandem verba eluctantia labris
 Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,
 Ingredimur scenam; nec clam Vos, Docta Corona,
 Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.
 Hinc SAPERE ET FARI dicit generosa juvenus,
 Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.
 Freti hic, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam;
 Hic stabilita vigent Curia, Rostra, Forum.

PROLOGUS, 1758.

HIC nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana
 theatri,
 Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare solet:
 Non scena hic splendet magicâ variabilis arte,
 Et sumit formas prodigiosa novas:
 Non hic, labrato subvectus fune per auras,
 Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias:
 Nec freta cærulea turgent undosa papyro,
 Nec refinato fulgurat igne polus:
 Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva recessus,
 Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
 Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula! jactant
 Et proprium, et simplex, nostra theatra decus.
 —Heus! nemôn' audit!—fac sursum auleatrahantur!
 —En! qualis qualis sit, NOVA SCENA patet.
 VOL. VIII.

PROLOGUS,

IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

CUM Patres—Populumque dolor communis
 haberet,
 Fleret et Æmillium Maxima Roma suum,
 Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
 Scenis extinctum condecorasse ducem.
 Equis adest, scenam nocte hæc qui spectet eandem;
 Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?
 Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria captis,
 Qua Sol extremas vixit uterque plagas,
 Successus etiam medio de fonte Britannis
 Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor:
 Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,
 Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
 Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ
 Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
 Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile;
 jure
 Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque
 decus.
 Nec moriere omnis—Quin usque corona vigeat,
 Unanimis Britonum quam tibi nectit amor.
 Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
 Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
 Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,
 Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
 Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroæ triumphis,
 Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR!

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

QUANTA intus turba est! quanto molimine
 sudat,
 Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quisque coquus!
 Monstrum informe maris—TESTUDO—in prandia
 fertur,
 Quæ, varia, et simplex, omnia sola sapia.
 Pullina esca placet?—vitulina?—sulla? bovina?
 Præsto est. Hæc quadrupes singula pisces
 habet.
 De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
 Qui secet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.
 2 F

Qui doctè contundat aromata; misceat aptè
 Thus, apium, thyma, sal, cinnama, cepe,
 piper.
 Qui jecur et pulmonem in frusta minutula scindat,
 Curetque ut penitus sint saturata mero.
 Multo ut ventriculus pulchrè flavescat ab ovo;
 Ut tremulus, circum viscera, vernet adeps.
 His ritè instructis conchæ sint fercula! nam Tu,
 TESTUDO! et patinis sufficis, atque cibo.
 Quàm cuperem in laudes utriusque excurrere conchæ!
 Sed vereor *Calipash* dicere—vel *Calipee*.
 Vos etiam ad cœnam mecum appellare juvaret,
 Vellem et reliquas participare dapum.
 At sunt convivæ tam multi, tamque gulosi,
 Restabit, metuo, nil nisi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

CUM nox tellurem fuscis amplectitur alis,
 Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vœta per
 auras
 Inchoat assuetos simulatrix regia ludos,
 Huic auriga culex tortum quatit usque flagellum,
 Acceleratque fugam tardis; retinacula curus
 Erucæ sunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
 Cruscula areneoli; currus, quem dente sciurus
 Finxerat coryli fructu, primæva vetustas
 Hunc Mabbae artificem memorat: sub nocte silenti
 Hoc instructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
 Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perstringit Amantis;
 Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnera ocellos,
 Malarum, labrique rosas, perfusaque collo
 Lilia: mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus
 Mercæ dextram qui pandit, et acritur aurum
 Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
 Nunc quoque sopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ;
 Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oscula libans
 Absens absentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
 Væ tibi, si Lemnrum videat Regina colorem
 Mentium fuco, vultusque ex arte nitentes!
 Præcipites aget ira manus, lacerabit acuto
 Ungue genas, simul amissâ dulcedine somni,
 Osculaque, et tenues vanescit amator in auras.
 Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam transvolat ora;
 Continuo rostrum conscendens Hic thema trinas
 Dividet in partes, exponendoque laborat,
 Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormiat. Ad aures
 Militis hinc migrat; turbatur imagine belli
 Fortis eques, gemitusque audit, strepitusque, tubasque,
 Exilit, et paulum trepidans, insomnia diris
 Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiscit.
 Nunc Rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
 Defensoris agit causam, actorisque peritus,
 Inneftensq; moras ad finem decipit ambos.
 Sin casu viat facilis regina Poetam,
 Hunc sibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
 Et riguos fontes, et amœnos somniat hortos;
 Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
 Viderit et tristis quam sit sibi curta supellex,
 Quam vellet semper dormire!—Volubilis inde
 Judices invehitur trans nasum, et naribus illi
 Eruactio subolet causa. Inerdyinat Dea fello,

Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,
 Exultans redit ad patriam carosque penates;
 Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
 Deinde rotâ strepitante fremit per colla Tyranni;
 Umbrarum ante oculos surgit chorus, improbus oras
 Quas dedit infantes; furiis agitur acerbis
 Conscia mens, lectoque quies simul exulat. Inde
 Si currus flectat, placidissima munera somni
 Quâ carpit Sceleris Purus; non territus ille
 Spectrorum est cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
 Sed molli potitur requie, aut si somniat umbræ
 Delectant oculos gratæ; prædulcis imago
 Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relicta
 Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
 Colloquio felix. O Tu! quicumque beatum
 Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere somnum;
 I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
 Mabba ferux instet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
 I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
 Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.
 In Comitibus Posteribus, Apr. 5. 1753.

CARMINA AD NOBILISSIMUM THOMAM HOLLES
 DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE INSCRIPTA, CUM
 ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM BIBLIO-
 THECÆ RESTITUENDÆ CAUSA INVISERET.
 Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

D E R E G E.

AUGUSTUS, Artium usque fautor optimus,
 Hic mœnia haud inauspicato numine
 Condi imperavit consecrata literis;
 Eo nitore & partium elegantia,
 Ut invidenda sint vel illis Aedibus
 Quæ sæculorum voce comprobantium
 Præ cæteris suberbiunt, justissima
 Romæ recentis & vetustæ gloria.
 Nec his supellex digna decrit mœnibus,
 Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula;
 Id ille abundè caverat, novissimus
 Dedit volenti jura qui Britannia.
 Brunsvichianis scilicet sanctissimum est
 Legesque tutari & fovere Literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

OTu, qui doctas Cami feliciter artes
 Protegis, Aonii duxque decusque chori,
 Quod Domus incipiat tam læto omine condi,
 Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.
 Munera dat numerosa manus procerumque patrum—
 que,
 Exemplo & monitis extimulata tuis.
 Perge, fovere, Artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
 Tam pulchrum pulchrè Musa rependet opus.
 Hæc moles quamquam ipsa ruet; monumenta, Car-
 mene
 Quæ condent, nullo sunt ruitura die;

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wand'ring near her secret bow'r
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke!
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

IN CEMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

Udistin! quam lenta sonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
Solutus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia pallefcunt jam decedentia visu,
Et terra & cælum, quâ patet, omne filet.
Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespere sero
Raucifonans pigram quâ rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta silent, nisi quâ faciles campanula somnos
Allicit, et lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quâque hedera antiquas socia complexitur umbrâ
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vegetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sed umbrâ
Qua putris multo cespitem targebat humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens prisca colonum,
Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
Æterno eliciunt hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespere sero
Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,
Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam sæpe Hi rastro glebam fregere feracem?
Sæpe horum cecidit falce refecta seges.
Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,
Et stimulis tardos increpuere boves!
Horum sylva vetus quam concidit ista bipenni,
Quâque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rudè temnat opus!
Nec fronte excipiat ventosa Superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, historiasque breves!

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni.
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ insimulare, Superbi,
Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quâ canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,
Clarosque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dult,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An reuocent animam fatali a sede fugacem?
Detque iterum vitâ posse priore frui?
Possit adalantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Forsan in hoc, olim divino semine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespitè dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forsan jaceat sub cespitè, sceptrâ
Cujus tractârint imperiosa manus.
Vel quales ipso forsan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulsârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina præscæ
Nunquam divitiis explicuere suas.
Horum autem ingenium torpescere fecit egestas
Aspera, & augustæ fors inimica domi.

Multa sub oceano pellucida gemma latescit,
Et rudis ignotum fert & inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pandit odores,
Ponit & occiduo pendula sole caput.

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis,
Quem patriæ indignans exstimulavit amor;
Aulus hic exiguo, est villæ oppugnare tyranno,
Asserere et forti jurâ paterna manu.
Aut mutus forsan, fatoque inglorius alter
Hac vel Miltono par, requiescat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam,

Illorum vetuit fors improba;—nec tamen arcto
Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
Verum etiam & vitia ulterius transire vetabat,
Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.
Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
Excepere et surdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedicere ruborum,
Conscia suffusus quod notat ora pudor.
Luxuria hi nunquam sese immergere superbâ.
Nec Musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;
Quisque sibi vivens, & sponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius ossa,
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
Et vera agrestis eliciunt suspiria corde
Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

Atque locum suppleat elegorum nomen & anni
Quæ formâ inscribit rustica Musa rudi:
Multa etiam sacri diffundit commata textûs,
Quis medicans discat vulgus agreste mori.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

" The next with dirges due, in sad array,
" Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne,

" Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry, all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd), a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Heu! quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
Jussus, et æternas jam subituris quas,
Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo
Non saltam occiduam respicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui saltem mens fudit amico
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;
Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque sui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine sortem,
Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,
Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis fors tua sorte roget,

Huic aliquis forsân senior respondeat ultro
Cui niveis albeant tempora sparsa comis;
" Vidimus hunc quàm sæpe micantes roribus herbas
" Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
" Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,
" Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

" Sæpe sub hâc fago, radices undique circum
" Quæ varie antiquas implicat alta suas,
" Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,
" Lustraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

" Sæpius hanc sylvam propter viridesque recessus
" Urgeret meditans pluxima, lentus iter,
" Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
" Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem.
" Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
" Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

" Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,
" Nec juga, nec saliens fons, taciturne nemus;
" Altera lux oritur; nec aperta hic valle videtur,
" Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

" Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver
" Ecce sepulchrali est pompa secuta gradu.
" Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore carmen,
" Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis."

EPITAPHIUM.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda.
Congesto hoc juvenem cespitem servat humus.
Huic tamen arrisit jucunda Scientia vultu,
Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura sibi.

Largus opum fuit, & sincero pectore fretus,
Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
Indoluit miserans inopi, lachrymasque profudit.
—Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit,
A cælo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,
Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas.
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,
In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions :
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth :
Him the Boar in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir ?

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.

CARMEN ELEGANS.

TUQUE adeo roseas expande volatilis alas,
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
Imperii, pulchelle, tuis ego servulus ultro ;
Naturam ars victrix scilicet usque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
Aspicite, et sensim languens juvenillor ætas,
Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea saxa perit !

Ante omnes carum sic levit Adonida Cypri,
Deceptusque Deam tristis urit Amor ;
Hunc, tacite adrepens per densa silentia noctis
Incautum sævo dente momordit Aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrè Prudentia ludens,
Harmonizæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos !
Doctæ ambæ vigilas curas sopire canendo,
Tuque tuum imperti, Præses Apollo, chorum !

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,
O Tu Terrorum Rex, metuende Deus,
Duc me, quâ passim chrySTALLINA flumina currunt,
Elysique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæsti salices, tristesque cupressi,
Au relæ æternum ferta dicata meæ ;
Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidissime Morpheu,
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Triste fluens, sed lenè fluens, Mæander, ameno
Murmure qui cursum flexilis orbe rotas !
Margine sæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,
Cui tua submittunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando sensim languens Philomela, silentem
Mollior aggreditur, nec sine voce, procum ;
Aspice, de celo interea Junonius ales
Descendens, fatæ cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S

HYMN TO APOLLO,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

GOD of the Bow ! Apollo, thee I sing ;
Thee, as thou draw'st again the sounding
string,

Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona : She with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love ;
Closes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high amid th' æthereal dome suspends,
Then smiling leads thee, her all-glorious son,
To share the mighty Thunderer's awful throne.

Goblets of nectar thy glad fire prepares,
And thee, his fairest, noblest son declares ;
While ev'ry god sits rapt, Latona's breast
Beats with superior joy, and hails her son confess.
Thrice blest Latona ! from thee, Goddess, sprang
Diana chaste, and Phæbus ever-young :
* Her in Ortygia's isle, and Him you bore
At Cynthus' hill on Delos' sea-girt shore,
Where the tall palm upbears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.
O Phæbus, where shall I begin thy praise !
Well can'st thou rule the poet's artless lays.
Off on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
By river side, or on the sea's hoarse shore,
Wand'ring well-pleas'd, with music's magic sound,
And airs divine, thou charm'st the region round.

* Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different islands in the Original.

Say, shall I sing how first on Delos' shore,
Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore ?
How first ; from other isles, beset with grief,
In vain thy tortur'd mother sought relief,
Each to her out-cast woe denied abode,
Nor durst one isle receive the future god.
At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
And suppliant thus besought her needful care.

Delos ! receive Apollo, and O ! raise
A glorious temple to record his praise !
Then shall He govern thee with gentle sway,
And only Phœbus shall thine isle obey.
What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
Nor plants of thousand natures shall be thine,
Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king †,
Oblations rich shall ev'ry nation bring ;
For ever from thy altars shall arise
The fragrant incense of burnt-sacrifice.
No longer then regret thy barren soil,
Receive the God, and live by other's toil !

She spake : with inward rapture Delos smil'd,
And sooth'd the suppliant pow'r with answer mild.

Latona ! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
Full willingly wou'd Delos ease thy care,
Full willingly behold her barren earth
Witness the glories of Apollo's birth :
The mighty God would raise my lowly name,
And consecrate his native isle to fame.
One fear alone distracts my beating heart ;
That fear, O Goddess, list while I impart.
Second to none amid th' æthereal skies,
Apollo soon all terrible shall rise :
All nations shall adore the mighty God,
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
Haply (for ah ! dire fears my soul infect,
And fill with horror my tumultuous breast)
Soon as the glorious Godhead shall be born,
My desert region will he view with scorn,
Indignant spurn me, curse my barren soil,
And plunge into the waves my hated isle.
Triumphphant then to happier climes remove,
There fix his shrine, plant there his sacred grove.
Whelm'd in the briny main shall Delos lay,
To all the finny brood a wretched prey.
But, O Latona ! if, to quell my fear,
You'll deign a solemn sacred oath to swear,
That here the God his glorious seat shall hold,
And here his sapient oracles unfold,
Your sacred burthen here, Latona, lay,
Here view the Godhead bursting into day.

Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
But soon with solemn vows thus ratified :
Witness O heaven and earth ! O Stygian lake !
Dire adjuration, that no God may break !
In Delos shall Apollo's shrine be rear'd,
Delos, his best-belov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd,

Thus vow'd Latona : Delos hail'd her earth
Blest in the glories of Apollo's birth.
Nine hapless days and nights, with writhing throes,
And all the anguish of a mother's woes,
Latona tortur'd lay ; in sorrowing mood,
Around her many a sister-goddess stood.
Aloft in heaven imperial Juno sat,
And view'd relentless her unhappy fate.

* Here several verses containing nothing but a mere list of the names of islands are omitted.

† Bowyer-king and Bowyer-God are expressions frequently used by Dryden, in his version of the first Æiad, to signify Apollo.

Lucina too, the kind assuaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,
And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the Goddess shrouds.
Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
And livid envy seiz'd her haughty soul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to spring
So great a son, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,
Fair Iris sent, the many colour'd maid,
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid.
But charg'd her heed, lest Juno should prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent,
Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
Olympus gain'd, apart she call'd the maid,
Then fought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
And mov'd her soul : when soon with dove-like
pace

Swiftly they measur'd back the viewless airy space.

Soon as to Delos' isle Lucina came
The pangs of travail seiz'd Latona's frame.
Her twining arms she threw the palm around,
And prest with deep-indented knee the ground :
Then into day sprung forth the jolly boy,
Earth smil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.

The Sister Pow'rs that round Latona stood
With chaste ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
And gently drew a golden swathe around.
He hung not helpless at his mother's breast,
But Themis fed him with an heavenly feast.
Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
The lusty babe, strong with ambrosial food,
In vain their bonds or golden swathes withstood,
Bonds, swathes, and ligaments with ease he broke,
And thus the wond'ring Deities bespoke ;

" The lyre, and sounding bow, and to declare
" The Thund'rer's counsels, be Apollo's care !"

He spake ; and onwards all majestic strode ;
The Queen of Heaven awe-struck view'd the God.
Delos beheld him with a tender smile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy isle ;
Her happy isle, Apollo's native seat,
His sacred haunt, his best-belov'd retreat.
Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious shines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with stately pines.

Now stony Cynthus would the God ascend,
And now his course to various islands bend.
Full many a fane, and rock, and shady grove,
River, and mountain did Apollo love ;
But chiefly Delos : the Ionians there,
With their chaste wives and prattling babes, repair'd
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name
With many a solemn rite and sacred game ;
The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
And with the Cætus urge the manly war.
If, when their sacred feast th' Ionians hold,
Their gallant sports a stranger shou'd behold,
View the strong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
Or eye the softer charms of female grace ;
Then mark their riches of a thousand kinds,
And their tall ships born swift before the winds,
So goodly to the fight wou'd all appear,
The fair assembly Gods he wou'd declare.
There too the Delian Virgins, beauteous choir
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre !

To Phœbus first they consecrate the lays,
 Latona then and chaste Diana praise,
 Then heroes old, and matrons chaste rehearse,
 And sooth the raptur'd heart with sacred verse.
 Each voice, the Delian maids, each human found
 With aptest imitations sweet resound:
 Their tongue so justly tune with accents new,
 That none the false distinguish from the true.

Latona! Phœbus! Dian, lovely fair!
 Blest Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefest care,
 All hail! and O with praise your poet crown,
 Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!
 If haply some poor pilgrim shall enquire,
 "O, virgins, who most skilful smites the lyre?"
 "Whose lofty verse in sweetest descant rolls,
 "And charms to extasy the hearers souls?"
 O answer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,
 In all the arts of verse who far excells.

Then o'er the earth shall spread my glorious fame,
 And distant nations shall record my name.
 But Phœbus never will I cease to sing,
 Latona's noble son, the mighty Bowyer-king.

Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great Pow'r,
 The blest Miletus' habitants adore;
 But thy lov'd haunt is sea-girt Delos' shore.

Now Pytho's stony soil Apollo treads,
 And all around ambrosial fragrance sheds,
 Then strikes with matchless art the golden strings,
 And ev'ry hill with heavenly music rings.

Olympus now and the divine abodes
 Glorious he seeks, and mixes with the Gods.
 Each heavenly bosom pants with fond desire
 To hear the lofty verse and golden lyre.
 Drawn by the magic sound, the Virgin-Nine
 With warblings sweet the sacred minstrel join:
 Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays
 Full sweetly carol bounteous heaven's praise;
 And now in dirges sad, and numbers slow
 Relate the piteous tale of human woe;
 Woe, by the Gods on wretched mortals cast,
 Who vainly shun affliction's wintry blast,
 And all in vain attempt with fond delay
 Death's certain shaft to ward, or chase old age away.

The Graces there, and smiling Hours are seen,
 And Cytherea, laughter-loving Queen,
 And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,
 To sprightliest measures dancing hand in hand.
 There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
 With heavenly radiance, shines the Huntress-Queen,
 Warbles responsive to the golden lyre,
 Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.
 There Mars and Mercury with aukward play,
 And uncouth gambols, waste the live-long day.

There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
 A thousand glories play around his face;
 In splendor drest he joins the festive band,
 And sweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.
 Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
 Eye the bright Godhead with parental love;
 And, as the Deities around him play,
 Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port survey.*

* The Translator, when he began this piece, had some thoughts of giving a complete English version of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet translated; but (to say nothing of his opinion of this specimen of his translation) fearing that this species of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the

FROM CATULLUS,

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
 Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,
 And sometimes almost strikes me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
 Spite of the knitting of her brow,
 I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me, why I fancy thus?

Why, I have call'd her jilt, and pufs,
 And thought myself above her;
 And yet I feel it, to my cost,
 That when I rail against her most,
 I'm very sure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE HENRIADE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,

By right of conquest, king, by right of birth,
 I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,
 There learnt the noblest science, how to rule;
 Bad Faction's furious discord cease to rave,
 Valiant to conquer, merciful to save;
 Baffled the daring League's rebellious schemes,
 MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious dreams:

With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,
 A nation's conqueror, and a nation's fire.

Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan height
 Descend, and with thy strong and purest light
 My verse illumine! and O, let mortals hear
 Thy sacred word, and awfully revere!
 Be thou my guide! thy sage experience brings
 Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
 Tis thine, blest maid, and only thine, to show
 What most befits the regal pow'r to know.
 Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
 And shew what ills from civil discord rise!
 Nor spare with decent boldness to disclose
 The prince's errors, and the people's woes:
 And O! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
 Mix'd her soft accents with thy sterner lore,
 If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
 And o'er thy front her milder graces spread
 If e'er her shades, which lovingly unite,
 Bad thy fair form spring stronger into light,
 With me, permit her all thy steps to trace,
 Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace!

learned, would appear far less agreeable to the mere English reader, he desisted. They, who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed, by perusing Dr. Akenfide's most classical Hymn to the Naiads, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

Still VALOIS reign'd, and sunk in pleasure's
bow'r,

O'er a mad state held loose the reins of pow'r :
The trampled Law had lost its ancient force,
And Right confounded, mis'd her even course.
'Twas thus when VALOIS France's sceptre bore,
Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more ;
Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,
Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name ;
His laurels wither'd, and all blasted now,
Which conquest hung upon his infant brow ;
Whose progress Europe mark'd with conscious fear,
Whose loss provok'd his country's common tear,
When, the long train of all his virtues known,
The North admiring call'd him to the throne.
In second rank, the light which strikes the eyes,
Rais'd to the first, grows dim, and feebly dies.
From war's stern soldier, active, firm, and brave,
He sunk a monarch, pleasure's abject slave.
Lull'd with soft ease, forgetful of all state,
His weakness totter'd with a kingdom's weight ;
Whilst lost in sloth, and dead to glorious fame,
The sons of riot govern'd in his name.
QUELUS, St. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
JOYEUSE the gay, and D'ESPERON the fair,
The careless king in pleasure plung'd with these,
In lust intemperate, and lethargic ease.

Mean time, the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
Catch'd the fair moment which his weakness gave.
Then rose the fatal League in evil hour,
That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
The people blind, their sacred Monarch brav'd,
Led by those Tyrants, who their rights enslav'd.
His friends forsook him, helpless and alone,
His servants chas'd him from his royal throne ;
Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
Within her gates the crouching stranger saw.
Through all the city burst rebellion's flame ;
And all was lost, when virtuous BOURBON came ;
Came, full of warlike ardour, to restore
That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
His active presence breath'd an instant flame ;
No longer now the sluggish sons of shame,
Onward they press, where glory calls, to arms,
And spring to War from Pleasure's silken charms :
To Paris' gates both kings advance amain,
Rome felt th'alarm, and trembled haughty Spain :
While Europe, watching where the tempest falls,
With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.

Within was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
Stirring to war the League, and haughty MAYNE,
The people, and the church : and from on high
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
DISCORD, dread monster, deaf to human woe,
To her own subjects an avengeful foe,
Bloody, impetuous, eager to destroy,
In man's misfortune finds her hateful joy !
To neither party ought of mercy shown,
Well-pleas'd she stabs the dagger in her own ;
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breast she fires,
And smiles to punish what herself inspires.

West of the city, near those borders gay,
Where Seine obliquely winds her sloping way,
(Scenes now, where pleasure's soft retreats are
found,

Where triumphs art, and nature smiles around,
Then, by the will of fate, the bloody stage
For war's stern combat and relentless rage)

VOL. VIII.

Th' unhappy VALOIS had his troops advance,
There rush'd at once the generous strength of France.
A thousand heroes, eager for the fight,
By sects divided, from revenge unite.
These virtuous BOURBON leads, their chosen guide,
Their cause confederate, and their hearts allied.
It seem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cause, and chief the same.

The sacred LOUIS, sire of BOURBON's race,
From azure skies, beside the throne of grace,
With holy joy beheld his future heir,
And ey'd the Hero with paternal care ;
With such as prophet's feel, a blest presage,
He saw the virtues of his ripening age :
Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,
Yet wail'd his errors, though he lov'd his zeal ;
With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,
The crown of France adorn his royal brow ;
He knew the wreath was destin'd which they gave,
More will'd the Saint, the light which shines to save.

Still HENRY's steps mov'd onward to the throne,
By secret ways, e'en to himself unknown ;
His help from Heaven the Holy Prophet sent,
But hid the arm his wife indulgence lent :
Left sure of conquest, he had slack'd his flame,
Nor grappled danger for the meed of fame.

Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
And doubtful Conquest held her even scale ;
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
And slaughter'd heaps in wild confusion lay.
When VALOIS thus his part'ner king address'd,
The sigh deep-heaving from his anxious breast.

" You see what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
Nor yet alone,—the injury is thine.
" The dauntless League, by hardy Chieftains led,
" Which hisses fiction with her Hydra head,
" Boldly confederate by a desperate oath,
" Aims not at me alone, but strikes at both.
" Though I long since the regal circle wear,
" Though thou by rank succeed my rightful heir,
" Paris disowns us, nor will homage bring
" To me their present, you their future king.
" Thine, well they know the next illustrious claim,
" From law, from birth, and deeds of loudet fame ;
" Yet from that throne's hereditary right
" Where I but totter, wou'd exclude thee quite.
" Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
" And holy councils join her firm decree :
" ROME, though she raise no soldier's martial band,
" Yet kindles war through every awe-struck land ;
" Beneath her banners bids each host repair,
" And truits her thunder to the Spaniard's care,
" Far from my hopes each summer friend is flown,
" No subjects hail me on my sacred throne ;
" No kindred now the kind affection shows,
" All fly their king, abandon, or oppose :
" Rich in my spoils, with greedy treacherous haste,
" While the base Spaniard lays my country waste.
" Midst foes like these, abandon'd, and betray'd,
" France in her turn shall seek a foreign aid :
" Shall Britain's court by secret methods try,
" And win ELIZA for a firm ally.
" Of old I know between each pow'ful state,
" Submits a jealous and immortal hate ;
" That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,
" And looks on Paris with a rival eye ;
" But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
" Have now no subjects, and no country own."

2 G

" Vengeance alone my stern resolves avow,
 " Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
 " The snail-pac'd agents, whose deliberate way,
 " Creeps on in trammels of prescrib'd delay,
 " Such fit not now; 'tis You, great Prince, alone
 " Must haste a suppliant to ELIZA's throne.
 " Your voice alone shall needful succours bring,
 " And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.
 " To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
 " Plead the king's cause, and raise their generous
 flame!
 " My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,
 " But from thy virtue I must hope for friends."
 Thus spake the king, while HENRY's looks con-
 fess'd

The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breast,
 Left others' arms might urge their glorious claim,
 And ravish from him half the meed of fame.
 With deep regret the Hero number'd o'er
 The wreaths of glory he had won before;
 When, without succours, without skill's intrigue,
 Himself with CONDE shook the trembling League.
 When those command, who hold the regal sway,
 It is a subject's virtue to obey.
 Resolv'd to follow what the King commands,
 The blows, suspended, fell not from his hands;
 He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
 And parting left the gather'd wreaths behind.
 Th' astonish'd army felt a deep concern,
 Fate seem'd depending on the Chief's return.
 His absence still unknown, the pent-up foe
 In dire expectation dread the sudden blow;
 While VALOIS' troops still feel their hero's flame,
 And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.

Of all his favourites, none their chief attend,
 Save MORNAY brave, his soul's familiar friend.
 MORNAY of steady faith, and manners plain,
 And truth, untainted with the flatterers strain;
 Rich in desert, of valour rarely tried,
 A virtuous champion, though on error's side;
 With signal prudence blest, with patriot zeal
 Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
 Censor of courtiers, but by courts below'd,
 Rome's fierce assailant, and by Rome approv'd.

Across two rocks, where with tremendous roar,
 The foaming ocean lashes either shore,
 To Dieppe's strong port the Hero's steps repair,
 The ready sailors ply their busy care.
 The tow'ring ships, old ocean's lordly kings,
 Aloft in air display their canvas wings;
 Not swell'd by Boreas now, the glassy seas
 Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.
 Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly shore,
 And land receding greets their eyes no more.
 Jocund they sail'd, and Albion's chalky height
 At distance rose full fairly to the sight.
 When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
 Loud roar the winds, and seas tempestuous roll:
 The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
 And all around reigns horror and despair.
 No partial fear the Hero's bosom knows,
 Which only trembled for his country's woes,
 It seem'd his looks toward her in silence bent,
 Accus'd the winds, which cross'd his great intent.
 So CÆSAR, striving for a conquer'd world,
 Near Epire's banks, with adverse tempests hurl'd,
 Trusting, undaunted, and securely brave,
 Rome's and the world's fate to the swelling wave.

Though leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's self
 engage,

Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.

Mean time that God, whose power the tempest
 binds,

Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
 That God, whose wisdom, which presides o'er all,
 Can raise, protect, or crush this earthly ball,
 From his bright throne, beyond the starry skies,
 Beheld the Hero with considering eyes,
 God was his guide, and 'mid the tempest's roar
 The tossing vessel reach'd the neighbouring shore;
 Where Jersey rises from the ocean's bed,
 There, heaven-conducted, was the Hero led.

At a small distance from the shore, there stood
 The growth of many years, a shadowy wood.
 A neighbouring rock the calm retirement saves
 From the rude blasts, and hoarse-resounding waves.
 A grotto stands behind, whose structure knows
 The simple grace which nature's hand bestows.
 Here far from court remov'd, a holy Sage
 Spent the mild evening of declining age.
 While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
 His only study was himself to know:
 Here mus'd, regretting on his mispent days,
 Or lost in love, or pleasure's flow'ry maze.
 No gusts of folly swell the dangerous tide,
 While all his passions to a calm subside;
 The bubble lie he held an empty dream,
 His food the simple herb, his drink the stream;
 Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
 And look'd with patience toward the port of death,
 When the pure soul to blissful realms shall soar,
 And join with God himself to part no more.
 The God he worshipp'd ey'd the zealous Sage,
 And bless'd with wisdom's lore his silver'd age:
 Gave him the skill of prophecy to know,
 And from fate's volume read events below.

The Sage with conscious joy the Prince address'd,
 And spread the table for his royal guest;
 The prompt repast, which simple nature suits,
 The stream's fresh water, and the forest's roots.
 Not unaccustom'd to the homely fare,
 The Warrior sat; for oft from busy care,
 From court retir'd, and pomp's fastidious pride,
 The Hero dar'd to throw the king aside:
 And in the rustic cot well-pleas'd partook
 Of labour's mean repast, and cheerful look;
 Found in himself the joys to kings unknown
 And self-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.

The world's contention to their minds supplies
 Much converse, wholesome to the good and wise.
 Much did they talk of woes in human life,
 Of Christian kingdoms torn with jarring strife.
 The zeal of MORNAY, like a stubborn fort,
 Attach'd to Calvin stood his firm support.
 HENRY, still doubting, fought th' indulgent skies,
 That light's clear ray might burst upon his eyes,
 " Must then, said he, the truth be always found,
 " To mortals weak with mists encompass'd round?
 " Must I still err? my way in darkness trod,
 " Nor know the path which leads me to my God?
 " If all alike he will'd us to obey,
 " The God who will'd it, had prescrib'd the way."
 " Let us not vainly God's designs explore!
 " (The Sage reply'd) be humble, and adore!
 " Arraign not madly heav'n's unerring laws
 " For faults, where mortals are themselves the cause.

" These aged eyes beheld in days of yore,
 " When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic shore,
 " Then, though with blood it now distains the
 earth,
 " Creeping in shade and humble in the birth,
 " I saw it banish'd by religion's laws,
 " Without one friend to combat in the cause.
 " Through ways oblique I saw the phantom tread,
 " Slow winding, and aghast to rear her head,
 " 'Till, at the last, upheld by pow'rful arms,
 " 'Midst cannon's thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,
 " Burst forth the Monster in the glare of light,
 " With tow'ring front full dreadful to the sight;
 " To scowl at mortals from her tyrant seat,
 " And spurn our altars at her impious feet.
 " Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
 " I wall'd Religion's and my country's lot;
 " Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
 " Some dawn of hope presents its cheerful rays.
 " So new a worship can not long survive,
 " Which man's caprice alone has kept alive.
 " With that it rose, with that shall die away,
 " Man's works and Man are bubbles of a day.
 " The God, who reigns for ever and the same,
 " At pleasure blasts a world's presumptuous aim.
 " Vain is our malice, vain our strength display'd,
 " To sap the city his right hand hath made;
 " Himself hath fix'd the strong foundations low,
 " Which brave the wreck of time, and hell's inve-
 terate blow:
 " The Lord of Lords shall bless thy purged sight
 " With bright effulgence of diviner light;
 " On thee, Great Prince, his mercies he'll bestow,
 " And shed that Truth thy bosom pants to know.
 " THAT God hath chose thee, and his hand alone
 " Safe through the war shall lead thee to a throne.
 " Conquest already (for his voice is fate),
 " For thee bids Glory ope her golden gate.
 " If on thy fight the Truth unnotic'd falls
 " Hope not admission in thy Paris' walls,
 " Though splendid Ease invite thee to her arms,
 " O shun, Great Prince, the Syren's poison'd
 charms!
 " O'er thy strong passions hold a glorious rein,
 " Fly love's soft lap, break pleasure's silken chain!
 " And when, with efforts strong, all foes o'er-
 thrown,
 " A League's great conqueror, and what's more
 " Your Own,
 " When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
 " Thy people hail thee with one common choice,
 " From a dread siege, to fame for ever known,
 " To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
 " That time, Affliction shall lay by her rod,
 " And thy glad eyes shall seek thy father's God:
 " Then shalt thou see from whence thy arms prevail.
 " Go, Prince,—Who TRUSTS IN GOD—can ne-
 ver fail."

Each word the Sage's holy lips impart,
 Falls, like a flame, on HENRY's generous heart.
 The Hero stood transported in his mind
 To times, when God held converse with mankind,
 When simple virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
 And Truth commanding bad e'en king's adore.
 His eager arms the reverend Sage embrace,
 And the warm tear fast trickled down his face.
 Untouch'd, yet lost awhile in deep surprise,
 Stood MORNAY brave; for still on MORNAY's eyes

Hung error's mist, and God's high will conceal'd
 The gifts from him to HENRY's breast reveal'd.
 His wisdom idly would the world prefer,
 Whose lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.
 While the rapt Sage fulfilling God's behest,
 Spoke inspiration to the Prince's breast,
 Hush'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
 Smooth flow'd the seas, and nature smil'd around.
 The Sage his guide, the Hero fought his way
 Where the tall vessels safe at anchor lay:
 The ready sailors quit the friendly strand,
 Hoist the glad sails, and make for Albion's land.

While o'er her coast his eyes admiring range,
 He prais'd in silence Britain's happier change:
 Where law abus'd by foul intestine foes,
 Had erst entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
 On prince and people; on that bloody stage,
 Where slaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
 On that bright throne, from whence descended

springs,
 Th' illustrious lineage of an hundred kings,
 Like HENRY, long in adverse fortune school'd,
 O'er willing English hearts a WOMAN rul'd:
 And rich in manly courage, female grace,
 Clos'd the long lustre of her crouded race.
 ELIZA then, in Britain's happiest hour,
 Held the just balance of contending pow'r;
 Made English subjects bow the willing knee,
 Who will not serve, and are not happy free.
 Beneath her sacred reign the nation knows
 No sad remembrance of its former woes;
 Their flocks securely graz'd the fertile plain,
 Their garners bursting with their golden grain.
 The stately ships, their swelling sails unroll'd,
 Brought wealth and homage from the distant world:
 All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
 Dreaded by land, and monarch of the sea.
 Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
 And fortune triumph'd over Ocean's God.
 Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
 To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
 Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together fate,
 King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold state.
 Though separate each their several interest draw,
 Yet all united form the steadfast law.
 All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
 Make but one pow'r in strong conjunction knit;
 Pow'r to itself of danger often found,
 But spreading terror to its neighbours round.
 Bless'd, when the people duty's homage show,
 And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
 More bless'd, when kings for milder virtues known,
 Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
 " Ah when, cry'd BOURBON, shall our discord

cease,
 " Our glory, Albion, rise, like thine, in peace?
 " Blush, blush, ye kings, ye lords of jarring states,
 " A Woman bids, and War hath clos'd its gates:
 " YOUR countries bleed with factious rage oppress'd,
 " While SHE reigns happy o'er a people bless'd."
 Mean time the Hero reach'd the sea-girt isle,
 Where freedom bids eternal plenty smile;
 Not far from William's Tow'r at distance seen,
 Stood the fam'd palace of the Virgin Queen.
 Hither, the faithful MORNAY at his side,
 Without the noise and pageant pomp of pride,
 The toys of grandeur which the vain pursue,
 But glare unheeded to the hero's view,

The Prince arriv'd : With bold and manly sense
He spoke ; his frankness all his eloquence ;
Told his sad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
For France's woes, to act submission's part ;
For needful aids the British Queen address'd,
While, in the suppliant, shone the king confest.

" Com' it thou, reply'd the Queen, with strange sur-
prise,

" Com' it thou from VALOIS for the wish'd allies ?

" Ask' it thou protection for a tyrant foe,

" Whose deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's woe ?

" Far as the golden sun begins to rise,

" To where he drives adown the western skies,

" His strife and Thine to all the world is known :

" Stand' it thou for him a friend at Britain's throne ?

" And is that hand, which VALOIS oft hath fear'd.

" Arm'd in his cause, and for his vengeance rear'd ?"

When thus the Prince ; " A monarch's adverse fate

Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.

" VALOIS was then a slave, his passion's slave,

" But now himself a monarch firm and brave ;

" He bursts at once the ignominious chain,

" Resumes the Hero, and asserts his reign.

" Bless'd, if of nature more assur'd and free,

" He'd fought no aid but from himself and me !

" But, led by fraud, and arts, all insincere,

" He was my foe from weakness and from fear.

" His faults die with me, when his woes I view,

" I've gain'd the conquest—grant me vengeance,

You

" For know the work is thine, Illustrious Dame,

" To deck thy Albion's brows with worthiest fame,

" Let thy protection spread her ready wings,

" And fight with me the injur'd cause of Kings !"

ELIZA then, for much the wish'd to know,

The various turns of France's long-felt woe,

Whence rising first the civil discord came,

And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—

" To me, Great Prince, thy griefs are not un-

known,

" Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone ;

" Whose rapid wing too indiscreetly flies,

" And spreads abroad her indigested lies.

" Deaf to her tales, from thee, Illustrious Youth,

" From thee alone ELIZA seeks the truth,

" Tell me, for you have witness'd all the woe,

" VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS' conquering

foe,

" Say, whence this friendship, this alliance grew,

" Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you ;

" Explain this wond'rous change, 'tis you alone

" Can paint the virtues which yourself hath shown.

" Teach me thy woes, for know the story brings

" A moral lesson to the pride of kings."

" And must my memory then, Illustrious Queen,

" Recal the horrors of each dreadful scene ?

" O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which

knows,

" How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)

" Oblivion then had snatch'd them from the light,

" And hid them buried in eternal night.

" Nearest of blood must I aloud proclaim,

" The princes' madness, and expose their shame ?

" Reflection shakes my mind with wild dismay—

" But 'tis ELIZA's will, and I obey.

" Others, in speaking, from their smooth address,

" Might make their weakness or their crimes seem

less,

" The flow'ry art was never made for me,
" I speak a soldier's language plain and free."

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A Month hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
Since Delia's presence blest'd her longing
swain :

How cou'd he brook the sluggish time's delay,
What charm cou'd soften such an age of pain ?

One fond reflection still his bosom chear'd,
And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
Twas that for Delia's self the bow'r he rear'd,
And fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid, and with a gentle smile,
Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,
Thy taste hath form'd—let me not call it mine,
Since when I muse on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,
(For love in trifles is conspicuous shewn)
Can scarce an object to thy view produce,
But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

And trust me, love, I could almost believe,
This little spot the mansion of my fair,
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
To find its proper owner is not there.

Oh ! I could doat upon the rural scene,
Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
In Nature's flow'ry mantle gayly drest,
The close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

The lilly pale, the purple-blushing rose,
In this fair spot their mingled beauties join ;
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
In wreaths fantastic round the mantling vine,

The branching arbour here for lovers made,
For dalliance met, or song, or amorous tale,
Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,
When sultry Phæbus burns the lovely vale.

'Tis all another paradise around,
And, trust me, so it would appear to me,
Like the first man were I not lonely found,
And but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name ;
Here blest with thee, t'enjoy thy pleasing talk,
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The rustic path already have I try'd,
Oft at the sinking of the setting day;
And while, my love, I thought thee by my side,
With careful steps have worn its edge away.

With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet I
While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
And talk'd down suns, on love's delicious theme.

Oft as I wander through the rustic croud,
Musing with downcast look, and folded arms,
They stare with wonder, when I rave alone,
And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
Point at me leering, as I heedless pass;
Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
And the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.

Among the fruits that grace this little seat,
And all around their clustering foliage spread,
Here mayst thou cull the peach, or nest'rine sweet,
And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.

And all along the river's verdant side,
I've planted elms, which rise in even row;
And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
Which float reflected in the lake below.

Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
Imagination forms a thousand schemes,
For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
And all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flatt'ring promise of secure delight;
When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
That I may fly with rapture to thy sight,
And we shall meet again to part no more.

A B A L L A D.

Y E shepherds so careless and gay,
Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
Take heed lest you frolic away
The peace you can never regain.
Let not Folly your bosoms annoy;
And of Love, the dear mischief, beware.
You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,
—I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithsome it shines,
With an aspect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in sorrow-leclines,
And it sets in the night of despair.
Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,
While fancy her visions bestows,
And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
But to wake us to sensible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,
Though the love not her shepherd again,
Her DAMON must love her the more.

For it was not the pride of her sex,
That treated his vows with disdain,
For it was not the pleasure to vex,
That made her delude her fond swain

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he rashly believ'd.
'Twas hers to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd,
For such is of lovers the doom,
While passions their reason beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to presume,
If they catch but a look or a smile.

Yet surely my PHYLIS would seem
To prize me most shepherds above;
But that might be only esteem,
While I foolishly constru'd it love.
Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her swain,
And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
Like Him, though they cannot complain.

Of PHYLIS was always my song,
For she was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Wou'd call us the conjugal pair.
They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,
How her hand to my bosom I prest,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,
These day-dreams of pleasure are fled.
Now Her DAMON is pleasing no more,
And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.
May he that my fair shall obtain,
May He, as thy DAMON, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

T O C H L O E.

I F CHLOE seek one verse of mine
I call not on the tuneless Nine
With useless Invocation;
Enough for Me that *She* should ask;
I fly with pleasure to the Task,
And Her's the inspiration.

When Poets sung in ancient Days,
The Muses that inspir'd their Lays,
Of whom there such Parade is;
Their Deities, let Pride confess,
Were nothing more, and nothing less,
Than earth-born mortal Ladies.

Did any nymph her subject chuse?
She strait commenc'd inspiring MUSE;
And every Maid, of lovely Face,
That struck the heart of wounded Swain,
Exalted to yon starry Plain,
Was register'd a GRACE.

These were the Compliments of old,
While Nymphs, among the Gods enroll'd,
Claim'd Love's obsequious Duty;

Thus, while each Bard had favourite Views,
Each Nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
A VENUS every Beauty.

Say, in these latter Days of ours,
When Love exerts his usual Powers;
What difference lies between us ?
In CHLOE's self at once I boast,
What Bards of every age might boast,
A MUSE, a GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thousand charms,
Though Envy call her sex to arms;
And giggling girls may flout her.
The MUSE inhabits in her Mind;
A VENUS in her form we find,
The GRACES all about her.

TO THE MOON.

ALL hail ! majestic Queen of Night,
Bright Cynthia ! sweetest Nymph, whose
presence brings

The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,
Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day
Have all too rustled. — Hence, away
Stale Jest, and flippant Mirth, and Strife en-
gend'ring Noise.

When Evening dons her mantle grey,
I'll wind my solitary way,
And hie me to some lonely grove
(The haunt of Fancy and of love)
Whose social branches, far outspread,
Possess the mind with pleasing dread.
While Cynthia quivers through the trees
That wanton with the summer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy silver light,
Have Lovers' tongues beguil'd the Night ?
When forth the happy pair have stray'd,
The amorous swain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the still Eve with various song.
While ev'ry Artful strain confess
The mutual Passion in their breast.
The lovers' hour fly swift away,
And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy Youth,
When Beauty is the meed of Truth !

Yet not the happy Loves alone,
Has thy celestial presence known.
To thee complains the Nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and Vows forsworn ;
And the dull Swain, with folded Arms,
Still musing on his false one's charms,
Frames many a sonnet to her name,
(As Lovers use to express their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcast silence feeds Despair ;

Or when the Air dead stillness keeps,
And Cynthia on the water sleeps ;
Charms the dull ear of sober night,
With love-born Music's sweet delights

Oft as thy Orb performs its round,
Thou list'nest to the various sound
Of shepherds' hopes and Maidens' fears
(Those conscious Cynthia silent hears
While Echo which still loves to mock,
Bears them about from Rock to Rock.)

But shift we now the pensive scene,
Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder Spot, whose equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim ;
Hither the Fairies blith advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance ;
Beating the pansie-paven ground
In frolic measures round and round ;
These Cynthia's Revels gayly keep ;
While lazy mortals snore asleep ;
Whom oft they visit in the night,
Not visible to human sight ;
And as old prattling Wives relate,
Though now the fashion's out of date,
Drop sixpence in the Housewife's shoe,
And pinch the Slattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy schemes,
And bring the Ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
And athwart men's noses rides ?
While OBERON, blith Fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the Ladies Lips ;
And when he steals ambrosial bliss,
And soft imprints the charming Kiss,
In Dreams the Nymph her swain pursues,
Nor thinks 'tis OBERON that woe.

Yet sportive Youth, and lovely Fair,
From hence, my Lesson read, beware,
While Innocence and Mirth preside,
We care not where the Fairies glide ;
And OBERON will never miss
To greet his fav'rites with a Kiss ;
Nor ever more Ambrosia sips,
Than when he visits ———'s Lips,

When all things else in silence sleep,
And blithsome Elfs their vigils keep ;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out,
Receive with joy these Elfin sparks,
Their Kisses leave no tell-tale Marks,
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is Virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin Fays delight
To hail the sober Queen of Night,
But that sweet Bird, whose gurgling Throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as Evening Shades prevail,
Renews her soothing love-lorn tale.
And as the Lover pensive goes,
Chaunts out her symphony of Woes,
Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
Beggars all sounds which Art has known.

But hie — the melancholy bird
Among the Groves no more is heard ;
And Cynthia pales her silver ray
Before th' approach of golden Day,

Which on yon mountain's misty height,
 Stands tip-toe with his gladsome Light.
 Now the thrill Lark in æther floats,
 And carols wild her liquid notes;
 While Phœbus, in his lofty pride,
 His flaming beams flings far and wide
 Cynthia farewell — the pensive Muse,
 No more her feeble flight pursues,
 But all unwilling takes her way,
 And mixes with the buzz of Day.

S O N G .

THE Beauty which the Gods bestow,
 Did they but give it for a show?
 No — 'twas lent thee from above,
 To shed its lustre o'er thy face,
 And with its pure and native grace
 To charm the soul to Love.

The flaunting Sun, whose western beams,
 This evening drink of Oceans' streams,
 To-morrow springs to Light.
 But when thy Beauty sets, my Fair,
 No-morrow shall its beam repair,
 'Tis all eternal Night.

See too, my Love, the virgin Rose,
 How sweet, how bashfully it blows
 Beneath the vernal skies!
 How soon it blooms in full display,
 Its bosom opening to the Day,
 Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal Life's declining Hour,
 Such is the Leaf, the bud, the Flow'r;
 Then crop the Rose in Time.
 Be blest and blest, and kind impart
 The just return of Heart for Heart,
 Ere Love becomes a Crime.

To Pleasure then, my Charmer, haste,
 And ere thy Youth begins to waste,
 Ere Beauty dims its ray,
 The proffer'd gift of Love employ,
 Improve each moment into Joy,
 Be happy, whilst you may.

TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY,
 OF CHURCH-LANGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE,
 ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
 And Virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
 Thy glorious plan*, on deep foundations laid,
 Which aiding Nature, Nature's bound to aid,

* See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

The wise man's study, though the blockhead's scorn,
 Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
 Though fools deride, for Censure's still at hand
 To damn the work she cannot understand,
 Pursue thy project with an ardour fit;
 Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like pining infants seem'd thy rising plan,
 Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
 So the broad oak, which from thy grand design
 Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
 A strippling first, just peep'd above the ground,
 Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

THE impression which this seal shall make,
 The rougher hand of force may break;
 Or jealous time, with slow decay,
 May all its traces wear away;
 But neither time nor force combin'd,
 Shall tear thy image from my mind;
 Nor shall the sweet impression fade
 Which CHLOE's thousand charms have made;
 For spite of time, or force, or art,
 'Tis seal'd for ever on my heart.

A B A L L A D .

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
 Come, LUCY, it cries, come away,
 The grave of thy COLIN has room
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.
 I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
 Ye friends and companions adieu:
 I haste to my COLIN's dark home,
 To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
 When LUCY, sad LUCY, arose;
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,
 Where COLIN's pale ashes repose.
 All wet with the night's chilling dew.
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all-around.

"How long, my lov'd COLIN," she cry'd,
 "How long must thy LUCY complain?
 "How long shall the grave my love hide?
 "How long ere it join us again?
 "For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
 "With thee o'er the world would she fly;
 "For thee has the sorrow'd and griev'd;
 "For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
 "Thy LUCY was once to her swain!
 "Her face like the lily so fair,
 "And eyes that gave light to the plain.

"The shepherd that lov'd her is gone ;
 "That face and those eyes charm no more ;
 "And LUCY forgot, and alone,
 "To death shall her COLIN deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
 "I hear the kind call, and obey,
 "Oh, COLIN receive me," she cried,
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

"DO, study more—discard that Siren, Ease,
 "Whose fatal charms are murd'rous while
 "they please.
 "Wit's scanty streams will fret their channel dry,
 "If Learning's spring withhold the fresh supply.
 "Turn leaf by leaf gigantic volumes o'er,
 "Nor blush to know what ancients wrote before.
 "Why not, sometimes, regale admiring friends
 "With Greek and Latin sprinklings, odds and ends ?
 "Exert your talents ; read, and read to write !
 "As Horace says, mix profit with delight."

'Tis rare advice : but I am slow to mend,
 Though ever thankful to my partial friend :
 Full of strange fears—for hopes are banish'd all—
 I list' no more to Phœbus' sacred call,
 Smit with the Muse, 'tis true, I fought her charms ;
 But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
 To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
 And swear no lady Clio like my own.
 All unambitious of superior praise,
 My fond amusement ask'd a sprig of bays,
 Some little fame for stringing harmless verse,
 And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curse ;
 Hitch'd into rhyme, and dragg'd through muddy
 prose,

By butcher criticisms, worth's confed'rate foes.

If then the Muse no more shall strive to please,
 Lull'd in the happy lethargy of ease ;
 If, unadvent'rous, she forbear to sing,
 Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing ;
 'Tis that she hates, howe'er by nature vain,
 The scurril nonsense of a venal train.
 When desp'rate robbers, issuing from the waste,
 Make such rude inroads on the land of taste,
 Genius grows sick beneath the Gothic rage,
 Or seeks her laurels from some worthier age.

As for Myself, I own the present charge ;
 Lazy and lounging, I confess at large :
 Yet Ease, perhaps, may lose her silken chains,
 And the next hour become an hour of pains.
 We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
 And follow all thing's as the humour hits ;
 For of all pleasures, which the world can bring,
 Variety—O! dear variety's the thing !
 Our learned Coke, from whom we scribblers draw
 All the wise Dictums of poetic law,

Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim follows ;

(See Horace, Ode Dec. Sext.—the case Apollo's)
 "The God of Verse disclaims a plodding wretch,
 "Nor keeps his bow for ever on the stretch."

However great my thirst of honest fame,
 I bow with reverence to each letter'd name ;
 To worth, where'er it be, with joy submit,
 But own no curst monopolies of wit.
 Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
 And little reading shines through what I've wrote,
 That I bid peace to ev'ry learned shelf ;
 Because I dare form judgments for myself.
 —Oh! were it mine, with happy skill to look
 Up to the ONE, the UNIVERSAL BOOK !
 Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
 —For NATURE's open to the general view—
 Then would I scorn the ancients' vaunted store,
 And boast my thefts, where they but robb'd before.

Mean while with them, while Græcian sounds
 impart

Th' eternal passions of the human heart,
 Bursting the bonds of ease and lazy rest,
 I feel the flame mount active in my breast ;
 Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
 I live, in fancy, in th' AUGUSTAN age !
 Till some dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
 Dama'd by the MUSE to everlasting fame,
 Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
 And brings me back to our old fools at home:

S O N G S

I N

THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

A I R I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
 Whispers fragrance through the trees,
 Nature walking o'er the scene
 Clad in robes of lively green,
 From the sweetness of the place
 Labour wears a cheerful face.

Sure I taste of joys sincere,
 Faithful COLIN ever near ;
 When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
 Wearied nature sinks to rest.
 All my labours to beguile,
 Love shall wake me with a smile.

A I R II.

THOUGH my features i'm told
 Are grown wrinkled and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest,
 Not a wrinkle is there
 Which is furrow'd by care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
Oh! I caper'd and sung,
The lasses came flocking apace;
But now turn'd of three score
I can do so no more,
—Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why should we repine,
You've had yours, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

A I R III.

'TIS thus in those toys
Invented for boys,
To shew how the weather will prove,
The woman and man
On a different plan
Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam
While t' other keeps home,
Insipid, and dull as a drone,
Tho' near to each other
As sister and brother,
They both take their airings alone.

A I R IV.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake.
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tummas's sake;
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout,
O those were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings,
Each lad in his holyday cloaths,
And the lasses in all their best things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our Collin prove such,
Odzooks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

A I R V.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him, who doats on me.

Vol. VIII.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove
And Philomel laments her love,
Each sigh I breathe, my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondest cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

A I R VI.

YES that's * a magazine of arms
To triumph over time;
Whence beauty borrows half her charms,
And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and saint,
Industrious sets her face,
While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,
Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the brush,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spanish wool to give the blush,
The pearl to die them fair.

Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,
In freshest beauty strong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.

A I R VII.

GO! seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown,
Nor shall my faith reward a swain
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

A I R VIII.

THUS laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I stamp. I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy slave.

I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My soul shall take the juster part,
And love shall yield to rage.

A I R IX.

THANK you, ladies, for your care,
But I pray you both forbear,
Sure I am all o'er scratches!

That

2 H

* The Toilette.

That your curious hands must place,
Such odd spots upon my face
With your pencils, paint, and patches.
How I totter in my gait,
From a dress of so much weight,
With my robe too dangling after ;
Could my Colin now but see,
What a thing they 've made of me,
Oh, he'd split his sides with laughter.

A I R X.

THE flowers which grace their native beds,
A while put forth their blushing heads,
But e're the close of parting day
They wither, shrink, and die away.
But these which mimic skill hath made,
Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade ;
Shall blush with less inconstant hue,
Which art at pleasure can renew.

A I R XI.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
I rov'd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking glass,
And health my only paint.
The charms I boast, (alas how few !)
I gave to nature's care,
As vice he'er spoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

A I R XII.

HOW strange the mode which truth neglects,
And rests all beauty in defects !
But we by homely nature taught,
Tho' rude in speech are plain in thought.

A I R XIII.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
As thus — a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.
Each action has a meaning plain,
Repentment's in the snapp,
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.
All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

A I R XIV.

IF tyrant love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of easy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart and aids the thief.
Till left her helpless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn ;
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts the god has wings.

A I R XV.

ALONG your verdant lowly vale,
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But rustling thro' the lofty trees,
It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.
Thus free from envy's poison'd dart,
You boast a pure unruffled heart,
While jarring thoughts our peace deform
And swell our passions to a storm.

A I R XVI.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple and
plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands
a-year.
Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting un-
couth,
I feel no remorse from the follies of youth ;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my life not a moment too
long.
Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and gri-
mace,
Creep under, dance over for title or place ;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

A I R XVII.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.
Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted,
While she who pleases most to-day,
To-morrow shall be slighted.

A I R XVIII.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.
But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.

A I R XIX.

FLATTERING hopes the mind deceiving,
Easy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit,
Noisy shew of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.

A I R XX.

WHAT's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights, and gingling toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.

A I R XXI.

RETURN, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,
Where simple nature mildly reigns,
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.
The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.

A I R XXII.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wide their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, my Eolin true.

A I R XXIII.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendor never knows.

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of shew,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

A I R XXIV.

NO doubt but your foolscap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
—Odzeoks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy kind?

To be sure, like a good-natured spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them spout out of your head.

To keep your wife virtuous and chaste,
The court is a wonderful school,
—My lord you've an excellent taste,
—And son, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
—You dog, I could knock out your brains.

YOUNG'S POEMS.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheist tremble; Thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead
own.

Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never must return.

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to
try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By stricture rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Madg. Coll.
Oxon.

T. WARTON.

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.

This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his towering Muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the Muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd, to flatter vice and varnish crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They soothe the wanton pleasures of the great:
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,
Where serpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from
sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, de-
stroy;

But bliss resembling that of Saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, solid bliss for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
"Of future judgment, and the rising dead;
"Of time's grand period, heaven and earth o'er-
thrown;

"And gasping nature's last tremendous groan."
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore:
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

T. TRISTAM.
TO

TO THE AUTHOR,
ON HIS
LAST DAY,
AND
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay?
On nature's self, destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou canst hope is on the wing.
Shall Newton's System be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd and orb'd that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or Thee?
Through life we chafe, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And sure thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;
First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736.

J. BANCKS.

APOEM ON THE LAST DAY.
IN THREE BOOKS.

" Venit summa dies."

VIRG.

BOOK I.

" Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
" Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
" Terra tremuit: fugere feræ: et mortalia corda
" Per gentes humilis stravit pavor."

VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of
State;

With Britain's Hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;

* Duke of Marlborough.

I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'er-
thrown.

And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design, 11
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down 15
On all the splendors of the British crown.

This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoever disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind, 20
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;
This our Eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne Arch angels prostrate fall;
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night, 25
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darknesses of my mind dispel;
To my great subject Thou my breast inspire,
And raise my labouring soul with equal fire. 30

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great-offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See Spring's gay bloom; see golden autumn's
store;

See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumbersome mail, 35
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers measure climes and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent
feeds,

Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend, 41
And into distant lands their shades extend,
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landkip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd. 46

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise:
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry: 50
Wide theatre? where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the season, and the year controul:
They shine through time, with an unalter'd
ray: 55

See This grand period rise, and That decay:
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'I were sin in heathens not to have ador'd, 60
How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain;
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:

The

The track forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands.

And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes;
While still the busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;

(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shake)

Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Though God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man be-
ware?

How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind:
None are supremely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.

This is the scene of combat, not the rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her
charms,

The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;

Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threatening lance in
vain!

Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flows the terrors of that day I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted
breast,

The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my Muse, whom dismal scenes de-
light;

Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair;

Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;

While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons come to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:

Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watery worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendors to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.

No sun in radiant glory shines on high:
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost;
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad:
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God,

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou
afford

To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?

Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his
form,

That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast
made?

Who can sustain thy anger? Who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh save me, Power,
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood:

Then,

Thou, who for me, through every throbbing
vein; 185

Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms
below,

And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
From east to west they fly, from pole to
line, 191

Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom, 195
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death sits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears com-
mand,

To change his native for a distant land: 200
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to his lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day? 205
Thistime elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less;
Heavens! how the good man trembles!—
And is there a Last Day? and must there
come 210

A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow:
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand; 215
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting wine,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty,
shine;

Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire, 220
Borne, like Elijah, in a car on fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave! 225

What equals this? And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find thy in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul. 231

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading
shame? 235

They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning power suf-
pend;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood, 240
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,

His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.

Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main; 245
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning
flies,

And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, tost on high, 250
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast
Look back with terror on their actions past;
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt
away; 255

Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd barque, though richly
fraught,

And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy. 261

The trembling prophet then, themselves to
save,

They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few! 265
And the bright paths of piety pursue)

Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand; 270
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
He bridges in the monsters of the deep:
The bridled monsters awful distance keep: 275
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great 280
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth re-
found;

Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land. 285

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd
air

Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size;
The prophet views the cavern with surprise:
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descri'd, 290
And rolls his wondering eyes from side to side;
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear; 295
Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade;
Where

Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his
breath, 300

And glides serenely through the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights through coral
groves.

Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves:

When the third morning with its level rays

The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,

It sees the king of waters rise, and pour 306

His sacred guest un-injur'd on the shore:

A type of that great blessing, which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

The LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

"—— We hope, that the departed will rise
"again from the dust: after which, like
"the Gods, they will be immortal."

PHOENIX.

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.

Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost, 5
In wide Eternity I dare be lost.

The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,

To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.

I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,

I lift my voice, and sing to human kind: 10

I sing to men and angels: angels join,

While such the theme, their sacred songs with
mine.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound

Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,

An universal concourse to prepare 15

Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds
sweep,

Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race. 20

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust.

Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all,

The various bones, obsequious to the call,

Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet 25

The distant head; the distant legs the feet.

Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky

Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,

To distant regions journeying, there to claim

Deserted members and compleat the frame. 30

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty

sword,

Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.

Yet one day lost, this deity below

Became the scorn and pity of his foe.

His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made, 35

And smok'd indignant on a Russian's blade,

No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,

Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell,

Obscure his fall! all weltering in his gore,

His trunk was cast to perish on the shore! 40

While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,

Who brought the world in his great rival's head.

This fever'd head and trunk shall join once more,

Though realms now rise between, and oceans
roar.

The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall

hear, 45

Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air;

Obeys the signal wafted in the wind,

And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day

In airy rings, and wild meanders play, 50

Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wander-

ings end,

And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,

Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,

Or midst the burning planets wondering stray'd,

Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid:

Or rather coasted on her final state,

And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate;

This soul, returning with a constant flame,

Now weds for ever her immortal frame. 60

Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,

The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd

First takes a copy of the builder's mind,

Before the structive firm with lasting oak, 65

And marble bowels of the solid rock,

Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,

And bear the lofty palace to the skies;

The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,

With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass. 70

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,

Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,

From camps, or courts, though great, or wise, or

just,

To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;

That solemn mansion of the royal dead, 75

Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,

Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race

Of rising king fill all th' extended space:

A life well spent, not the victorious sword,

Awards the crown, and files the greater lord. 80

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,

Labours with man to this his second birth;

But where gay palaces in pomp arise,

And gilded theatres invade the skies,

Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones 85

Support the pride of their luxurious sons.

The most magnificent and costly dome

Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.

No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,

And human skulls the spacious ocean pave. 90

All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,

The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:

Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;

Shrink backward from the terror of the light, 95

And blest the grave, and call for lasting night.

Others,

* Westminster Abbey.

Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown; 100
 Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
 To face the thunders with a god-like mien;
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move
 An earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
 A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side, 106
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here greatness prostrate falls; there, strength
 gives place;

Here, lazars smile; there, beauty hides her
 face. 110

Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans
 stand,

A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
 Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
 With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
 In mutual friendship their long slumber break, 115
 And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or,
 warm

With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
 Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
 Have made them public fathers of mankind. 120
 In that illustrious rank, what shining light
 With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?

Bend down, my grateful Muse, that homage
 show,

Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.

Wickham! Fox! Chicheley! hail, illustrious
 names. 125

Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
 Beneath your shades, and near your crystal
 springs,

I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.

All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great re-
 nown

To bless a people, and oblige a crown. 130
 And now you rise, eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine

Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,

For bounty so profuse to human kind, 135
 Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?

Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,

Was Nothing; shall I live, when every fire
 And every star shall languish and expire? 140

When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?

Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,

Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how Michael lung or fought;

All that has being in full concert join, 147
 And celebrate the depths of Love divine!

* Founders of the New-College, Corpus
 Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford, of which the
 author was a Member.

VOL. VIII.

But oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
 The judge, descending, thunders from afar, 150
 And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
 Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.

Expect not here the known successful arts 155
 To win attention, and command our hearts:

Fiction, be far away; let no machine
 Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;

Behold the God of Gods indeed descend,
 And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend! 160

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,

As heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenced around with an immortal guard.

Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'er-
 flow 165

The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
 And every age, and nation, pours along;

Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
 Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign

Of all those ages, which their births disjoin. 170
 How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!

What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
 spent,

To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent!
 What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise.

To see the glorious race of ancient days; 176
 To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood!

Alas! a nearer care your soul demands.
 Caesar un-noted in your presence stands. 180

How vast the concourse! not in number more
 The waves that break on the resounding shore,

The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:

Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand*: 185

Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking
 dawn

Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
 Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cambræ's

field,

Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to
 yield, 190

(Another blow had broke the Fate's decree,
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)

Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramilla's host,
 They all are here, and here they All are lost:

Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain, 195
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 "For judgment, judgment, sons of men pre-
 pare!"

Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
 And hell through all her trembling realms re-
 found, 200

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
 Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth;

Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord;

Who

Who, on the day of triumph, saideſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine : 206
Dare not to liſt thine eye—Alas ! my Muſe,
How art thou loſt ! what numbers canſt thou
chuſe ?

A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly ; 210
Lo ! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds
of light,

Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds ! Where *time* and
place, 215

Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grave*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod ;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball 220
(Speck of creation) : if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suffains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne 225
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlaſting Son ;
Crown'd with that majeſty which form'd the
world,

And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praiſe*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant prince. 230
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light,
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes, 235
Or we expect, or find, a paradise :
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, Knowledge ſhines in pureſt light ;
On one, the ſword of Juſtice fiercely bright, 240
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed ;
Now tell the ſcourg'd impoſtor he ſhall bleed !

Thus glorious through the courts of heaven,
the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings
play ; 245

Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array :
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding
ſhell,

And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell ;
Voice ſeraphic ; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again. 250

Triumphant King of GLORY ! Soul of Blifs !
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this ?
O ! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born ;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt, 255
And but a ſecond to the fodder's breſt ?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate
laid,

Vouchsaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made ?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd
and dy'd ; 260

Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd
below ?

And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire ?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire ?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine ; 265
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.

Miſtaken Caiaphas ! Ah ! which blaſphem'd ;
Thou, or thy priſoner ? which ſhall be condemn'd ?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well ex-
claim ;

Deep are the horrors of eternal flame ! 270
But God is good ! 'tis wondrous all ! Ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for
Thee.

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze. 275
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arc ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court. 280
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky.
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the co-
lums fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd ;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wondrous height, 290
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies :
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main ;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood, 295
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh! formidable GLORY ! dreadful bright !
Refulgent torture to the guilty flight.
Ah turn, unwary Muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the Sun ſhrink in his beam) 301
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream ;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene be-
hold. 306

Ah ! how but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find ?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of Prayer ? 310
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

" O Thou ! whoſe balance does the mountains
weigh, 315
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watery worlds to
flame,

" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame ;
Earth's

"Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate
 falls,
 "And on the boundless of thy goodness calls. 320
 "Oh! give the winds all past offence to
 sweep,
 "To scatter wide, or bury in the deep.
 "Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
 "And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee:
 "Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and
 flow 325
 "At thy command, nor human motive know!
 "If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 "And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 "My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 "And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
 "Oh may my understanding ever read 331
 "This glorious volume, which Thy wisdom
 made!
 "Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery
 pride?
 "Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling
 bride?
 "Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
 "And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
 "Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
 "Not Europe's arbiters of peace and war.
 "May sea and land, and earth and heaven be
 join'd,
 "To bring th' eternal author to my mind! 340
 "When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 "May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake
 my soul!
 "When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly
 shine,
 "Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY Divine!
 "Through every scene of life, or peace, or
 war, 345
 "Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
 "Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
 "Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine:
 "Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the
 bow;
 "The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow: 350
 "'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
 "And giv'st Great Anne Thy sceptre o'er the
 north,
 "Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
 "Open with Prayer the consecrated day;
 "Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 "And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:
 "As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 "And glow with ardour of consummate love;
 "Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun,
 "My endless worship shall be still begun. 360
 "And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
 "To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 "When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 "Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
 "Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 "And shew all nature in a milder light; 366
 "How every boisterous thought in calms sub-
 sides!
 "How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
 "O how divine! to tread the milky way,
 "To the bright palace of the Lord of day; 370

"His court admire, or for his favour sue.
 "Or leagues of friendship with His saints renew;
 "Plea'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
 "While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
 "Canst Thou not shake the centre? Oh con-
 troul, 375
 "Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
 "Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
 "Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
 "Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
 "Alluring pleasure, and assailing pain. 380
 "O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
 "And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 "Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the
 price,
 "Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!
 "At the Great day of recompence behold, 385
 "Devoid of fear, the fatal Book unfold!
 "Then, wafted upward to the blissful seat,
 "From age to age, my graceful song repeat;
 "My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
 "And rival angels in the praise of THEE." 399

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

"Esse quoque in satis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
 "Quo mare, quo tellus, corripitque regia cœli.
 "Ardeat; & mundi moles operosa laboret."
 OVID MET.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
 Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
 And all the horrors of the world below;
 I next presume to sing: What yet remains
 Demand my last, but most exalted strains.
 And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
 She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal:
 She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole; 10
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heaven opening, all its sacred pomp displays,
 And overwhelmer with the rushing blaze!
 The triumph rings! archangels shout around; 15
 And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!
 Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
 Now deepest silence hush the vast expanse:
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last. 20
 Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd, 25
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden prayer,
 And let the thought sink deep! shalt thou be
 there?
 312.

See

See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;) 30
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how ob-
scure,

What more than death in every face and mien?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll, 35
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with
care,

And every groan is laden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind 40
Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended interests level'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone 45
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;
How would it wound? What millions wouldst
thou give

For One more trial? One more day to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of Grace; 50
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the Sun; but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace! 55
Their Maker's image fresh in every face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindly love! 60
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just! 66
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest
draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, 70
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Left still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late, 75
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast;
Look round, vain-glorious Muse, and you who
e'er
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace,
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd or re-
sign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow; 86

Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on
high 91

From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd, 95
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was
built,

For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd—
Aloft, their seats of bliss their pomp display.
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies
won:

Through heaven's high gates, when he trium-
phant rode,

And shouting angels hail'd the victor God. 105
Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey, 110
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene; and one short moment's
space

Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write; 116
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis distant; I behold it now;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow, 120
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty
breast,

In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

"Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
"Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save,
"But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
"And cast me out into the wrath of God;
"Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling
chain,

"And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
"Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
"The sole refreshment of the blasted sight. 131
"Must all those powers, heaven gave me to sup-
ply

"My soul with pleasure, and bring-in my joy,
"Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
"Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe? 135
"And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to
dwell,

"Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
"Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
"And with existence only measure pain?
"What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
"No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!
"Ah

" Ah Mercy ! Mercy ! art thou dead above ?
 " Is Love extinguish'd in the source of Love ?
 " Bold that I am, did heaven stoop down to hell ?
 " Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal ?
 " Have I not been industrious to provoke ? 146
 " From his embraces obstinately broke ?
 " Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,
 " Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate ?
 " And dare I on extinguish'd Love exclaim ? 150
 " Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slackening flame ;
 " Just is my lot—but oh ! must it transcend
 " The reach of time, despair a distant end ?
 " With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
 " Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies ! 155
 " NEVER ! where falls the soul at that dread sound ?
 " Down an abyss how dark, and how profound ?
 " Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain !)
 " Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;
 " My plunge but still begun—And this for sin !
 " Could I offend, if I had never been,
 " But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
 " Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass ?
 " Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
 " Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth, 165
 " Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 " And make a thankless present of thy light ?
 " Push into being a reverse of Thee,
 " And animate a clod with misery ?
 " The beasts are happy ; they come forth, and keep 170
 " Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
 " Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vast a pain
 " For crimes, which made the God-head bleed in vain ?
 " Annul'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
 " And flung his agonies, and death, away ? 175
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 " Our constitution too for ever young.
 " Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same
 " Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame :
 " Still to be caught, and still to be pursued ! 180
 " To perish still, and still to be renew'd !
 " And this, *My Help ! My God !* at thy decree ?
 " Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.
 " And canst Thou then look down from perfect bliss,
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyss ? 185
 " Calling Thee Father in a sea of fire ?
 " Or pouring blasphemies at Thy desire ?
 " With mortals anguish wilt Thou raise *Thy* name,
 " And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim ?
 " Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
 " Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe ;
 " Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay ;
 " On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold-in Thy rage,
 " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage : 195

" Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame ;
 " But lose me in the greatness of Thy name.
 " Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
 " And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?
 " Shall sinful man grow great by his offence, 200
 " And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?
 " Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least
 " This one, this slender, almost *no* request ;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 " When torment is grown weary of its prey, 205
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire."
 Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans ; 210
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain ;
 To talk to fiery tempests ; to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er ; 215
 To toils, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
 To take possession of their thrones above ;
 Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply, 220
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;
 Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze ;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ; 225
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty King ;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain, 230
 And leave unfinished the too lofty strain :
 What boldly I begin, let others end ;
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
 And chuse a less but no ignoble theme,
 Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame. 235

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
 And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
 Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
 Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball ;
 Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
 And, darted downward, set the world on fire ; 240
 Black rising clouds the thicken'd Æther choke,
 And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
 With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
 And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light ;
 From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
 Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
 To enrage the flame : It spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky :
 Here winding pyramids of fire ascend, 250
 Cities and deserts in one ruin blend ;
 Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm ;
 There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
 The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.
 Hear'st thou that dreadful crack ? that sound
 which broke 256
 Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook ?

What

What wonders must that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A towering monument of God's right hand; 261
Now dust and smoke, whose brow, so lately,
spread

O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball 265
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas! 270
Like oil their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Libya? Where did India's
shore

Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore? 275
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies; 280
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and perish in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire, 285
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their
prey;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire, 290
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.

A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence, 296
Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.

Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?

What strange surprizes through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for Man? 301

For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;

Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

I think deeply then O Man, how great thou
art; 306

Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare pegele,

Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast, 310

And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,

Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright! 315

Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!

Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter Sun, beyond the bounds of time,
Thou, *Minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate. 320
What stores on foreign coasts thy landing wait:
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous
God,

Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky: 325
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one *Eternal Day*.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

"Gratiox & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus"
VIRG.

BOOK I.

"Ad cælum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas."
VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd
on high,

And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,
My Muse descend: Indulge my fond desire;
With softer thought my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise: 5
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious lists of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world com-
mand, 10

Virtue is Beauty; But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When youth makes such bright objects still more
bright,

And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view, 15
And all but Adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born:

When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd.
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd, 20

Theauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;

Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne; 25

Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will Guildford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?

At once she longs, and is afraid to know:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow, 30

To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;

Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes. Thus,

Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face, 35
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene

And sorrow soften'd by her heavenly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue; 40
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

"Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost;
"What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
"A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain 45
"A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.

"Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
"To wealth eternal; and return above;
"Above, where no distinction shall be known
"Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne, 50

"And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
"Shone forth in all the splendour of the great:
"Nor can I find the difference here below;

"I lately was a Queen; I still am so
"While Guildford's Wife; Thee rather I obey,
"Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.

"When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
"Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
"And I to death my duty will improve,

"And what you miss in empire, add in love—
"Your God-like soul is open'd in your look, 61
"And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.

"For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown;
"To find with what content we lay it down.
"Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race 65
"Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head: 70

Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,

In space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell; 75
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess,

Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair; 80
Now, silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,

And sicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.

Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast, 85
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And every transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms 91
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;

Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the vision of a day.

Thus, in the British-clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of heaven deform; 96

The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend;

A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year. 100

But whither is the captive borne away,
Theauteous captive, from the cheerful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed! before her eyes

Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise:
For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown: 106
Black thoughts each morn invade the Lover's breast,

Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to rest.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds. 110
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid:
To succour in extremes, is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the sight.

We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze, 115
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away. 120
Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
And with an atient heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat
Address'd her God—"Almighty Power Di-

vine! 125
" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress, is Thine;
" With honour to light up the name unknown,
" Or to put out the lustre of a throne.

"In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd, 130
"I'll bear it well; (O strengthen me to bear!)"
"And if my piety may claim thy care;

"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a Future State;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore 135
"For one who never guilty sceptre bore!

"I was I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free!
"If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
"Let him survive, his country's name to raise.
"And in a guilty land to speak Thy praise! 140
"O may th' indulgence of a father's love.

"Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
"If these are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
"And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid justice, rush'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:

The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn.

The sad necessity of his return; 150
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night. Sweet

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest ;
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command :
With royal purple is her vision hung ; 161
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquests rung ;
How at her feet the suppliant rival lies :
Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd, 165
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade ;
The busy trades in cities had began
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes ;
Awakes, and smiles ; nor night's imposture blames ;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams ;
A short-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er, 175
That dy'd in birth, that shone, and was no more :
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though serious ; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom. 180
Sun, hide thy beams : in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve ; be guiltless of the sight ;
Or haste more swiftly to the western main ;
Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain !

Oh ! how severe ! to fall so new a bride, 185
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride ;
When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face !
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief. 190
Unhappy fair ! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view ;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights ;
Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts and fears ;
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares : 195
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face ;
Who, when her *dearest* father shall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn, 200
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart :
As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the blest Indian of his care beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press' 205
To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;
She through th' encircling terrors, darts her sight
To the blest regions of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace : To weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, she recommends ; 210
Unmov'd herself : Her foes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care
But Guilford ; who still struggles for his share.
Still will his form importunately rise, 215
Clog and retard her transport to the skies ;
As trembling flames now takes a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,

Thus her soul onward from the seats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love : 220
At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;
That Heaven she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now death is welcome ; his approach is slow ;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh ! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last ;
Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end. 230

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is
near :
Her rigid trials are not yet complete ;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age, 235
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past !

A fonder parent nature never knew :
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew. 240
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd ;
The pious daughter in her heart overflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain ?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain ?
Impossible ! a sigh will force its way ; 245
One patient tear her mortal birth betray ;
She sighs and weeps ! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial Patience ! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate ? 250
While Passion takes his part, betrays our peace ;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.
Now she resolves within her anxious mind, 255
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn : The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd. 260
What mercy can the Zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage ?
She thought, and sigh'd, and now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye, 265
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas ! should Guilford too — when now she's
brought

To that dire view, that precipice of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look
down,
Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known ;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears — 270
But not to clear her heart and dry her tears !
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows and the damp away :
But, like a gloomy storm at once to sweep 275
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair :

Slow,

Slow like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face. 280
Back she recoild, she smote her lovely breast;
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound.
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast; 285
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

"Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis?"

VIRG.

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She rear'd, her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
Ah! Guilford, she began, and would have
spoke;

But sobs rush'd in, and every accent broke: 10
Reason itself, as guits of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell;
The scatter'd features slid into decay, 15
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul.
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair? 20
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd: and, with excess of
pain,

And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire, 25
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief; "My life, forbear?"

"You wound your Guilford with each cruel
tear: 30

"Did you not chide my grief? Repress your
own;

"Nor want compassion for yourself alone:

VOL. VIII.

"Have you beheld, how, from the distant main?
The-thronging waves roll on, a numerous
train,

"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the
shore; 35

"There burst their noisy pride, and are no more;
Thus the successive flows of human race,

"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;
They sound, and swell, their haughty heads
they rear;

"Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay; 41

"And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
Why should you mourn my fate? 'tis most
unkind;

"Your own you bore with an unshaken mind:
And which, can you imagine, was the dart 45

"That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my
heart?

"I cannot live without you; and my doom
I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.

"And are again your tears profusely spilt!
Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt; 51

"It soils itself, if it recall your pain;
Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!

"The load which fate imposes, you increase;
And help Maria to destroy my peace."

But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd:

Compassion swells our grief; words soft and
kind

But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind:
Her sorrow flow'd in streams; nor Her's alone,

While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own. 60
Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so
late,

Hail'd him great partner of the regal state:
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,

And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the queen's command, they both re-
treat, 65

To weep with dignity, and mourn in state:
She forms the decent misery with joy,

And loads with pomp the wretch she would de-
stroy.

A spacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night. 70

From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky:

It sheds a quivering melancholy gloom,
Which only shews the darkness of the room.

A shining ax is on the table laid: 75
A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind!

A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd, every love but theirs.

What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes,
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; "I despise

"An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;

"But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping
fair? 86

" Oh! to dwell over on thy lip! to stand
 " In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 " And, through th' unclouded crystal of thine
 eye,
 " The heavenly treasures of the mind to spy! 90
 " Till rapture reason happily destroys.
 " And my soul wanders through immortal joys!
 " Give me the world, and ask me, Where's my
 bliss?
 " I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This*.
 " And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no
 more; 95

But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
 Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
 And, wondering, fees, in sad *presaging* thought,
 From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
 And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball! 100

Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly blest'd!
 For who but Guilford, could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
 From flowery meadows and from rooms of state;
 Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy, 105
 But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
 Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
 On nobler titles than the Brave or Fair.

Was ever such a mournful, moving sight?
 See, if you can, by that dull, trembling light:
 Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
 Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
 Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They stiffen into statues of despair:
 Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind, 115
 They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
 And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
 And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
 A short delusion! for the raging pain
 Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again.

Mean time, the Queen new cruelty decreed;
 But, ill content that they should *only* bleed,
 A priest is sent; who, with insidious art,
 Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
 And Guilford drank it: Hanging on the breast.
 He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
 When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
 And in her dearest lord she first must die,
 The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
 The most unguarded passes of her mind, 130
 Bespoke her thus: " Grieve not; 'tis in your
 power

" Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour"
 Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with
 pain;

A sudden horror thrills through every vein;
 Life seems suspended, on his words intent; 135
 And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds: " Embrace the faith of
 Rome,

" And ward your own, your lord's, and father's
 doom."

Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain;
 The past was ease; now *first* she suffers pain. 140
 Must she pronounce her tather's death? must she
 Bid Guilford bleed?—It must not, cannot, be.
 It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
 Above impossibilities to raise

The weakness of our nature; and deride 146
 Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.

What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
 A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
 Though tainted youth our vigorous youth can
 break,

And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake, 150
 Yet are we strong: Hear the loud tempest roar
 From east to west, and call us weak no more;
 The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
 Our might, and thunders raise our humble
 names;

'Tis our Jehovah fills the heavens; as long 155
 As He shall reign Almighty: We are strong:
 We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
 And almost make Omnipotence our own:
 We force the gates of heaven, by fervent pray-
 er;

And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair. 160

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
 And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
 Devoutly sad—Then, brightening, like the day,
 When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
 Shining in majesty; till now unknown; 165
 And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
 She, rising, speaks; " If these the terms—"

Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous
 man!

Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran;
 O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow
 fraught, 170

And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
 Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
 Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
 His fears for her *alone*; he beat his breast,
 And thus the fervour of his soul express'd: 175

" Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse
 rove,

" And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!

" Oh, if thy kindness can no longer last,

" In pity to thyself, forget the past!

" Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,

" Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so
 dear: 180

" Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and
 swore

" Empires were vile, and Fate could give no
 more;

" That to *continue*, was its utmost power,

" And make the future like the present hour.

" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword

" Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless Lord;

" Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),

" And stain his honour with a *Traitor's* name.

" *This* might perhaps be borne without remorse;

" But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force" 190

" Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,

" Through cruel torment to the grave descend?

" His shallow blood all issue at a wound,

" Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the
 ground? 195

" But

"But he to you has ever been severe;
 "Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew
 near;

Bending beneath the burden of his care;
 His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
 Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring, 200
 Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring,
 Downward he cast a melancholy look;
 Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; than faintly
 spoke,

"Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
 "That ax can only rob me of a day; 205
 "For *this* my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
 "And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in
 vain?

"When you shall know a mother's tender name,
 "My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
 At this, afar his bursting groans were heard; 210
 The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
 He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he
 prest,

And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
 Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
 And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust. 215

Herd-hearted men! will you no merit know?
 Has the Queen bri'd you to distress her foe:
 O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
 By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
 When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly, 220
 And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky!
 And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
 Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
 When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
 The broken force of her aspiring mind, 225
 As round the generous eagle, which in vain
 Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his
 train,

Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
 His poisonous tail, and stings her as she flies!
 While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she
 feels, 230

And with its force her resolution reels;
 Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
 To view discover, weltering on the ground,
 Three headless trunks, of those whose arms main-
 tain'd,

And in her wars immortal glory gain'd; 235
 The lifted ax assur'd her ready doom,
 And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
 Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale?
 Nor truths, to stagger human faith, prevail.

She met this utmost malice of her fate 240
 With Christian dignity, and pious state:
 The beating storms propitious rage she blest,
 And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast:
 Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace! 245
 Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
 And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky:

"Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
 "I am well pleas'd you made my death so great;
 "I joy I cannot save you; and have given 250
 "Two lives, much dearer than my own to hea-
 ven,

"If so the Queen decrees"—But I have cause
 "To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
 "And there is mercy still, for you, in store:
 "With me the bitterness of death is o'er. 255
 "He shot his sling in *that* farewell-embrace;
 "And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
 "Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
 "Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
 Then, turning to the ministers of fate, 260
 She, smiling, says, "my victory's complete:
 "And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
 "And grieve my gratitude I cannot show;
 "A poor return I leave in England's crown,
 "For everlasting pleasure, and renown: 265
 "Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
 "Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."
 Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her
 fate;
 And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

* Here she embraces them.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

"—Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
 "Non minus ignotos generosis."

HOR.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF DORSET.

"—Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
 "Virtutis."

Juv. Sat. x.

MY verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
 And patronize a Muse you cannot fear.
 To poets sacred is a Dorset's name:
 Their wonted passport through the gates of fame:
 It bribes the partial reader into praise, 5
 And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
 The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
 And gives applause to Blackmore or to me.
 But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
 Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you. 10

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
 Thou shining supplement of public laws!
 When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
 Reproach her silence, and demand our rage;
 When purchas'd follies from each distant land, 15
 Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;

2 K 2

When

When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,

And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;

When *Churchman* Scripture for the Classics quit,

Polite apostates from God's *grace* to *Wit*; 20

When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,

And fly from bailiffs into parliament;

When dying sinners, to blot out their score,

Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *quore*;

To chafe our spleen, when themes like these in-

crease, 25

Shall Panegyrick reign, and Censure cease?

Shall Poetry, like Law, turn wrong to right,

And dedications wash an *Æth* op white,

Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,

On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*? 30

Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,

And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?

Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,

And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful

train, 35

Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?

Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,

And guilt's chief woe, in Addison, is fled;

Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly

won, 40

Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,

He will not write; and (more provoking still!)

Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find,

Discreetly daring, and severely kind,

The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread, 45

And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,

And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?

Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.

What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*? 50

The *Love of Praise*, how'er conceal'd by art,

Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:

The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;

The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.

O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it

swells; 55

Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:

'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, it prays, preaches,

pleads,

Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.

Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;

There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*. 60

It aids the *dancers*'s heel, the *writer*'s head,

And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;

Nor ends with *life*; but nods in *fable plumes*,

Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to see

So many like himself in high degree:

The *worship* is proud her beauties are the dread

Of peevish virtue and the marriage bed;

And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born

To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn. 70

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,

And come back much more guilty than they

went:

* Horace.

One way they *look*, another way they *peer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down, 75
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* towards a
book:

Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull fots to wretched wine. 80

If at his title T—— had drop'd his quill,

T—— might have pass'd for a great genius

still.

But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)

Is now a *scribbling*, who was once a *man*. 85

Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,

For heaping up, with a laborious hand,

A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,

While A's *desp'd*, and B with *pomp* *restor'd*.

Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,

And think they grow immortal as they *quote*: 90

To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;

Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*,

On *gluffs* how witty is a noble peer!

Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Polite diseases make some ideots *vain*; 95

Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;

And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;

Whose praise defames, as if a fool should mean,

By spitting on your face, to make it clean. 100

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with

pride.

Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.

What can she not perform? The Love of Fame

Made bold Alphonso his creator blame:

Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep: 105

And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,

Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been

dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen

Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen, 110

By *it*'s inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)

Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knut*.

It makes Globose a speaker in the house;

He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.

It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail 115

And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,

Unpeople court, and leave the *senate* thin?

My growing subject seems but just begun,

And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run. 120

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,

To take a catalogue of British fools.

Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,

A knave or fool should perish in each line;

Though for the first all Westminster should plead, 125

And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?

To *quality* belongs the highest place.

My lord comes forward; forward let him come!

Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room: 130

He

He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet.
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wife!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave 135
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious
chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more
great?

Nothing—but merit in a low estate. 140
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*; 145
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine. 150

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of earth, who, on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swam into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purse of gold at Antis' gate, 155
And beg to be defended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, *cause*!
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *Laws*. 160

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do; 165
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd; every toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*. 170

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge, in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame; 175
Not domes, but antique statues, are his fame:
Not Fontaine's self more Parian charms has
known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold. 180
"No, sirs, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such *beasts* might make their very *husts* laugh:
His daughter starves; but * Cleopatra's safe.
Men, overloaded with a large estate, 185
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *envious*, when we swear you're *mad*.

* A famous statue

By your revenue measure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*. 190

No man is blest'd by accident or guess;

True *wisdom* is the price of *bappings*;

Yet few without long discipline are sage;

And our *youth* only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long 195

The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,

Thy most inviting theme? The court affords

Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.

"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"

One is just out, and one as lately in. 200

"How comes it then to pass we see preside

"On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,

Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.

As in its home it triumphs in *high place*, 205

And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.

Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,

Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravisht

sight:

Some lords it bids *resign*; and turns their wands,

Like Moses', into serpents in their hands. 210

These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,

With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.

But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,

The boast of merely being out, or in.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition,

strive 215

To seem the most transported things alive?

As if by *joy*, desert was understood:

And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.

Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,

And stifled groans frequent the ball and play. 220

Completely dress'd by * Monteuil and grimace,

They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face:

Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*.

Put off at night, with Lady B—'s hair.

What bodily fatigue is half so bad? 225

With anxious care they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers *here*, would into fame advance,

Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's dance;

The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!

Those dear destroyers of the tedious day; 230

That wheel of tops! that saunter of the town!

Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.

Fools grin on fools, and, *state*-like support,

Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.

Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*, 235

But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.

High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create:

None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:

Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,

Which makes a swain as wretched as a king. 240

I envy none their pageantry and show;

I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.

Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,

And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;

No splendid poverty, no smiling care, 245

No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, there:

There-pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;

The *sense* is ravisht, and the *soul* is blest;

* A famous taylor.

On

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows. 250
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still :
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The *Squire* is proud to see his couriers strain,
Or well-breath'd heagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hyppolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christ-mas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the
back) 260

When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise ? Let Ringwood's fame alone ;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own ;
Nor envies, when a gypsy *you* commit, 265
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit ;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my Muse ! and then thy task
renew ;

Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view. 270
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates ;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates ;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind ;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind ;
Fewer grave lords to Scrope discreetly bend ;
And fewer *stocks* a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At Bath, in *summer*, chants the reigning lads,
And sweetly *whistles* as the *waters* pass ? 280
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up ?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame ?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme :
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad, 285
For who can *write* so fast as men run mad ?

SATIRE II.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach the destin'd
end ;

Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine ;
Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line :
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose ; 5
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage ;
'Tis most ill-nature to *reproach* thy rage :
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write. 10

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd.
Almighty *vanity* ! to thee they owe
Their *rest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou like the sun, all *colours* dost contain, 15
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.

For every soul finds reason to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *sylvan* crown ;
But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !
Why teems the earth ? Why melt the vernal skies ?
Why shines the sun ? To make † Paul Diack rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood, 25
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good ;
What shape ! What hue ! Was ever nymph so
fair ?

He doats ! he dies ! he too is *rooted* there.
O solid bliss ! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy. 30
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes *ten* day a most inglorious wight ;
The tulip dead ! See thy fair sisters fate
O C — ! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all ; 35
Beware, O Florio, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame ;
A Quaker ferv'd him, Adam was his frame ;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent ; 40

But came, and mis'd it one ill-fated hour :
He rag'd ! he roar'd ! " What *daemon* cropt my
flower ? "

Serene, quoth Adam, " Lo ! 'twas crush'd by
me ;
" Fall'n is the baal to which thou bow'd'st thy
knee. "

But all men want *amusement* ; and what crime 45

In such a paradise to fool their time ?
None : but why proud of this ? To fame they soar ;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy : 50
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire ?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow-
er ?

Another Florio doating on a flower !
A short-liv'd flower ; and which has often sprung 55

From fordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus ! is thy fancy smit ?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau. 60
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view !
Thy Books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard ;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home 65
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind ;

* This refers to the first Satire.

† The name of a tulip.

Or

Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for *sport* alone, and not for *game*. 70
If so, sure they who the *mere volume prize*,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduced his rent;
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on, 75

A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran. 80
When terms were drawn, and brought him b
the clerk,

Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone 85
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought*;
And to this cost another must succeed
To pay a *sage*, who *says* that he can read; 90
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has *seen*;
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O Stanhope, whose accomplishments make good
The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour*! and the finest *taste*!
Accept this verse if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity*. 100

By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius fruit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his servent petulance may cool; 105
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his *sense*;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind. 110

What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If kill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd; 115
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set: 120
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen;
Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jest*, when the *joke's* *unkind*.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a
wit, 125

To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:

* Letters sent to the Author, signed Marcus.

If that a *just* offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou a *Fool*, or *knave*? 130

For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No mask so good, but Marcus must shine
through:

False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe. 140

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peculiar* reason; vain of being dull;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn*
souls,

In vengeance they determine—to to be *fools*;
Through spleen, that little nature gave, make
less, 145

Quite zealous in the ways of *beaviness*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
These, when their utmost venom they would
spit,

Most barbarously tell you—"He's a *wit*." 150
Poor *negroes*, thus, to show their burning spite,
To cacodemons, say, there're *devilish* *wobite*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief*! one carries in his head 155
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger; without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.

The *dunghill-breed* of man a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
white,

Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his *sense*,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and peace.

The booby father craves a booby son, 165
And by Heaven's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *lisp*; another *not* to see:
Miss D—, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through
pride,

Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craesus, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage sup-
port. 176

He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something
new." 180

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he *wisely* look; and *gravely* plead?

A

As far a *formalist* from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold. 190
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought re-
clin'd?

The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot, 195
Solemnity's a cover for a *fat*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *screen*;
For 'tis the wife man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Chesterfield, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art; 200
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou sur-
vey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizard quite dis-
grace, 205
And hide secure behind a *naked face*?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother* is undone? 210

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen!
How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign! 215
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-sworn ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous *watch-case*, though conceal'd it
lies, 225

Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Where'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye, 230
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In *active* measures, brought from France, he
wheels,
And triumphs, unconscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A cask of genius, debonnair and gay, 235

Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by *fame*,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, where'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undi'guis'd. 240
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd furtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a
doubt;

"And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out!" 250

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim; 255
The *flower* and the *sopling* are the same.

"Ye whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club-nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide. 260
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they
pass,

Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass;
While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone

"But who art Thou?" methinks Florella
cries: 265

"Of all thy species art Thou only wife?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be;

I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee. 270
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of *fame* lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wife means to gain it hast thou chose?

275
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past:
I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last*:
What then is to be done? Be wife with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time, 286
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

* Milton.

SATIRE

SATIRE III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have fought

To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three*:
For whose the present glory, or the gain? 5
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a friend; 10
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays; 15
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on *alms* of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair; 20
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old 25
New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse;
And from four critics vindicate the Muse.
"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you: 30
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame:
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As haunted *bags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile, 35
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critics name? 40
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his fable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries, 45
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors sage, who through Parhassius teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the *weather* dictates; right 50
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
Since his great ancillors in Flanders sell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*; 55
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;

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Some judge, their knack of *judging* wrong to keep;

Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise, 60
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry 65
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.

Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown

Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *books* their criticism waste:
The genius of a *disb* some justly taste. 70
And eat their way to fame; with anxious thought

The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay.

And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to *dine*— 75
Half of their precious day they give the feast;
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown. 80

These workies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences great, 85
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat,

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *Pilferers* of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer, 90
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd sops, by whom she ne'er was seen.

Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone, 95
To cover shame still greater than his own.
Bathylus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name;
His words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots
Men *forge the patents* that create their fots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays, 105
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Sati e blame them; for 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do

A L

O fruitful

O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow, 115
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
'Till I surpass in length my Lawyer's bill;
A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram. 120
When, cloy'd, in fury I shrow down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for when the jest is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before. 126
Is there of *thee*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth!

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houses* some; nay, houses that they *hire*: 130
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change
their airs;
My lord has *vapours*, and my lady *swears*:
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To show the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too? 140
Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprize.
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my
fate." 145
You know your answer, "he's exact in great."
"My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of
faults."

"But oh! what sense! what energy of
thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he must confess;
"But not a soul to give our arms success." 150
"Ah! that's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise!"
"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me
back
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack;
"All say, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny; 155
"sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee*!
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong. 160
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prosperity* there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wife, Vincenna, and the court forsake; 165
Our fortunes there, nor thou, nor I, shall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great 170

With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;
Enough to keep *two shoes* on Sunday clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford; 175
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men con-
fer:

But often, even in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours
come:

They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, *yearning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *blest* by chance.
If *merit* fuses, and greatness is so loth,
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need, 185
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends in-
deed,

Of every charm and virtue she's possest:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest!
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste! 190
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps her maid*.

Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high;
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their ear:
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as
well; 200
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own, that English is their mother tongue.

To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peerless outshine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather give than pay. 206

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The Legislature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th'embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done. 210
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth, of *politeness* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel; 215
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy *master* serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve,
Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*. 219
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred* maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades! 225

If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice. 230
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted*
land.

To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure 235
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth? 240
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *vobores* and *fidelle-strings*!

Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with
truths like these,

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou. 245
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common-sense,
To writ: a *Satire*, which gave none offence!
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you
see.

If men dislike them, do they censure me? 250
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend,
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice, 256
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curie within, a smile upon his face; 260
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and Virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain 265
For mens' refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodgington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my prefiging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd; 270
And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship
dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious wood-
bine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting
boughs:

So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious verse, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside, 5
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The Crown's assertor, and the People's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse;
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won, 15
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
Chremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his service to the State and Crown;
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all im-
proves,

Though Britain's thankless, still *this patriot*
loves: 20

But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He *drinks his coffee*, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sun-shine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate; 25
A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of State.

You smile, and think *this statesman* void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,
Since *fleets* of genius art expert at *Put*; 30
Since half the Senate "Not content" can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counsel
kings?

An incapacity for smaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own estate*, 35
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a *shoulder-knot*; 40
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies 45
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief? 50
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous
force;

But thunder mows *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an *Atheist* in the dark; 55
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logick in his *pulse* decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well. 60
C——,

C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and *be*, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage, 65
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a Free-mason, with some terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* say,
He mis'd, these many years, the Church, or 70
Play:

He makes no noise in Parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears, 75
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleness*, beyond relief,
Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place; 80
As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narcissus is the glory of his race; 85
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream 90
along,

Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong. 90
To counterpoise this here of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
What other men dislike, is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;
Through pride, not malice, the run counter still, 95

And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends.
Stones mount, and Sussex is the worst of friends; 100

They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush if you surprize them in the *right*;
If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt, 105
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's *out*.
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense 110
is shewn

In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*. 110
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than Sloane the foremost *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies, 115
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* inherits,
And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph *never* wore!
He shews, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's 120
chin.

"Since that great *death* our chronicles de-
plore,
"Since that great *plague* that swept as many 125
more,

"Was ever year unblest as *this*?" he'll cry, 125
"It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the same: 130
Warm in pursuit, he *seizes* all the great,
Staunch to the foot of *title* and *estate*:
Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *shadows*, lag behind;
He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,
Close at their elbows, as a *morning dun*;
As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
And *same* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after seven years dance, from place to place,
The * *Danc* is more familiar with his Grace. 140

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the 145
town?

Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace, 145
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *is*
leave;

Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
To loil, or *thump* it, for his better ease; 150
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,
When the peer *raffly* swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not
find

His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow, 155
That can cry, "Chimney sweep," or drive a
plough?

With terms like these, how mean the tribe that
close!

Scarce meaner they, who terms like these im-
pse.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lye; 160
The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest, 165
As her old constant spark, the bard protest.
"Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the
fight,
"Pelham's magnificent, but I can write,

* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyll. And

"And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear, 170
That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *meat*,
And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat* :
Grown *lean*, and *wife*, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner's* lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which sons of dulceness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel *press-man* can refrain from tears, 180
When the poor Muse, for less than half a crown,
A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing, though unin-
spir'd? 185

Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defund by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress
Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press?
Bad metre, that *excrecence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will sprout, although the poet's *dead*.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg; 191
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Labeo, the true *mumper's* fashion,
Exposes *borrow'd* brats to move *compassion*.

Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
"Is't then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forebear*;
For some, though few, there are large-minded
men,

Who watch unseen the labours of the pen; 200
Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore
court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her sup-
port;

Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is studious to restore; 205
And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.

But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory,
strive

To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*!
Fame's *reversion* in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease,
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well, 215
He *starves* his authors, that their works may
sell.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*;
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*. 220
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you
meet,
Shall match the veriest huncks in Lombard-
street.

From rescued candles' ends, who, rais'd a sum, 225
And starves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band,
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*. 230
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Morimón, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd, 235
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*;
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd.
When Harry conquer'd, and half France ex-
pir'd:

He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*. 240

"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel
cries,

While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
Just is his title—for he will not *fight*:

All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*, 245
All maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of *slain*;
He gives the foes he flew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half abates* his sword. 250

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree; 255

But if you pay yourself, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to speak them but his
own,

Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim, 260
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak;
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

"O fairest of creation! last and best!
"Of all God's works! Creature in whom ex-
cell'd,
"Whatever can to sight, or thought, be
form'd
"Holy, Divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
"How art thou lost!"—

MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But

But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*;
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *figh*.

The sex we honour, though their faults we
blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:

A theme, fair —! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee*;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grossier kind

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than
nice,

Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, Parks, coarse feasts in City-halls,
Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield scenes,
And Fortune-tellers Caves, and Lions Dens,
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-
rooms,
Installments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shows, Reviews,
Sales, Races, Rabbits, (and, still stranger!)
Pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame;
And Love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame:
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms:
Then, out of ostentation hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all ecstacy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight*!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wife,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Zara resembles *Aetna* crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In—Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *new*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows—"that her great-grandfather is dead."

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to *bear*:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *flirts*, or *makes*, you both polite and wife.

Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can
say

"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address!"
Through *virtue*, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *rares* to prove her *will*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*:
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than *nice*,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last* word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wife*?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd
throng

Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *senseless* cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*!
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *moon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
home!

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace;

Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *satiety* and *fierce* desire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness, it all o'ercame,
Husbands look mild, and *savages* grow tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view;
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *After* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miss* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.

Some

Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *managed steed*; 120
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Robert has the forming of the *Fair*.

More than *one steed* must *Della's* empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng. 125

With what an air she smacks the *filken thong*!
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:
Sciostris like, such chariotcers as *these*
May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please: 130

They *drive, row, run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the Belle lettres lovely Daphne reigns:
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs tofs'd high, on her sophee she sits, 135
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair*. 140
Had lovely Daphne Hecate's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care; 145

Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?
O no: see Stella; her eyes shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire: 150
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
Nor is 't a sanction for *impertinence*.

Sempronia lik'd her man; and well she might; 155

The youth in person, and in parts, was bright;
Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In steep'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *three-*
score, 160

The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear.
Of *pride* and *avarice* who can cure the fair? 165

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;

Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere de-
lights;

But fools create themselves new appetites: 170

Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.

When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,

In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show, 175
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures
grow;

Like cats in *air-pumps*, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick; make haste: the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the
ball. 180

The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always so:

"Diversions put her maladies to flight;

"True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all
night:

"I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune) 185

"For *fevers* take an opera in June:

"And, though perhaps you'll think the practice
bold,

"A midnight park is sovereign for a cold:

"With *colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;

"With *indigestions*, supper just at three." 190

A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?

Though sick to death, abroad they safely roam,

But droop and die, in perfect health, at home:

For want—but not of health, are ladies ill; 195

And tickets cure beyond the *doctor's* bill.

Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair

You lady lolls! With what a tender air!

Pale as a young dramatic author, when,

O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen. 200

Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?

Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?

"Late sitting-up has turn'd her roses white."

Why went she not to bed? 'Because 'twas *night*."

Did she then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor
that." 205

Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.

"No, all alone, her *prayers* she rather chose;

"Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning
rose."

Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,

Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed; 210

This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;

Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,

And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.

You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite; 215

To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:

Next day she shines in glossy *black*; and then

Revolves into her native *red* again:

Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,

And is her own dear rival in your arms. 220

But one admirer has the painted lass;

Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:

Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,

That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.

To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,

Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*. 226

How gay they smile! Such blessings *nature*

pours,

O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:

In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,

She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet
green: 230

* Lap-dog.

Pure

Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
 And waste their music on the savage race;
 Is nature then a niggard of her bliss?
 Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
 But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse, 235
 And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuse,
 Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
 (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
 Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal
 springs,
 And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
 But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, de-
 light 241
 And to be press'd to death, transports her quite:
 Where silver-rivulets play through flowery meads,
 And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their
 shades,
 Black kennels' absent *odours* she regrets, 245
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?
 Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
 Through briars and brambles in the *world* we
 fray; 250
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
 And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
 Which choke our passage, our career controul,
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
 O sacred solitude! divine retreat! 255
 Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with business unper-
 plex'd,
 This life we relish, and ensure the next;
 There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,
 Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee. 266

There sport the Muses; but not there alone:
 Thy sacred force Amelia feels in town.
 Nought but a genius, or in thy waving shade,
 A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit: 270
 Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
 Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in
 peace;
 With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
 On Dursley's poetry, and Bunyan's prose:
 The learned war both wage with equal force, 275
 And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phoebe, though she possesses nothing less,
 Is proud of being rich in happiness:
 Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
 Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
 With what well-acted transport will she say,
 "Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday!
 "And then that charming party for to-mor-
 row!"
 Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into for-
 row:

But she dares never boast the *present* hour; 285
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
 For such is our weakness, or our curse,
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
 The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*. 290

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
 Pleasure like *quicksilver* is *bright*, and *coy*;
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains; 295
 What it is, but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
 Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lyes;
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
 There's no satiety of charms divine: 300
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
 She, fond and young, last week, her wish en-
 joy'd,

In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
 The morning came, when Strephon, waking,
 found 305
 (Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd:
 "What miracle, says Strephon, makes thee
 weep?"

"Ah, barbarous man", she cries, "how could
 you—" *sleep?*"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*! 310
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
 We wish our mistress, and our meat, away:
 But soon the sated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal Love let man, then, never swear; 315
 Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair*;
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or
 chill;

Hunger and Love, are foreign to the *will*.
 There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the
 mind: 320

But not of that unfashionable set
 Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
 Eternal Love exactly hits her taste;
 Phyllis demands eternal love at *least*
 Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes, 325
Eternal Love! I vow, the swain replies:
 But say, my *All*, my *Mistress*, and my *Friend*!
 What day next week th' *Eternity* shall end?

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love*;
 Hope from mortal man, and range above. 330
 The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
 Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
 She sees the planets in their turns advance,
 And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance:
 Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air; 335
 And Whiston has *engagements* with the fair.
 What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
 'Tis not in air-pumps the gay Colonel dies.
 But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
 (O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains. 340
 Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
 Turns out the stars, and Newton is a lot.

To ——— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,

While puzzled Learning blunders far behind, 345
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares, 355
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the commonweal;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechin the queen of lace, and Colberteen, 360
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress?

But oh! the nymph that mounts above the
spheres, 365
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *sine-cure*;
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at *piquet*; 370
In those licentious meetings act the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they *see* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue? 375
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Lace, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee; 386
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flower!

The young and gay declining, Appia lies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and
see

What gay distress! what splendid misery!
What ever fortune lavishly can pour, 395
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it lays;
Like any lord, it *promises*—and *pays*.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold! 400
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more* is but the fashion of the plate.
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; anon we cast *anew*;

Vol. VIII.

To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd: 405
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;
The fair 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As flowers unfold their beauties to the sun; 410
And yet in female scales a *sep* out-weighs,
And wit must wear the willow and the bays.
Nought shines to bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*. 420
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, and staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid. 426
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
She, by just stages, *journays* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs. 430
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* stile;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather *sees*, than *bears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye, 435
Piece out th' ideas her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head. 440
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the giant *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;
But chew she must herself; ah cruel fate
That Kosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) against the *poison* of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene. 450
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain;
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd, 455
If wanton language shews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpire the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple I wain;
She, on the Christian System, is prophane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deposes a lady in his stead? 466
A lady? pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

2 M

Few

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence ;
 Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense ; 470
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
 With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
 A violated decency now reigns ;
 And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
 With Chinese painters modern tastes agree, 475
 The point they aim at is deformity :
 They throw their persons with a hoyden air
 Across the room, and *loft* into the chair.
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
 They, for our manners, have exchange'd their
 own. 480

The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and flow-measur'd pace,
 For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pay'd,
 Are indecorums with the modern maid.
 Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude,
 Nor conquer art and nature, to be rude. 486
 Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
 And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair ! ye bloom of Britain's isle !
 When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
 What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.
 Her bright example with success pursue,
 And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration ! give me something more, 495
 Cries Lycé, on the borders of threescore :
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of time ;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime ;
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
 The melancholy news, that we grow old. 500
 Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.

O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
 Who looks through spectacles to see your charms !
 While rival undertakers hover round, 505
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
 Intent not her own, but others' doom,
 She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
 In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms unfold, 511
 And nought of Lycé but herself is old.
 Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
 And art has level'd her deep furrow'd face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve, 515
 We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
 She grants, indeed, a lady, may decline
 (All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
 Of prudent Portia ! Her grey hairs engage ; 520
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :
 Virtue's the paint that can with wrinkles shine.
 That, and that only, can old age sustain ;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
 Not numerous are our joys, when life is new ; 525
 And yearly some are falling of the few ;
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop apace ; by nature some decay,
 And some the blasts of fortune sweep away ; 530
 Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now ?—But Portia left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew ?
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ; 540
 Fancy and passion toss it to and fro ;
 A while torment, and then quite sink in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
 Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
 Life swarms with ills ; the boldest are afraid ; 545
 Where then is safety for a tender maid ?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !
 When kind, most cruel ; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging ; and by favours lost. 550
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate ;
 And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
 If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
 Most hard ! in pleasing your chief glory lies ; 555
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise ;
 Then please the Best ; and know, for men of sense
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.
 Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
 Fright him, that's worth your love, from your
 embrace.

In simple manners all the secret lies ;
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wife.
 Vain *flattery* and noise intoxicate the brain,
 Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
 Affect not empty fame, and idle praise, 565
 Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
 Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine unknown :
 Of all applause, be fonder of your own.
 Beware the fever of the mind ! that thirst
 With which the age is eminently curst : 570
 To drink of pleasure, but inflames desire ;
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire ;
 Take *p* in from life, and terror from the tomb ;
 Give peace in hand ; and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI.

ON

W O M E N.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH
 GERMAIN.

"Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem."

HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
 Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."
 I know her not—"Your reason's somewhat
 odd ;
 "Who knows his patron, now ?" reply'd the
 god.

" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown ;
 " Then steal great names, to shield them from
 the town : 6

" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
 " To covert flies of *praise* itself afraid :
 " Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
 " In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*. 10
 " Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;
 " When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair ! to draw your excellence at length,
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength ;
 You, *here*, in miniature your picture see ; 15
 Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.
 My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side* ;
 His portraits will *inspire*, mine *quench*, your pride :
 He's *dear*, you *frugal* ; choose my *cheaper* lay ;
 And be your *reformation* all my *pay*. 20

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane* ;
 To church as constant as to Drury-lane.
 She decently, in *form*, pays heaven its due ;
 And makes a civil visit to her pew.
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air, 25
 Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer* :
 Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed ;
 Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
 Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *prayer* ;
 Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might 30
 break ;

Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
 To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
 But *sweet* their accent, *ah* ! their air *refine'd* ;
 For they're before their Maker—and mankind ;
 When ladies once are proud of praying well, 35
 Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-
 bred,
 Drusa receives her visitants in bed ;
 But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
 The very blackest tongue of calumny, 40
 When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
 She begs you *just* would turn *you*, while she *joists*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the
 sight,

Thus makes the banquet poignant and polite.
 There is no woman, where there's no reserve ; 45
 And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.
 But with a modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing *we* call a *nymph of spirit*.
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye ;
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh. 50
 Or if you take a lion by the beard *

" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
 " Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
 First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.
 This lady glories in profuse expence ; 55
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
 To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight :
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite* ;
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?
 In *duel* fell two lovers ; one run *mad*. 60
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour ;
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

* Shakespeare.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
 And generously supports him in his want,
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare, 65
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*. 70

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;
 Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint :
 Her soul superior flies formality ;
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
 Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
 Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs ;
 Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant pray-
 ers.

Her only grief is, that she cannot be
 At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*. 80
 And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
 " Who would not think that Abra was a maid ?"

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed ;
 For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?
 If no disease reduce her pride before, 85
 Lavinia will be ravish'd at threefold.
 Then she submits to venture in the dark ;
 And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;
 She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*. 90

The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
 Are but the ground of *unmade* happiness ;
 The rude material : *wisdom* add to *this*,
 Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss ;
 She from herself, if so compell'd by need, 95
 Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread ;
 But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
 If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest with *half* her sense,
 None could too much admire her excellence : 100
 But since she can make *terror* shine so bright,
 She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
 With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;
 And by too great accomplishments undone :
 With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue, 105
 For ever most *divinely* in the *wrang*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be ;
 But veil her very *wit* with *modesty* :
 Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
 But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
 To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
 Lesbian the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
 Pretends, the sop she laughs at, is ador'd.
 In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence ; 115
 The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
 Has no design, but on her husband's *peace* :
 He lov'd her much ; and greatly was he mov'd
 At small inquietudes in her he lov'd. 120

"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong;
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more!
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed;
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous loving wife.
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her life. 130

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due;
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill, 135
As uncoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball"
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the same. 140
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpressible sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self 145
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear:
What's female beauty, but an air divine, 151
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face, 155
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can
bear;
Some, none *resist* though not exceeding fair.

Arpsasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read; 160
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! Things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes; 165
Each *creature's* imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distressed,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring?
Thou *shining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing;
Old-age *will* come; disease *may* come before; 171
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes; 175
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *worships* into the soul let virtues shine;
The ground eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a fool; 180
Assemblies holds and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dislate*, or convey.
But, if depriv'd of such important cares, 185
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs
For her own breakfast she'll *project* a *scheme*,
Nor take her tea without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*. 190
Ladies supreme among amusement reign;
By nature born to *fool*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

Syrena is for ever in extremes, 195
And *with* a *vengeance* she commends, or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong. 200

Brunetta's wife in actions, great, and rare:
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the
year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree: 210
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her
face.

A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves; 215
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by Queen Beis's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fig*.
Lovers, beware! to wound how can the fail
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail? 220
For Harvey, the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor cruel Richmond, the first *toist* for thee.
Since full each other flation of *r. a. on*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight; 225
A female *floven* is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her *dear self*, is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, *set* she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day:" 230
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*
Distrust *mankind*; with your own heart confer:
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises our renown; 235
Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Left soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*. 240
 So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it *should* procure.
 Whom praise we *most*? The virtuous, brave, and
 wife?
 No; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause? 245
 No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the
 more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
 Can woman, then, no way but *backward* fall?
 So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue, 250
 To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.
 Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
 Of *injur'd* modesty the sacred name.

But Clío thus: "What I railing without end?
 "Mean task! how much more generous to com-
 mend!"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.
 "Daphnis," says Clío, "has a charming eye:
 "What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry! 260
 "Aspasia's shape indeed—But then her air—
 "The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 "Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
 "And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!
 "Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
 "Who was it said Selina's near threecore? 266
 "At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
 "The world congratulates so wise a choice;
 "His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
 "But mortgages will sap the best estate. 270
 "In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
 "But then—she has a *freckle* on her ear."
 Without a *but* Hortensia she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
 But how comes this to pass?—Shedied last night,

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
 Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail.
 And whence such praise? Our virulence is thrown
 On *others'* fame, through fondness for our *own*.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns; 280
 For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns*?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
 The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
 Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank. 285
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
 As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*;
 And quite as much detested as a *wit*. 290

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
 Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
 To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
 That happiness which great-ones often see, 295
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
 Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;
 But what are they who *sleep* amid their store?

Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state*;
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*. 300
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
 Could both our *Indies* buy but *one new sense*,
 Our envy would be due to large expence.
 Since not, those pomps which to the great be-
 long, 305
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See how they beg an *alm* of flattery!
 They languish! oh support them with a *lye*!
 A *decent* competence; we fully taste;
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast: 310
 More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
 The rich must labour to possess *their own*.
 To feel their great abundance; and request
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
 To see their treasures, bear their glory told, 315
 And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with
 warmth divine,
 Give gold a *price*, and teach its beams to *shine*.
 All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well be-
 flow'd. 320

Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
 Through *secret* streams diffusively they blest;
 And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from
 view,
 Relieve our *wants*, and spare our *lusts* too. 325
 But Satire is my task; and these destroy
 Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
 Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy, German;
 But our *inactivity* must despair success;
 For, next to *praise*, she values nothing less. 330

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its
 frame?

Or is 't Astoria, that affected dame?
 The brightest forms, through *affliction*, fade
 To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
 Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
 In Albucinda's native grace is seen
 What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
 Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
 Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please. 340
 Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
 And all the movements of the soft machine:
 How two red lips *aff*-fled Zephyrs blow,
 To cool the Bohea, and inflame the Beau:
 While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conspire 345
 To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
 As Lethe, dreadful to the *Lovers* of *Fame*.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen!
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have
 been!

An *hecatomb* of character supplies
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
 H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugar melt away,
 And recommend the more to mortal taste; 355
 Standal's the sweetener of a *female* feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea! 360
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lye!

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue,
blam'd;

At length, to rescue man, the generous lass 365
Stole from her comfort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind. 370

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to smile?
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er Law and Gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more, 381
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife. 390
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?

What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see!
And misses, *ancient* in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaim-
ing! 395

What lying, drinking, bawling, swearing, ga-
ming!

Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, such profuse expence;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times; 400
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;

Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd
belle 405

Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of bell;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listens less to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who start at *foetters*, from an insect fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;

But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep
them down,

In complaisance to all the fools in town. 420

O how they tremble at the name of *prude*!

And die with shame at thought of being good!

For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,

What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?

They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;

Through cowardice, most execrably brave. 426

With our own judgments durst we to comply,

In virtue should we live, in glory die.

Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise;

They dread a Satire, who defy the skies. 430

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead

own;

And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.

From atheists far, they stedfastly believe

God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.

His other excellence they'll not dispute; 433

But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.

Shall pleasures of a short duration chain

A lady's soul in everlasting pain?

Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,

For now and then a *sip* of transient joy? 440

No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;

He's like themselves; or how could he be good?

And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes sup-
pose.—

Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose,

The *pure*! the *just*! and set up, in his stead,

A deity, that's perfectly well bred. 446

"Dear Tillotson! be sure the best of men;

"Nor thought he more, than thought great Ori-
gen.

"Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;

"Poor Satan! doubtless, he'll at length be sav'd.

"Let priests do something for their One in
Ten; 451

"It is their *trade*; so far they're honest men.

"Let them cant on, since they have got the
knack,

"And dress their notions, like themselves, in
black;

"Fright us with terrors of a world unknown, 455

"From joys of this, to keep them all their own.

"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a see;

"But then they leave our untish'd virtue free.

"Virtue's a pretty thing to make a *foe*;

"Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault."

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist, 460

And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;

Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *prophane*.

For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face? 466

Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?

She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,

The more she *charms*, the more she *fools* man-
kind.

But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:

They sleep no more! Quadrille has murder'd
sleep.

* Shakespeare.

" Poor K—p ! cries Livia ; I have not been there
" These two nights ; the poor creature will de-
spair.

" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons
run ; 475

Now set a daughter, and now stake a son ;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly ;
And beggar half their race—through charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight : 480

But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our sport being shun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime, 485
And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills ;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills ;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood ;
Destroys the power and will of doing good ; 490
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your
face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle !
And see, (strange sight !) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand ; 496
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
shook,

From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, 500
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphem-
ies !

For men, I mean—the fair discharges none ;
She (guiltless creature !) swears to heaven alone.

See her eyes start ! checks glow ! and muscles
swell ! 505

Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs !
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head, 510
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round ;
Imaginary ruin charms her still ;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by spadille ;

And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one, 515
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich Atrides' splendour heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ? 520

Why that drawn sword ? and whence the dis-
mal cry ?

Why pale distraction through the family ?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why that gay son to distant regions sent ? 525
What fiends the daughter's destin'd match prevent ?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ?

O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme ?
Is this too owing to the love of fame ? 530

Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
'Twas first a vain-devotion to the mode ;
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong ;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times, 535
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide :
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride :

Ye fair apostates from love's antient power !
Can nothing *ravish*, but a golden flower ? 540

Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize ;
Must Cupid learn to *punt*, e'er he can *please* ?

When you're enamour'd of a *list* or *list*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *coast* ?

Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away ?
They find no woman *disengag'd*—from play. 546

Why pine the *marry'd* ?—O severer fate !
They find from play no *disengag'd*—*estate*.

Flavia, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *bard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card. 550

Nor Arria's Bib e can secure her age ;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.

While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep that *stake*, in justice, long his *own* ;

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire ;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher. 556

Ye gods ! with *new* delights inspire the Fair ;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*,
close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose* :
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed, 561

In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed :
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,

Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd " 565

When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod ?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,

And turn your eyes with coldness on the *role*.

The charm begins ! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.

What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with
awe ? 571

Her deeds are precepts, her example law ;
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart

Glow with the love of virtue, and of art !
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree, 575

Excess of goodness ! it has dawn'd on me :
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,

Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous
thoughts,

She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

Thus * the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,

On the green margin innocently flood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood ;

Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave, 585
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* Milton.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Hon. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

"Carmina tum mellus, cum venerit Ipse, canemus."
 VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain:

To thee, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known;
 To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream. 10
 How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
 This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
 Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
 Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
 For caprice is the daughter of success,
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
 Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.
 While I survey the blessings of our isle,
 Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
 Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
 Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme again, 25
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering sword,

And burn to give mankind, a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind;
 Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:
 But daring men there are (Awake, my Muse,
 And raise thy verse!) who bolder phrenzy chuse;
 Who, sung by glory, rave, and bound away;
 The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
 With rage and terror stalking by his side,
 Raves round the globe; he soars into a God!
 Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
 The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
 And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains. 40
 What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
 What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
 With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
 The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
 Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
 Or famine or volcano? They perform
 Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
 And spread their ample desarts in a day. 50
 O great alliance! O divine renown!
 With dearth, and pestilence, to share the crown.
 When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law; 55
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
 To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When, after battle, I the field have seen
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once
 were men; 60

A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave!
 A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
 This *bum in chaos*, carry smiles away?
 How did my heart with indignation rise! 65
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
 How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
 Of such materials, fame and triumph, made!

How guilty these! Yet not less guilty they,
 Who reach false glory by a smoother way: 70
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their
 swords;

Who stifle nature, and subtilise on art;
 Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
 All real kindness for the shew discard, 75
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
 Who do for gold what Christians do through
 grace,

"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
 "The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
 Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
 Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease my Muse! the catalogue is writ; 85
 Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
 Though disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
 Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
 May furnish laughter for another year. 90
 Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
 The justice yet of being well abus'd,
 With patience wait; and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
 How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
 And every vice is to the Scripture laid. 100

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
 His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Versus is less qualify'd to steal
 With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal. 105

How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
 That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport;
 And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
 And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes. 110

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
 Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
 Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
 But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
 That duty done, I hasten to complete 115
 My own design; for Tonsou's at the gate.

The love of fame in its effect survey'd,
 The Muse has sung! be now the cause display'd:
 Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
 What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wife *laxos* were fram'd, and sacred arts were
found; 126

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest;
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high-descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force, 135
Of blots and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern *Polia* might have been. 140
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our souls;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature by whose wit she clears 145
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?
(For, though in all not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulcest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the *truly noble mind*, 155
With Sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt* and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain; 160
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with such art puts *virtue's* aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien, 165
The God and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise.
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears: 170
All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye *vain*! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone resides,
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides; 175
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state;
Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great;
Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*. 180

* Amphitryon.

Vol. VIII.

Would'st thou be *fam'd*? Have those high deeds
in view

Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.

Behold a Prince! whom no swollen thoughts
in flame;

No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*:

But when the welfare of mankind inspires, 185
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king: 190

But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden see to splendor and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame, 195
Till men and angels jointly shout his name,
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the
sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie, 200
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there
shine,

In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise 210

Nor human rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves*.
E'en storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree, 215
Stiles Britain's sovereign sovereign of the sea.

While *sea* and *air*, great Brunswick! shook our
state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear, 220
How did Britannia, like *Achilles*, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep!
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the
storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm! 225
Our *Palinurus* slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions told, by cares oppress'd, 230
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm,

* The king in danger by sea.

2 N

T O

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL
ENCOURAGEMENT OF

THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING.

TO
THE KING.

I.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great,
I dare compleat,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's King.

II.

To Gods and Kings,
The poet sings;
To kings and Gods the Muse is dear;
The Muse inspires
With all her fires;
Begin, my soul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful state,
From high debate,
From morn'g-splendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd
From plans of blessings and renown;

IV.

Great Monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
To Thee I strike the sounding lyre,
With proud design
In verse to shine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

V.

The Roman Ode
Majestic flow'd;
Its stream divinely clear and strong;
In sense and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a Northern isle;
Late time shall know
The North can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

VII.

The work is done!
The distant fun
His smile supplies! exalts my voice!
Through Earth's wide bound
Shall George resound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

VIII.

The Naval crown
Is all his own!
Our Fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song?
To whom but Thee?
The boundless Sea,
And grateful Muse, to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If Gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail subject new!
As Britain's due
Reserv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durst Homer's Muse,
Or Pindar's, chuse
To pour the billows on the string?
No, both desraud
The tuneful God;
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.

XII.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pause, and now fresh music spring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now sweep,
And fetch the sound from every string.

XIV.

Now numbers rise,
Like virgin's sighs;
The soft Favonians melt away;
As from the North
Now rushes forth
A blast, that thunders in my lay.

XV. My

XV.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat;
At every stroke the work refines!

XVI.

How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of Gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

XIX.

Nor life is long;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
We make, at least,
Of *bad* the *best*,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

XX.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

XXI.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
"Justice sincere,
"And courage clear,
"Rise the two columns of his throne.

XXII.

"How form'd for sway!
"Who look, obey;
"They read the Monarch in his port.
"Their love and awe
"Supply the law;
"And his own lustre makes the court;

XXIII.

"But shines supreme,
"Where heroes flamé;
"In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
"By godlike arts
"Enthorn'd in hearts.
"Our blossom-lord o'er wills presides."

XXIV.

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's sons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As steps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.

XXVI.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But Gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in Kings.

XXVII.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines, and shines *alone*?
Unrival'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun, 'tis Britain's throne.

XXVIII.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XXX.

At his proud foot
The Sea pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth, and state,
And power, and—*fate*,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

"Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap
"their hands."

PSAL. xcvi.

I.

SWEET rural scene!
Of flocks and green!
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All nature still,
But yonder rill;
And listening pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in measure, to the shore.

III.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast field of commerce and big war:
Where wonders dwell,
Where terrors swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What, none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire
With voice and shell to lift it high;

VI.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair;
Their verdant tresses pour behind.
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The God Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnassus' hill,
And Orpheus' skill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's strain;
As Triton's strong, as Syren's sweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
Is nought descri'd
So rich in pleasure, or surprize;
When all serene,
How sweet the scene!
How dreadful, when the billows rise.

X.

And storms deface
The solid glass,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air.

XI.

When tempests cease,
And hush'd in peace
The flatten'd furies smoothly spread
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas!
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now, center-deep descend the brave;
Now, tofs'd on high
It takes the sky,
A feather on the towering wave!

XV.

Now, spins around
In whirls profound;
Now, whelm'd; now, pendant near the clouds;
Now, stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the shrouds,

XVI. All

XVI.

All æther burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends once more the seas and skies;
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O Deep! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling freight, the monsters shock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chace of honest gain or fame,

XIX.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, through shadows temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these?
Bright Thetys! thou art not outshone!
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There set in green,
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain;
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints to gay,
By thee the watery woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swollen, digs golden ore.
The tempests rise.
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
In pious strains
"Ah! cruel thirst of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watery vast
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er?
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home:
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold pleasure buys;
But pleasure dies,
Too soon the gross fruition cloy:
Though raptures court,
The sense is short;
But virtue kindles living joys:

XXIX.

Joys felt alone!
Joys ask'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss;
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
And unprecious endless bliss!

XXX.

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All Vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And Virtue is the child of Sense.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planets fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone,

XXXII. This

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends

XXXIII.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the Genius of the main,
Which towering rose
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign ?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To rekindle a grand design ;
That voice shall rear
Yon * *fabrick fair*,
As Nature's rose at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
Blest angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball ;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boisterous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our wounded and our old ;
High domes ascend !
Stretch'd arches bend !
Proud columns swell ! wide gates unfold !

XXXVII.

So sleeps the grain,
In fostering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove descend ;
Then bursts the root !
The verdures shoot !
And earth enrich, adorn, defend !

XXXVIII.

Here, soft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails ;
In tales the lenitives of age !
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of listening youth, to martial rage.

* Greenwich.

XL.

The story done,
Their setting sun,
Serenely smiling down the West
In soft decay,
They drop away ;
And Honour leads them to their rest.

XLI.

Unhappy they !
And falsely they !
Who bask for ever in success ;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

XLII.

What charms us most,
Our joy, our boast,
Familiar, loses all its gloss
And gold refin'd
The fated mind
Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose !
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike slain !
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding sheet ;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charm
Can death disarm ?
Your long, your iron slumbers break ?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake ! awake ! awake !

XLVI.

Our joy so proud,
Our shout so loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear :
And see, they rouse !
Their awful brows,
Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear !

XLVII.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell
That all your watery realms should ring ;
Your pearl-alcoves,
Your coral-groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

XLVIII. As

XLVIII.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives hardy mind;
Sure Heaven bespoke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

L.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Or grandeur boasts.
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud.

LI.

Now big with war
Sends Fate from far,
If rebel realms their Fate demand;
Now, sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

LII.

Hence, Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns
A night or day of glory springs.

LIII.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

LIV.

How mixt, how frail,
How sure to fail,
Is every pleasure of mankind!
A damp destroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind.

LV.

For who can gaze
On restless seas,
Unstruck with life's more restless state?
Where all are tofs'd,
And most are lost
By tides of passion, blasts of fate?

LVI.

The world's the main,
How vext! how vain!
Ambition swells, and Anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiseless shore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public scene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me despise!
The world few know
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience rise;

LVIII.

All tender sense
Is banish'd thence,
All maiden nature's first alarms
What shock'd before
Disgusts no more,
And what disgust'd has its charms.

LIX.

In Landscips green
True bliss is seen,
With Innocence, in shades, the sports;
In wealthy towns,
Proud Labour frowns,
And painted Sorrow smiles in courts.

LX.

These scenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breast
Till Wisdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me pleasure was in rest.

LXI.

"O may I steal
"Along the vale
"Of humble life, secure from foes!
"My friend sincere!
"My judgment clear!
"And gentle business my repose!

LXII.

"My mind be strong
"To combat wrong!
"Grateful, O King! for favours shown!
"Soft to complain
"For others' pain!
"And bold to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII.

"(When Fortune's kind)
"Acute to find,
"And warm to relish every boon!
"And wise to still
"Fantastic ill,
"Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon!

LXIV. "No

LXIV.

- " No fruitless toils!
 " No brainless broils!
 " Each moment level'd at the mark!
 " Our day so short
 " Invites no sport;
 " Be sad and solemn when 'tis dark.

LXV.

- " Yet Prudence still
 " Rein thou my will!
 " What's most important, make most dear!
 " For 'tis in this,
 " Resides true bliss;
 " True bliss, a deity severe!

LXVI.

- " When temper leans
 " To gayer scenes,
 " And serious life void moments spares,
 " The sylvan chace
 " My sinews brace!
 " Or long unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII.

- " Nor shun, my soul!
 " The genial bowl,
 " Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow!
 " Ingredients these,
 " Above, to please
 " The laughing gods, the wife, below.

LXVIII.

- " Though rich the vine,
 " More wit, than wine,
 " More sense, that wit, good-will than art,
 " May I provide!
 " Fair Truth, my pride!
 " My joy, the converse of my heart!

LXIX.

- " The gloomy brow,
 " The broken vow,
 " To distant climes, ye gods! remove!
 " The nobly-soul'd
 " Their commerce hold
 " With words of truth, and looks of love!

LXX.

- " O glorious aim!
 " O wealth supreme!
 " Divine Benevolence of soul!
 " That greatly glows,
 " And freely flows,
 " And in one blessing grasps the whole!

LXXI.

- " Prophetic schemes,
 " And golden dreams,
 " May I, unsanguine, cast away!
 " Have, what I have!
 " And live, not leave,
 " Enamour'd of the present day!

LXXII.

- " My hours my own!
 " My faults unknown!
 " My chief revenue in content!

- " Then, leave one beam
 " Of honest fame!
 " And scorn the labour'd monument!

LXXXIII.

- " Unhurt my urn!
 " Till that great turn
 " When mighty Nature's self shall die.
 " Time cease to glide,
 " With human pride,
 " Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity."

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd in Regal State,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so

great;
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
 At length mis'ortunes take their turn to reign,
 And ills on ills succeed; a dreadful train!
 What now but death, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue.
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all
 o'er

So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?¹⁰

A change so sad what mortal here could bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear;
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast,
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,

Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;¹⁵
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of reverence to distress so great!
 Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.²⁰

His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
 That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,²⁵
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings,
 (O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his
 friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends;³⁰
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
 Fix'd in opinion, both refused to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field:³⁵

So

So high at length their arguments were wrought,

They reach'd the last extent of human thought :
A pause ensued.—When, lo ! heaven interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprize,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies : 40
(They saw, and trembled !) from the darkness
broke

A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spake :

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign ;
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust, 45
And tells the World's Creator what is just ?
Of late so brave, now list a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply :

Where didst Thou dwell at nature's early birth ?
Who laid foundations for the spacious earth ? 50
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine ?

Who fix'd the corner-stone ? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air ;
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hosannahs
rung, 56

When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound ?
Earth's numerous kingdoms, hast Thou view'd
them all ?

And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball ?

Who heav'd the mountain, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands ?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep ?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side, 65

And did a basin for the floods provide ;
I chain'd them with my word ; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests hears my great decree ;
" Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd ;

" And here, O main, be thy proud billows
stay'd " 70

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures
sleep ?

Where down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea ?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head ?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to Thee ?
Death's inmost chambers didst Thou ever see ?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade ?
Deep are those shades ; but shades still deeper
hide

My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the light ? in what refulgent
dome ?

And where has darkness made her dismal home ?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is
fraught 85

With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought ;
Since nature was call'd forth when Thou wast by.
And into Being rose beneath thine eye !

VOL. VIII.

Are mists begotten ? Who their father knew ?

From whom descend the pearly drops of dew ?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can
b-ast, 91

Or whiten morning with the hoary frost ?

Whose powerful breath, from northern regions
blown,

Touches the sea, and turns it into stone ?

A sudden desert spreads o'er realms desac'd, 95
And lays one half of the creation waste ?

Thou know'st Me not ; thy blindness cannot
see

How vast a distance parts thy God from Thee.

Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft ? Canst
Thou

In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow ;

And, when day triumphs in meridian light,

Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with
night ?

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them
roll

Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole ?

Who can refresh the burning sandy plain 105

And quench the summer with a waste of rain ?

Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,

Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile ?

There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er
shone,

And spreads its beauties to the sun alone. 110

To check the shower, who lifts his hand on
high,

And shut the sluices of th' exhausted sky,

When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,

Her naked mountains, and her russet plains ;

But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields 115

Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields ;

When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,

And earth & heaven are fill'd with rich perfume ?

Hast Thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and
seen

Of hail and snows my northern magazine ? 120

These the dread treasures of mine anger are,

My funds of vengeance for the day of war,

When clouds rain death, and storms at my com-
mand

Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast, 125

Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast ?

Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour ?

Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar

Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,

And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball ? 130

Not he who trembles at the darted fires,

Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the Comet out to such a size,

And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies ?

Did thy resentment hang him out ? Does he

Glare on the nation, and denounce, from Thee ?

Who on low earth can moderate the rain,

That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain ?

Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,

Their lustre brighten, and supply their force ?

Canst thou the skies benevolence refrain,

and cause the Pleiades to shine in vain ;

Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know, 145
And teach the bright Arctures where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost Thou pronounce where day-light shall be
born,

And draw the purple curtain of the morn; 150
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
Hast Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays?
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze? 156

Who did the *soul* with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night? 160
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the
sky.

What then, Chaldean Sire, thy surprize!
Thus I thou, with trembling heart and down-cast
eyes:

"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no
more. 166

"My voice is in eternal silence bound,
"And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty
spoke:

The same dread voice from the black whirlwind
broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst Thou thunder with a voice like Mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies? 176

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake; 180
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and mayst undaunted stand,
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What works hast thou produ'd, what creatures
fram'd:

What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's
brood 191

Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse re-
quest,

And stills the clamour of the craving nest?
Who in the stupid Ostrich has subdued 195
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While, far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,

And borrow life from an indulgent sky: 200

Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.

Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.

What time she skims along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed. 205

How rich the Peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!

He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day; 210

With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the Hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?

When clouds deform the year she mounts the
wind, 215

Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again.

Lives in his beams, and leaves all days to men.
I though strong the Hawk, though practis'd
well to fly,

An Eagle drops her in a lower sky: 220

An Eagle, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight:

Did thy command her yellow pinion lift,
So high in air, and set her on the clift,

Where far above thy world she dwells alone, 225
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her
own;

Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?

She seasts her young with blood; and, hovering
o'er

Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.

Know'st Thou how many noons, by Me as-
sign'd,

Roll o'er the mountain Goat, and forest Hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?

They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain,
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;

Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted freed; 230
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;

Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade. 240

Will th' tall Reem, which knows no Lord
but Me,

Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,

Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of
care; 245

Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,

And cast his load among thy gather'd flocks.

Diest thou from service the wild-Afs discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large, 250

Through the wide waste, his ample mansion,
roam,

And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,

His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,

He fees in distant smoke the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threatening driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike Horse! didst Thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest? 260
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High-raised he flouss the battle from afar, 265
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam
around,

And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his
last. 276

But, fiercer still, the lordly Lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye. 280

Say mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw.

Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood 285
And couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's
o'er,

They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust, 225
And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Beh-moth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food; 300
Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what strength his harden'd loins are
bound,

All over proof and shut against a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail! 305
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic and his armed jaw
Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law. 310
The mountains feed him; there the beasts ad-
mire

The mighty stranger, and in dread retire,
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Gaze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat, 315
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;

Their sedgey bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with
drought,

He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
In less'n'd waves it creeps along the plain: 311
He sucks a river, and he thirsts again.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide:
With slender hair Leviathan command, 315
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.

Will he become Thy servant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day.

And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets swell with such a
prize? 331

And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?

Through his firm skull what steel its way can
win? 335

What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might:
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
The rashest dare not rouse him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the sons of men? 340

Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd?

My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
And Mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:
Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own; 345
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.
And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father
vye,

Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my lage Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous,
size. 350

Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining
mail,

Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on
rows: 356

What hideous fangs on either side arise!

And what a deep abyss between them lies!

Meet with thy lance, and with thy plummet
found,

The one how long, the other how profound 360
His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,

That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.

The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas, 365
Thy terror, this thy great Superior pleases;

Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;

His flakes of solid flesh are flow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart. 370

When, late awak'd, he rears him from the
floods,

And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,

Writhes in the fun aloft the scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread 375
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd
eyes

Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.
In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies; 381
The dart rebounds, the brittle faction flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he bears.
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The camber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe. 386

His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea; 390
The foam high-wrought with white divides the
green,

And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face;
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd, 395
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes every swollen, disdainful heart, subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldaean cas'd his labouring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd. 400

"Thou canst accomplish All things, Lord of
Might:

"And every thought is naked to Thy sight.

"But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie

"Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.

"Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Power;

"But never saw Thee till this dreadful hour. 406

"O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life-I
see,

"Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.

"Nor shall my weakness tempt Thine anger
more:

"Man is not made to *question*, but *adore*." 410

MISCELLANIES.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION;

Who is said to have stabbed a person that he
might draw it more naturally.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas
dies,

Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:

The daring Artist, cruelly serene,

Views the pale cheek and the distort'd mien;

He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,

Examines every spirit as it flies:

He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,

To rouse up every pang repeats his blow;

Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more.
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE

TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY.

AN Epilogue, through custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade;
Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fil'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder
flew.

And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph
led,

For *this* night's deed his perjurd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.

When, rob'd in black, his children round him
hung,

And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So sad the scene! What then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:
To see the slaves of his worst foes increase,
From such a source!—An emperors embrace!
He sickn'd soon to death; and what is worse,
He well *deserv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curse;

Unpitied, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
 Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power :
 His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
 No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign ;
 No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
 And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
 Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
 His ancient empire falling shares his fate :
 His throne forgot ! his weeping country chain'd !
 And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
 As public woes a prince's crime pursue,
 So public blessings are his virtue's due.
 Shout, Britons, shout—auspicious fortune blest !
 And cry, Long live—*Our title to success !*

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

OCCASIONED

BY THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq. 1719.

“—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.” VIRG.

LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd ;
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost ;
 Thy wonted aid, my dear companion ! bring, 5
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing :
 A darling theme ! once powerful to inspire,
 And now to melt, the Muses mournful choir :
 Now, and now first we freely dare commend
 His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend. 10
 Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
 And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
 See, see, the cry'd, old Maro's Muse appears,
 Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years :
 Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings, 15
 Thinks in his thought, and in his number sings.
 All read transported his pure classic page ;
 Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The State, when now his rising fame was known,

Th' unrival'd genius challeng'd for her own, 20
 Nor would that one, for scenes of action strong,
 Should let a life evaporate in song.
 As health and strength the brightest charms dis-
 pense,

Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense :
 Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
 With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
 In conscious pride their own importance find,
 Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !
 Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
 The slight amusement of a leisure hour ; 30
 Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
 Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
 Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy ;
 Lightly the toy'd and trifled with his charms, 35
 And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
 In action, too, have been distinguish'd most :
 This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
 From the malignant regions of the North, 40

To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
 Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;
 Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits
 run,

And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
 With secret pain the prudent patriot gave, 45
 The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
 Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
 And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Ausonia soon receiv'd her wondering guest,
 And equal wonder in her turn confess'd, 50
 To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
 Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
 In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
 To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys, 55
 Compares her kings, her thrones and empires
 weighs,

In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought ;
 Great work ! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,
 Wise in her senate, graceful in her court ; 60
 And, when the public welfare would permit,
 The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
 O Warwick ! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
 And kindles conscious of her future theme)

O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright ! 65
 How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
 By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
 And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
 A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
 Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
 And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
 We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see ;
 Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
 It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :
 He first the plant to richer gardens led,
 And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed :
 The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
 And gathers from her ornament her use. 80

When loose from public cares the grove he
 sought,

And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
 The various labours of his easy page,
 A chance amusement polish'd half an age.
 Beyond this truth old Bards could scarce invent,
 Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
 The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
 A glory more sublime remains in store,
 Since such his talents, that he sung no more. 90

No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
 Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
 But their fair purpose and important end ;
 To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws, 95
 To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause ;
 With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
 Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above,
 Where hadst thou room, great Author ! where to
 roll

The mighty theme of an immortal soul ? 100

Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence
were brought

Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?

One let me join, all other may excel,

"How could a mortal essence think so well?"

But why so large in the Great Writer's praise?

More lofty subjects should my numbers raise;

In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend

The statesman, patriot, christian, and the friend!

His glory such, it borders on disgrace

To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,

Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,

Tickle! accept this verse, thy mournful due;

Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;

And, as thy strain describes the matchless man,

Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.

Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine

Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,

Who strives not for that excellence he draws,

Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

To haste to thy illustrious task; prepare

The noble work well trusted to thy care,

The gift bequeath'd by Addiso's command,

To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.

Collect the labours, join the various rays,

The scatter'd light in one united blaze;

Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,

In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,

Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while

In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;

With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,

And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.

What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike

friend,

Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?

Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,

Those cares suspended for a private woe;

Thy love to him is to thy country shown;

He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOMES! immortal in far more than fame!

Be thou illustrious in far more than power.

Great things are small when greater rise to view.

Though station'd high, and press'd with public

cares,

Disdain not to peruse my serious song,

Which peradventure may push by the world:

Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,

And leave Europa's counsels less mature!

For thou art noble, and the theme is great.

Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame

Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.

Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,

States' intricate demands and high debates!

As thou of use to those, so this to thee;

And in a point that empire far outweighs,

That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.

Let greatness prove its title to be great.

'Tis power's supreme prerogative to stamp

On others' minds an image of its own.

Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem

The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;

The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.

Far as thou may'st give life to virtue's cause;

Let not the ties of personal regard

Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands:

Let not fomented flames of private pique

Prey on the vitals of the public good:

Let not our streets with blasphemies resound.

Nor lowliness whisper where the laws can reach:

Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sire,

Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,

The bastards of their blood! and serve no point

But, with more emphasis to call them fools:

Let not our rank enormities unhinge

Britania's welfare from divine support.

Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn;

No power is shown but in such deeds as these:

All, all is impotence but acting right;

And where's the statesman but would shew his
power?

To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!

Be it henceforward but thy second care

To grace thy country, and support the throne;

Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,

A throne superior our first homage claims;

To Caesar's Caesar our first tribute due.

A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong

And splendid sacrilege of all beside:

Illustrious followers; we must first be just;

And what so just as awe for the Supreme?

Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north,

Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;

Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,

Than traitors lurking in our appetites;

Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,

Than uncin'd passions rushing on our peace:

Yon' savage mountaineers are tame to thee.

Against those rioters send forth the laws,

And break to reason's yoke their wild careers.

Prudence for all things points the proper hour,

Though some seem more importunate and great.

Though Britain's generous views and interests
spread

Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,

And their grand entries make on distant lands;

Though Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,

And, like a vast Colossus, towering stands

With one foot planted on the continent;

Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,

Though such high cares should call as call'd of
late;

The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,

And Europe's little balance drop a while;

For greater drop it: ponder and adjust

The rival interests and contending claims

Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;

Sublimest theme; and needful as sublime,

Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,

Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts)

Thus every statesman thought that ever—*dy'd*

There's inspiration in a fable hour,
And death's approach makes politicians wise.

When, thunder-struck, that eagle Wolfey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur naked on the strand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Assidance; no more wallowing in his wealth, 85
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And sunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the sum of things!

The point of the first magnitude! that point 90
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some pointed cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge; then chuse; then perfect
ere,

Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
There, these are politics will stand the test, 95
When finer politics their masters sting,
And a statesman vain would shrink to common
men.

These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen
swell)

Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme, 100
All safety rests on honest counsels: these
Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally, 105
Which honest counsels never fail to fix
In favour of an abandon'd land;
A land—hat starts at such a land as this,
A parliament, so principled, will sink
All ancient schools of empire in disgrace, 110
And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.

Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field, 115
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.

O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes, 120
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
Ye scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!

Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen; they
wake;

High beats the pulse: the noble pulse of war
Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes slain. 130
No more our great fore-fathers stain our cheeks
With blushes; their renown our shame no more
In military garb, and sudden arms.
Up starts Old Britain; crossiers are laid by;
Tradewinds the sword, and agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvest fire 136
A noble avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;

And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or finesse or success, 141

Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends,
With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every stroke, and save a sinking land? 145
Or death or victory must be resolv'd;

To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix display'd
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they
shed;

By giving, not supporting, pains and death! 150
Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints
Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whose darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes; 155
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with earth content:
What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose hearts from
hell 160

And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that
scrap'd

Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne? 165
One that has suck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty and Truth?

Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
The howling nurse of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there. 170

Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still;
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!
Nature's anointed empress of the deep!
The nurse of merchants, who can purchase
crowns!

Supreme in commerce! that exuberant source 175
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the
blood,

The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ser high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once so celebrated seat of power,
From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar tri-
umph'd! 180

Of Gallic files this eternal blast!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
Salmoeian thunders from the papal chair!
This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with
awe!

Which lays to their ambition's foaming waves,
“Thus far, nor farther!”—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our ancestors' great legacy, 190
To be transmitted to their latest sons.

By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd,
Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.

Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This sacred isle, 195
Cut from the continent, that world of slaves,
This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,

With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long, to liberty, 200
That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil
life!

This temple of still more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew truth's heavenly stamp,
And rising both in lustre and in weight, 205
With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine;
Why should she longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes?
Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
Where are her foes most fatal? Blushing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unshaken stands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
If heaven reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim, 220
But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the
bark;
The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride
The present blast, and every future storm?
Give it that ballast which alone has weight 225
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war,
obey.

Perfist. Are others subtler, thou be wise:
Above the Florentine's court-science raise;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just: 230
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength:
Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
Ask you, "What mean I!"—The most obvious
truth;

Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall; 235
Of aid from Him by whom the feeble stand;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—240
Emasculated, then, most manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakness foils the sinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields 245
With travel'd banners fanning southern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they
do?

When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
By such bold inroads into foreign lands, 250
Such elongation of our armaments,
But flitches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heaven commands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow, 255
And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;
"And that the proudest empire holds of heaven."

O Britain! often rescued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and most sanguine hopes,

With all that's great in war, or sweet in peace!
Know, from what source thy signal blessings flow,
Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the
main,

Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard; 295
In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could
restore.

How oft to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd?
How oft has providential succour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt;
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!

Well may we tremble now, what manners
reign?

But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
Would shock too much? Kind heaven! avert
events

Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been
way'd

In northern skies, and pointed to the south. 280
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm. 285

"That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous thought!
Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream;
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What says Experience, in her awful chair 290
Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says Reason eagle-eyed?

Nay what says Common Sense, with common
care

Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
All give one verdict, one decision sign; 295
And this the sentence Delphos could not mend:

"Whatever secondary props may rise
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The basis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten these, the politician's wiles 300
"But struggle with destruction, as a child
"With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
"The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
"Or military phantoms void of force,
"But scare away the vultures for an hour; 305
"The scent cadaverous (for oh! how rank
"The stench of profligates!) soon lures them
back;

"On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
"Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
"Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin; 310
"Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our spoils,
"Of universal empire sure presage!
"Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of state Othellos, or white men in power;
And from the greater height example falls,

Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke : 320
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil presses, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, are the great !
And are there samosas that can burst them all ? 325
Yes ; and great minds that stand in need of none,
Whole pulse beats virtue, and whose generous
blood

Aids mental motives to push on renown,
In emulation of their glorious fires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream 330

Some low good feeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some cursed tares, like Satan in the text :
This makes a foe most fatal to the state ;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge 336
Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi relics riding post from Rome,
A Gothic hero rising from the dead, 340
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succour suitable from lower still,
A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root, 345
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hogue's,
Her Crefleys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.

How must this strike a horror through the
breast, 350

Through every generous breast where honour
reigns,

Through every breast where honour claims a
share !

Yes, and through every breast of honour void !
This thought might animate the dregs of men ;
Ferment them into spirit ; give them fire 355
To fight the cause, the lack opprobrious cause,
Foul core of all ! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the stream of time
Swept with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, desiyd by half mankind, 360
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand !
Those names, at which surrounding nations
shook,

Those names ador'd, a nuisance ! or forgot !
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful die, 365
But nature's course ; no single chance against it.

For know, my Lord ! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixt, as is the basis of the world,
Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
What law these eyes, surpriz'd ?—Yet why sur-
priz'd ?—

For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call, 371
And how divine was the monition given !
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace disturb'd by rumours from the North,
While thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd
As giving signal of some strange event, 376
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,

VOL. VIII.

Albion the fair so long his empire's queen,
Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
And thus the title ran :

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

" Ye states ! and empires ! nor of empires
least,

" Though least in size ; hear, Britain ! thou
whose lot,

" Whose final lot, is in the balance laid,

" Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,

" Nor know't thou which will win.—Know
then from me,

" As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise :

" State-ministers, as upright or corrupt, 390

" Are balm or poison in a nation's veins ;

" Health or distemper : hasten or retard

" The period of her pride, her day of doom :

" And though, for reasons obvious to the wife,

" Just Providence deals otherwise with men, 395

" Yet believe, Britons ! nor too late believe,

" 'Tis fix'd ! by Fate irrevocably fix'd !

" Virtue and Vice are empire's life and death."

Thus it is written—Heard you not a groan ?

Is Britain on her death-bed ?—No, that groan 400

Was utter'd by her foes—But soon the scale,

If this divine monition is despis'd,

May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule !

With reverence read ; with steadfastness believe ;

With courage act as such belief inspires ; 405

Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree ;

Then shall your name in adamant be writ,

In records that defy the tooth of time,

By nations sav'd, refunding your applause.

While deep beyond your monument's proud
base,

In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod

Their execrable names, who, high in power,

And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,

(The meteors of the state !) give Vice her head,

To license lewd let loose the public rein ; 415

Quench every spark of conscience in the land,

And triumph in the profligate's applause :

Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,

Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought

With funds exhausted and exhausted veins, 420

To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd

To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome ;

Hawk'd through the world by consecrated bulls ;

And how illustrated ?—by Smithfield flames :

Who plunge (but not like Curtius, down the
gulf, 425

Down narrow-minded self's voracious gulf,

Which gapes and swallows all they swore to save

Hate all that lifted heroes into gods.

And hug the horrors of a victor's chain :

Of bodies politic that destin'd hell,

Inflicted here, since here their beings end ; 430

And fall from foes detested and despis'd,

On disbelievers—of the statesman's Creed.

Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies

By most, or all) these truths political 435

Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
The Christian creed. Are you surpriz'd?—At-
tend;

And on the statesman's build a nobler name.
This punctual justice exercis'd on states, 440
With which authentic chronicles abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
What is it but an argument of sense, 445
Or rather demonstration, to support
Our feeble faith—"That they who states com-
pose,

"That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, similarly deals 450
With states and persons, or he were not God;
What means a rectitude immutable?
A pattern here of universal right.
What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; these pronounce his
doom.

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
E'en politics advance divinity: 460
True masters there are better scholars here,
Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read, 465
By Providence turn Christians on their road:
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold;
May be surpriz'd with better than they sought,
And entertain an angel unawares.

Nor is Divinity ungrateful found. 470
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief,
And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with such an
eye

As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
His own exalted science, both conspire 480
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of heaven,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world? A supplement of this:
Without it, Justice is defective here; 415
Just as to states, defective as to men:
If so, what is this world? as sure as Right
Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too:
His prophecy more precious than his smile. 490
How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
That this should charm us, that should discom-
pose?

Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he: nor is the nation safe, 495
But soon must rue his inauspicious power.

What hence results? a truth that should re-
sound

For ever awf'! in Britannia's ear:
"Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
"Sole source of public and of private peace."
This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
And praise and preach it too:—and when that's
done,

Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What highland pole-axe half so deep can wound?
But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
Assume my seat in the Dictator's chair? 506
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inspir'd),
Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns rise in my support; 510
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening
song.

Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead
That I speak freely as I speak to thee. 515
Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wife.
Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant 520
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whose clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every British breast true glory rise, 525
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my Lord! with that which all should
close

And all begin, and strike us every hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest
frown'd.—

The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn 530
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;
Less glorious for bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day?
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year; 540
Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of
awe

And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

ON DR. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION
OF PART OF JOB.

BY DR. CORDEN.

THE Poem, which, originally great,
Had long sustain'd poor Job's unhappy
fate,
Fallen from its grandeur, clad in mean array,
And in the dust of prose inglorious lay;
Like him now shines, with former greatness
blest,
And in its native majesty confess'd.

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the
deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep:
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntless loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no
more.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an honest man,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deserves the greatest.
An example
Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,
Industrious in low estate,
The lesson and reproach of those above him.
To lay this little stone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The polish'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.
B. Y. 1749.

THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

P R E F A C E.

AS the occasion of this Poem was real, not fictitious; so the method pursued in it, was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than meditated or designed. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO

THE RIGHT. HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infect the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd depending
thought,

From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The Day too short for my distress; and Night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, fable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a lumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender
thought!

To Reason, and on Reason build Resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;

The grave, your kingdom: There this frame
shall fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.

But what are ye?—

35

Thou, who didst put to flight

Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,

Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;

O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck

That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my
soul;

40

My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her trea-
sure,

As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of Nature, and of Soul,

This double night, transmit one pitying ray,

To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind, 45

(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)

Lead it through various scenes of Life and
Death;

48

And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.

Nor less inspire my Conduct, than my song;

Teach my best reason, reason, my best will 50

Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve

Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears:

Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd

On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes One. We take no note of time

But from its loss To give it then a tongue,

Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,

It is the knell of my departed hours:

Where are they? With the years beyond the
flood. 60

It is the signal that demands dispatch:

How much is to be done? My hopes and fears

Start up alarm'd and o'er life's narrow verge

Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;

A dread eternity! how surely mine! 65

And can eternity belong to me,

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man!

How passing wonder He, who made him such!

Who centred in our make such strange extremes!

From different natures marvelously mixt,

Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!

Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain!

Midway from Nothing to the Deity! 75

A beam ethereal, fully'd, and absorpt!

Though fully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!

Dim miniature of greatness absolute!

An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!

Helpless immortal! insect infinite! 80

A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,

And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,

Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,

And wondering at her own: How reason reels!

O what a miracle to man is man, 85

Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!

Alternately transported, and alarm'd!

What can preserve my life! or what destroy!

An angel's arm can't preserve me from the grave;

Legions of angels can't confine me there. 90

'Tis past conjecture; all rise in proof:

While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,

What though my soul fantastic measures trod

O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom

Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep

Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled
pool;

Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,

With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?

Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod; 100

Active, aerial, towering, unconfin'd,

Unfetter'd with her gross companions fall.

Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:

Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.

For human weal, heaven hushes all events;

Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?

Why wanders wretched thought their tombs
around,

In insidel distress? Are Angels there?

Slumbers rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire? 110

They live! they greatly live a life on earth

Unkindled, unenciv'd; and from an eye

Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall

On me, more justly number'd with the dead.

This is the desert, this the solitude: 115

How populous, how vital, is the grave!

This is creation's melancholy vault,

The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;

The land of apparitions, empty shades!

All, all on earth, is Shadow, all beyond 120

Is Substance; the reverse is folly's creed:

How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,

The twilight of our day, the vestibule;

Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death, 125

Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,

This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us embryo's of existence free,

From real life, but little more remote

Is he, not yet a candidate for light, 130

The future embryo slumbering in his fire.

Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,

Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,

The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his
thoughts; 135

Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.

Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,

Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven

To fly at infinite; and reach it there,

Where seraphs gather immortality, 140

On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.

What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,

In his full beam, and ripen for the just,

Where momentary ages are no more!

Where time, and pain, and chance, and death
expire! 145

And is it in the flight of threescore years,

To push eternity from human thought,

And smother souls immortal in the dust?

A soul immortal, speeding all her fires,

Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness, 150

Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd.

At ought this scene can threaten or indulge,

Rebels ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms my-
self; 155

How was my heart incultured by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In sick'n thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till dark'n'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er 160
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-vision may befriend (as sung above):
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! Could sleep do more?
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys! 170
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starving I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze. 180

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your
joy, 185
And quite unparadise the realms of light
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose piddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour; 190
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and
vain! 200

Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had mis'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines:
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his
sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean? 210
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?

Infatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft slew thrice; and thrice my peace was
slain;

And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
horn

O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament 215

Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy
wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from fortune's
smile,

Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar-ray of sound delight. 220

In every vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How wi'ow'd every thought of every joy!

Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark pattern of time long elaps'd,

Leg softly, by the stillness of the night, 225

Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past;

In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts

Of my departed joys; a numerous train! 230

I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;

I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,

The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;

In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born, 240

Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart

Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind. 245

God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines forgets a sun was made.

There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;

And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms, 250

In battle lost away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,

If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!) 255

On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.

How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity! 260

To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye sick'n sons of pleasure! since in pains

You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give and re-
duce

Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great 265

Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;

Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm, 270

Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.

Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard, falling, cruels him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And trust friends, through error, wound our rest.

Without misfortune, what calamities! 280
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth,
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands:
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.

Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man. 290
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles tofs,
Loud sorrow's howl, venom'd passions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
And threatening fate wide opens to devour. 295

What then am I, who sorrow for myself!
I rage, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels. 300
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Sworn thought a second channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief. 305
Take then, O World! thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!

O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles. 315
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity, 320
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys. 325
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:

Its favours here are trials, not rewards; 330
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cause and consequence;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys, 335
Left, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than simple misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage venom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys. But joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than on immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanting earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down

To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece, 350

Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize.) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beck-
on'd

The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is conditionally wise! 360
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!

The present moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the next; 365

We penetrate, we prophecy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins" 270

By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world. 375
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build.
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal filters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoken his shroud:
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe! 385
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,

Beware, Lorenzo! a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprize!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer; 390
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves 395
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not This be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead! 406
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails:
That lodg'd in *fates*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
'tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool; 410
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, in-
deed,

In full content *we*, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As dutious sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pulses his prudent purpose to *resolve*; 420
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but *Themselves*;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
dread;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is
found.

As from the *wing*, no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*; 430
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death,
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent, 435
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.

The sprightly *lark's* thrill morn'g wakes the
morn;

Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer 440

The fullen gloom, sweet Phœbe! like Thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.

Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*, 446

How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from *woe*!

I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain;
Or *His*, who made Mæonides our *Own*.
Man too He sung: *immortal* man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What *now*, but immortality can please? 455
O had *He* press'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immortal* man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me! 460

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"WHEN the Cock crew, he wept"—(smote
by that eye

Which looks on me, on all: That power, who
bids

This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where-then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is lifted; life is war;
Eternal war with *woe*. Who bears it best, 10
Deserves is least—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where most the need. Themes, too, the genuine
growth

Of dear Philander's dust. He *thus*, though dead,
May still besfriend—What themes? *Time's* won-
drous price,

Death, *Friendship*, and Philander's *final* scene.
So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou say'st it: Says thy *life* the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thirst, that avarice of *Time*, 15
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *Time*! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted men without account?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *Death*! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free. 35

Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That *Time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe

Pain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius answers my desire;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my strain.

For what call *thy* disease, Lorenzo? not
For *Esculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
'Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Time is not rich in *Time*, it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can
till.

Part with it as with life, reluctant, big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty*, *wisdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*These* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

'Thou say'st I *preach*, Lorenzo, 'tis confess.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason, to the soul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, *eternity* the prize?
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
Will toys amuse? No: Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads *Time's* numerous blanks; he loudly
pleads

The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee?
No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or propos'd virtue, still be thine;
This cancel thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
In *act* no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatness, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the best art of turning all to gold;
This the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Immense revenue! every moment pays,
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard
in heaven.

On all important *Time*, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd;
The man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome, say, rather, lord of human race:

He spoke, as if deputed by mankind,
So should all speak: So *reason* speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that god in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly.
For rescue from the blessing we possess?
Time the supreme!—*Time* is *Eternity*;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with ail, that makes archangel's smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed.
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art*! our furious charioteer,
(For *Nature's* voice justified would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful
made:

O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinion swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, agast! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills;
To nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.
Not short heaven's bounty, boundless our expence;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.
We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence, *us* *d* is life,
And bare existence, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *Time* was given for use, not
waste,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure: waste a pain;
That man might feel his error, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Nor, blundering, split on idleness for ease,
Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves; 170
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
We push *Time* from us, and we with him back:
Lavish of instruments, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and
shun;

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife, 175
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity, while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
still;

The spirit walks of every day deceas'd; 180
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *pass*,
And time *pass*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd, [185
Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim;
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's *Nature, Origin, Importance, Speed*; 190
And thy great *Gain* from urging his career. —
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune — *Time's* a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence; 195
For, or against, what wonders he can do!
And *will*: To stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
Not on *those terms* was *Time* (heaven's stranger!)
sent

On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: on the long-destin'd hour, 200
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth.
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born,) 205
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's mysterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode, 210
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children,
play,

Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape 215
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew *Eternity* his fire;
In his *immortality* to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles *new*, unbing'd
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush 221
To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy? Why with levities
New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?

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Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is
done? 225

Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too
soon

In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
Thy sports? thy pomps? — I grant thee, in a place
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud, 230
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.

Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye *well-array'd*! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male*! who neither toil, nor spin, 235

(As sister lilies *might*) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!

Ye *delicate*! who nothing can support,
Yourself most insupportable! for whom

The winter rose must blow, the sun put on 240
A brighter beam in *Leo*; silky-soft

Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,

And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem 245

One moment unamused, a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud

For every bawble drivell'd o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,

For change of follies, and relays of joy, 250
To drag your patient through the tedious length

Of a short winter's day — say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!

How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expedients fail? 255

O treacherous *Conscience*! while she seems to
sleep

On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop

On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *license*, unrecall'd, 260

Unmark'd; — see, from behind her secret stand,
The fly informer minutes every fault,

And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *As* alone employs her pen;

She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band, 265
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,

Liftening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,

And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all rapacious usurers conceal 270

Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats

Us spendthrifts of inestimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;

In leaves more durable than leaves of brats 275
Writes our whole history; which *Death* shall
read

In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publish; publish to more worlds

Than this; and endless age in groans rebound.
Lorenzo, *such* that *Sleeper* in thy breast! 280

Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace

And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *so*
soon?

Q 9

But why on *Time* so lavish is my song?
 On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school, 285
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
 And shall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills:
 Sure *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd, 290
 Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is spilt.
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
 Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours! labours more?
 And is there in creation what, amidst 295
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whose
 fate,
 Fate irreverfible, intire, extreme,
 Endless, hair hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
 All else is in alarm! *Man*, the sole cause 302
 Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *Years* away?
 Throw *Empires*, and be blameless. Moments
 seize; 305
 Heaven's on their wing: A moment we may wish,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand
 still,
 Bid him dave back his car, and reimport
 The period past, re-give the given hour.
 Lorenzo, more than miracles we want; 310
 Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!
 Such is the language of the man awake;
 His ardour such, for what oppresses thee.
 And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
 That more than miracle the gods indulge; 315
 To-day is *Yesterday* return'd; return'd
 Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
 And reinstate us on the Rock of peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool. 320
 Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
 More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?
 Where shall I find *Him*? Angels! tell me
 where. 325
 You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
 Your golden wings, now hovering o'er him, shed
 Protection; now, are waving in applause 330
 To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
 That awful independent on *To-morrow*!
 Whose *work is done*; who triumphs in the *Past*;
 Whose *Yest-rdays* look backwards with a smile;
 Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly; 335
 That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of security benumb'd;
 All god-like passion for eternals quencht; 340
 All relish of realities expir'd;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
 Our freedom chain'd; quite winglefs our desire;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to fear;

Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust; 345
 Dismounted every great and glorious aim
 Embruted every faculty divine;
 Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire 350
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
 chang'd;
 Though we from *Earth*; *Ethereal*, they that fell.
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.
 Who venerate themselves, the world despise. 355
 For what, gay friend! is this *feutcheon'd* world,
 Which hangs out Death in one eternal night;
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the
 shroud?
 Life's little stage is a small eminence, 360
 Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
 We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
 We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplo'd;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot! 365
 Is death at distance? No: He has been on thee,
 And given sure earnest of his final blow.
 Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they
 now?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all
 drown'd 370
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
 The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
 Already has the fatal train took fire;
 A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust. 375
 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
 And how they might have borne more welcome
 news.
 Their answers form what men *Experience* call;
 If *Wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
 O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries, 381
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing
 weighs;
 "The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
 "And by success are tutor'd to despair."
 Nor is it only thus, but *must* be so. 385
 Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
 Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
 Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
 Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes? 390
 Since by *Life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
 Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
 A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
 Join the dull mafs; increase the trodden soil,
 And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more; 395
 Since then (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
 We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl.
 And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
 As man's own choice (controul'er of the skies!)
 As man's despotic will, perhaps one hour, 400
 (O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
 Should not each warning give a strong alarm?
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn

From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass, 405
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Ere while high-flush'd with insolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial speaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up: 410
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it lasts, is emptier than my
shade."

Its silent language such: nor need'st thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls: 415
Dost ask, *How? Whence?* Belshazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer; Ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies; 420
That *solar shadows*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too; life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand
still.

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen; 425
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; Gnomons, time:
Asthe are useless when the sun is set;
So *those*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye, 430
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun; 435
And all mankind mistake their time of day:
Ev'n age itself, Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring; 440
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest; 445
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *This*, or similar, Philander! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's
tongue;
And strong, to wield all science worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the summer's sun, 450

And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so sought; to the *Recluse* more coy!
Thoughts disentangle, passing o'er the lip; 455
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Passion* fires;
Chiming her faints to Cytherea's fane. 460
Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend con-
tains?

As bees *mint Nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, *Wisdom* and *Delight*;

'Tis ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad? 465
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want
air,

And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been de-
ny'd;

Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's crea-
tion too!

Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or
dross; 470

When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;

'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.

Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess;

Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain 475

The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.

Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;

Speech burnishes our mental magazine;

Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.

What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie, 480

Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,

And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;

If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!

'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate
puls 485

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,

And defecates the student's standing pool.

In *Contemplation* is his proud resource?

'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converse* unsustain'd.

Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* field; 490

Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit.

Of due restraint; and *emulation's* spur

Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.

'Tis converse qualifies for solitude:

As exercise, for salutary rest. 495

By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;

And *Nature's* fool, by *Wisdom* is undone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,

And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,

What is she, but the means of *Happiness*? 500

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;

A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives

The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.

Nature, in zeal for human amity, 505

Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy,

Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;

Joy flies monopolists: it calls for *Two*;

Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never pluckt by *One*

Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give 510

To social man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves, descending in a line,

Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:

Delight intense is taken by rebound;

Reverberated pleasures fire the breast. 515

Celestial *Happiness*, whence'er she swoops

To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,

And one alone, to make her sweet amends

For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend;

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally lost, 520

Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Beware the counterfeit; in *Passion's* flame

Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *Reason*; passion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life: 525

I wrong her much—Entenders us for ever;
Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife! 530
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *Friendship*, which outlives my former
themes,
Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death*;
From *Friendship*, thus, that flower of heavenly
seed; 535

The wise extracts earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.
But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower?

Ahead They find, who cherish it at *Home*.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts, 540
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.

Though choice of follies fasten on the *Great*,
None clings more obstinate than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafure of a golden lure, 545
Or fascination of a high-born smile.

Their smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.

Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth! 550
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!

As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find 555
A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I shew thee friendship *Delicate*, as *Dear*,
Of tender violations apt to die? 560

Reserve will wound it; and *Distrust*, destroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough

Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, deliberate with Thyself; 565

Pause, ponder, list; not Eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; Fixing, Fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for Thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run. 570

"Poor is the friendless matter of a world:
"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung He (angels hear what angels sing!)
Angels from friendship gather half their joy) 575

So sung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *isles*, in the generous blood
Of *Bacchus*, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.

He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend; 580
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more
inspir'd.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new

(Not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend, 585
For twenty summers ripening by my side!
All seculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling as they rise!
Here Nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight; 590
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart
High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *lost*!—Philander is no more.

Think't thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be. 595
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.

Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

His flight Philander took; his upward flight, 600
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall

One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals scarce damn; and *Zoilus* reprieve. 605

Yet what I can, I must; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.

Strange! the theme most affecting, most sub-
lime, 610

Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,

Painim or *Christian*; to the blush of wit
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!

The *Death-bed* of the just! is yet undrawn 615
By mortal hand! it merits a Divine:

Angels should paint it, angels ever *There*;
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

Dare I presume, then? but Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls— 620

Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath
Aërial Groves impenetrable gloom;

Or, in some mighty *Ruin's* solemn shade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Dust*,

In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or, at the midnight *Altar's* hallow'd flame. 625

Is it religion to proceed? I pause—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.

Is it his death bed? No: it is his shrine:
Behold him, there, just rising to a god. 630

The chamber where the good man meets his
fate,

Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.

Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance, 635

That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease;
If unrestor'd by This, despair your cure.

For, *Here*, restless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque, 640
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the
scene!

Here Real, and Apparent, are the same.

You see the *Man*; you see his hold on heaven;
 If found his virtue: as Philander's sound.
 Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her
 friends 645

On this side death, and points them out to men,
 A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power!
 To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death!
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns,
 Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.

"No warning given! Unceremonious fate!
 "A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!

"A wrench from all we *love*! from all we *are*!
 "A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque 656

"Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!

"Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!

"A sun extinguish'd! a just-opening grave!

"And oh! the last, last, what? (can words
 express? 660

"Thought reach it?) the last—*Silence* of a
 friend!"

Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
 This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
 Demand from man?—I thought him man till
now. 665

Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd
 agonies,

Like the stars struggling through this midnight
 gloom)

What gleams of joy? what more than human
 peace?

Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?

No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.

His conduct is a legacy for All. 670

Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.

His comforters he comforts; Great in ruin,

With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*

His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene; 675

Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?

His God sustains him in his final hour!

His final hour brings glory to his God!

Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.

We gaze, we weep; mix tears of grief of joy!

Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame! 681

Christians Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.

As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,

Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;

While rising vapours, and descending shades, 685

With damps and darkness, drown the spacious vale;

Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,

Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,

At that black hour, which general horror sheds

On the low level of th' inglorious throng. 690

Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,

Divinely beam on his exalted soul;

Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,

With incommunicable lustre, bright.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

"Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes."

Virg

FROM *Desam*, where thought in fancy's maze
 runs mad,

To *Reason*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
 Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
 Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
 I keep my assignation with my woe. 5

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble fallacies of the soul!
 Who think it solitude, to be Alone.

Communion sweet! communion large and high!

Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angel*, and our God! 10

Then nearest These, when Others most remote;

And All, ere long, shall be remote, but These.

How dreadful, Then, to meet them all alone,

A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!

Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy
 breast; 15

To win thy wish, creation has no more.

Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend—

But friends, how mortal, dangerous the desire!

Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards!

Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head; 20

And reeling through the wilderness of joy;

Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's*
 chain,

And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall:

My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;

Unlike the deity my song invokes. 25

I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,

(*Endymion's* rival!) and her aid implore;

Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow * *Cynthia's*
 form,

And modestly forego thine Own! O Thou, 30

Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!

Say, why not *Cynthia* patroness of song?

As thou her crescent, she thy character

Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute 35

This revolution in the world inspir'd?

Ye train *Pierian*! to the *Lunar* sphere,

In silent hour, address your ardent call

For aid immortal; less her brother's right.

She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads 40

The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,

A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.

Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heaven!

What title, or what name, endears thee most

Cynthia! *Cyllenê*! *Phœbe*! or dost hear

* *At the duke of Norfolk's masquerade.*

With higher gust, fair Portland of the skies !
Is that the left enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm ?
Come ; but from heavenly banquets with thee
bring

The soul of song, and whisper in my ear 50
The theft divine ; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are Thine) transfuse it through the
breast

Of thy first votary—But not thy last :
If, like thy *Namesake*, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be ; kind on such a theme ;
A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme, 56
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !

A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
'Twas *Night* ; on her fond hopes perpetual night ;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp, 60
Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster : rare are *solitary* woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel ;

Her death invades his mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for Him : 66
Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,

Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds ;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend, 70
And make distress, distraction. Oh Philander !

What was thy fate ? A double fate to me ;
Portent, and pain ! a menace and a blow !
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen than of prey. 75

It call'd Narcissa long before her hour ;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy ;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life. 80

Sweet harmonist ! and Beautiful as sweet !
And Young as beautiful ! and Soft as young !
And Gay as soft ! and Innocent as gay !
And Happy (if aught *Happy here*) as good !

For fortune fond had built her nest on high. 85
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *faite* (who loves a lofty mark),
How from the summit of the grove the fell,
And left it unharmonious ! All its charms

Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song ! 90
Her song still vibrates in my raviſht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her !) thrilling through my heart !

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy ; this
group

Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise, 95
As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and present it to the skies ; as All
We guess of heaven ; and *these* were all her own,
And she was mine ; and I was—*was* !—most

blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery ! 100
As bodies grow more ponderous, robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy.

Like blossom'd trees o'er turn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beautiful ruin lay ;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier There 105
Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love,
And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?

Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep ;
Our tears *indulge* 'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me. 110

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight :
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat ; and scatter'd fears around

On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze, 115
That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,

And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam, 120
Deny'd his wonted succour ; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells

Of lilies ; fairest lilies, not so fair !
Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ; 125
In morn and evening dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to

glow,
And out-blush (*mine* excepted) every fair ;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet 130
To thought so pure ! ye lovely fugitives !
Coeval race with man ! for man you smile ;

Why nor smile at him too ? You share indeed
His sudden pass ; but not his constant pain.
So man is made, nought ministers delight, 135
But what his glowing passions, can engage ;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;

And anguish, after rapture, how severe !
Rapture ? Bold man ! who tempt'ſt the wrath di-
vine, 140
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While *here*, presuming on the rights of heaven,

For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo ? At thy friend's expence, be wise ;
Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the
heart ; 145

A broken reed, at best ; but, oft, a spear ;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her :
Thought repell'd

Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe. [150
Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd !
And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys !
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss com-
plete !

And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !
Strangers to Thee ; and, more surprising still, 155
Strangers to Kindness, wept : their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears ! strange tears ! that trickled down
From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd ; 160
While *nature* melted, *superstition* rav'd ;
That mourn'd the dead ; and *this* denied a grave.

Their sighs incens'd ; sighs foreign to the will !
Their will the *Tiger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For, oh ! the curst ungodliness of zeal ! 165
While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurst
In blind *infallibility*'s embrace,
The *sainted spirit* petrify'd the breast ;

Deny'd the charity of dust, 'to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy. 170
What could I do? What succour? What resource?
With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept, 175
With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
I *whisper'd* what should echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the
skies.

Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd? 181
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd; 185
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the curst soil; and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow my repentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead? 190
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.

When every passion sleeps that can offend; 196
When strikes us every motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour *uncontrol'd*,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then, spleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence? 200
An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

For less than this is shocking in a race 205
Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;
And *uncreated*, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment *left*,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things 210
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity: 214

What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the forest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue; 220
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were! 225
Heaven's Sovereign faves all beings, but himself,
That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the Muse? And let the Muse be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels.
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends? 230

Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
He felt the truths I sing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: past ills, Narcissa!
Are sunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that
swarm'd 236
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clustering There
Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the
grave.

Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale) 240
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
An aspice, Each! and All, an Hydra woe:
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews; 245
And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore; 250
They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of
death.

The vale of death! that hush'd Cimmerian
vale, 255

Where *Darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expariate, and explore 261
Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own, [265
My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
"Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
"And labour that first palm of noble minds,
"A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave. 270
As poet's feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flower:
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from
these?

It brings us more than triple aid; an aid 275
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride* and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth 280
Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity, 285
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
And, damp't with omen of our own decease,

On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up, 290
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain? 295
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans; 301
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy! 305

Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!

The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme 310
Of every thought? and wish of every hour?

And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange,
To wave the numerous *ills* that seize on life

As their own property, their lawful prey; 315
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbreach'd delights;

On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*; 320
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.

Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on *orts*, and *glean* their former field.

Live ever here, Lorenzo!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too; 326
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.

Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—With labouring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round 330
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,

Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,

And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery 335
For change, though sad? To see what we have
seen?

Hear, till unheard, the same old flabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant

Another vintage? Strain a fatter year, 340
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!

Ill-ground, and worse concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of excess!
Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch! 345
Trembling each gulp lest death should snatch the bowl.

Such of our *fine-ones* is the wish refin'd!
So would they have it; elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?

But such examples might their riot awe. 350
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *brigs* they sit, they father all their flights)

To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate;
The same vain world; to censure, and espouse;
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad 356
Through dread of worse? to cling to this rude
rock,

Barren to them, of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope— 360
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph that yawns beneath.

Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
This *bugg'd*, this *bideous* state, what art can cure?

One only; but that one, what all may reach; 365
Virtue—the wonder-working goddess! charms
That rock to bloom, and tames the *painted screw*;

And, what will more surprise, Lorenzo! gives
To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change; 370
And straightens nature's circle to a line.

Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou 'lt blush to disbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,

And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste: the cuckoo seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize, 376
But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,

To doating *sense* indulge. 'But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes 380
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays,

On minds of dove-like innocence possess,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves 385
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.

Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents

To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot wheel 390
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,

Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire! 395
And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure?

And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates; and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,

"He sins against *this* life, who flights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their favourite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace, 401
By passionately loving life, we make

Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And dreaming, take our passage for our port. 405
Life has no value as an *end*, but means;

An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than
nought;

A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like some fair humorists, life is most enjoy'd,
When courted least; most worth, when dis-

esteem'd: 411
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!

Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy! 415

The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
 Where now the *Jurgen* rock? the painted *Jurgen*?
 Where now, Lorenzo! life's eternal *rain*?
 Have I not made my triple promise good?
 Vain is the world; but only to the vain. 420
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
 Waxes and wanes! (in all propitious, *Night*;
 Affists me here) Compare it to the moon;
 Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich 425
 In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.
 When gross guilt interposes, labouring earth,
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy!
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow. 430
 Nor is that glory distant: Oh Lorenzo!
 A good man, and an angel! these between
 How this the barrier! what divides their fate?
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still; 435
 A moment, or eternity's forgot.
 Then be, what once they were, who now are
 gods;
 Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
 The *soft transition* call it; and be cheer'd: 440
 Sub it is often, and why not to Thee?
 To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise;
 And may itself procure, what it presumes.
 Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd:
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown. 445
 "Strange competition!"—True, Lorenzo! strange!
 So little *Life* can cast into the scale.
Life makes the soul dependant on the dust;
 Death gives her wings to mount above the
 spheres.
 Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim *Life* peeps at
 light; 450
 Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
 All eye, all ear, the disembod'd power.
 Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel;
 Life, ill substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heaven! 455
 By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
 By death enlarg'd, enobled, deify'd?
 Death but entombs the body; *life* the soul.
 "Is death then guiltless? How he marks his
 way
 "With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
 "Art, genius, fortune, elevated power! 461
 "With various lustres these light up the world,
 "Which death puts out, and darkens human race."
 I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just:
 The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror! 465
 Death humbles these; more barbarous *life*, the
 man.
 Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
 Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
 Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
 Nor *life* true joy, but what kind death improves.
 No bliss has *life* to boast, till death can give 471
 Far greater; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,
 Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
 Lorenzo! blush at fondness for a *life*,
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile, 475

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To cater for the sense; and serve at boards;
 Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
 Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
 In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd! 480
 Lorenzo! blush at terror for a death,
 Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
 Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternise, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss. 485
 What need I more? O death, the palm is thine.
 Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
 Age, and disease; disease, though long my guest;
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of
 life;
 Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
 That call my few friends to my funeral; 491
 Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
 While reason and religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory; 495
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
 Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
 That ill corrosive, cares importunate,
 Are not immortal too, O death! is thine. 500
 Our day of dissolution!—name it right;
 'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe; what though the sickle, sometimes
 keen,
 Just scars us as we reap the golden grain?
 More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound. 505
 Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
 For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
 But O! the last the former so transcends,
 Life dies, compar'd; Life lives beyond the grave. 510
 And feel I, death! no joy from thought of thee?
 Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
 Death, the deliverer, who rescues man! [515
 Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
 Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
 Rich death, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
 Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
 Joy's source and subject, still subsist unhurt: 520
 One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire;
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
 And live intire. Death is the crown of life: 525
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
 Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise, we reign!
 Spring from our setters; fasten in the skies: 531
 Where blooming Eden withers in our fight;
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death? 535
 When shall I die?—When shall I live for ever?

R r

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only Cure for the Fear of Death; and proper Sentiments of that insupportable Blessing.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

A Much-indebted Muse, O Yorke! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sovereign cure. 5
Why start at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,

Is past; not come or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receiver, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the
grave: 10
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the
worm;

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made; 15
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were death frightful, what has age to fear?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom. 20
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of women give his thought 25
Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the best; the many, flaw all o'er;
As leopards, spotted, or, as Ethiops, dark;
Vivacious ill; good dying immature: 30
(How immature, Narcissa's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain;
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant 35
To lucky life) some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more.
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain'd,
Or purpos'd commendations where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss fortune back her tinsel, and her plume,

And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene. 45
With me, that time is come; my world is
dead;

A new world rises, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there,
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze, 50
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worst! Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here; of death defrauded long:
Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
My very master knows me not— 53

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardour to be seen.
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint, 60
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-
morrow.

Refusal! canst thou wear a smoother form?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the Fear of Death: 65
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little less;

Embittering the possess: Why wish for more? 70
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to the shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream, 75
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.

Wishing, that constant hell of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid 80
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here on a single plank, thrown safe ashore, 85
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
And meditate on scenes, more silent still:

Pursue my theme, and fight the Fear of Death. 90
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;

I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles, 95
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in
fame?

Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know 101
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too
late;

Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state; 105
Some avocation deeming it—to die,

Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich* :

Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coevals ! remnants of yourselves !

Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave ! 110

Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,

Strike deeper our vile root, and closer cling,

Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?

Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,

Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ? 115

With avarice and convulsions, grasping hard ?

Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?

Man wants but little ; nor that little, long ;

How soon must he resign his very dust,

Which frugal nature lent him for an hour ! 120

Years *unexperienc'd* rush on numerous ills :

And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found

The *key* of life, it opens the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,

And miss such numbers, numbers too of such, 125

Firmer in health, and greener in their age,

And stricter on their guard, and sifter far,

To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe

I still survive : and am I fond of life,

Who scarce can think it possible, I live ? 130

Alive by miracle ! or what is next,

Alive by Mead ! if I am still alive,

Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,

Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.

Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*, 135

And *vapid* ; *Sense* and *Reason* shew the door,

Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death !

Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !

Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth 140

From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay

The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath

The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,

To drink the spirit of the golden day,

And triumph in existence ; and couldst know 145

No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd

A rise in blessing ! with the *Patriarch's* joy,

Thy call I follow to the land *unknown* ;

I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;

Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs : 150

All weight in this—O let me live to thee !

Though *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repress ;

Still frowns grim *Death* ; guilt points the tyrant's spear.

And whence all human guilt ? From death forgot.

Ah me ! too long I set at nought the swarm 155

Of friendly warnings, which around me flew ;

And smil'd, unsmitten ; small my cause to smile !

Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,

More dreadful by delay, the longer ere 160

They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound :

O think how deep, Lorenzo ! here it stings :

Who can appease its anguish ? how it burns !

What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw ?

What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,

And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ? 165

With joy,—with grief, that *healing band* I see

Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high ;

On *high* ?—What means my phrensy ? I blasphemous ;

Alas ! how *low* ! how far beneath the skies !

The skies it form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—

But bleeds the balm I want—Yet still it bleeds ; 170

Draw the dire steel—ah no ! the dreadful blessing

What heart or can sustain, or dares forego ?

There hangs all human hope ; that nail supports

The falling universe : that gone, we drop ; 175

Horror receives us, and the dismal wish

Creation had been smother'd in her birth—

Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust ;

When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne !

In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell ? 180

O what a groan was there ! a groan *not His*.

He seiz'd *our* dreadful right ; the load sustain'd ;

And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.

A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear ;

Sensations *new* in angels' bosoms rise ; 185

Suspend their song ; and make a pause in bliss.

O for *their* song ; to reach my lofty theme !

Inspire me, *Night* ! with all thy tuneful spheres ;

Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,

And shew to men the dignity of man ; 190

Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song,

Shall *pagan* pages glow celestial flame,

And *christian* languish ? on our hearts, not heads,

Falls the foul infamy : my heart ! awake.

What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*, 195

" Expanded deity on human weal ? "

Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night

Of *heaven's* error, with a golden flood

Of endless day : to feel, is to be fir'd ;

And to believe, Lorenzo ! is to feel. 200

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power !

Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love !

That arms, which awe more awful, thy com-

mands ;

And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night !

How our hearts tremble at thy love immense

In love immense, inviolably just ! 205

Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,

Didst stain the *Cross* ; and work of wonders far

The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed,

Bold thought ! shall I dare speak it, or re-

press ? 210

Should man more *excrete*, or *boast* the guilt

Which rous'd such vengeance ? which such love

inflamm'd ?

O'er guilt (how mountainous !) with outstretch'd

arms,

Stern *justice* and soft-smiling *love* embrace,

Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne, 215

When seem'd its majesty to need support,

Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost ;

What, but the *saturnest* of thought divine,

Could labour such expedient from despair,

And rescue *both* ? both rescue ! both exalt, 220

O how are both exalted by the deed !

The wondro us deed ! or shall I call it *more* ?

A wonder in omnipotence itself !

A mystery no less to gods than men !

Not *thus*, our infidels th' eternal draw, 225
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd; in his whole round of rays complete;
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself, 231
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels! [235
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to seular strains!
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum: 240
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.

And was the ransom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene 245
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown! 250
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
cross;

Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble
womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her
dead? 255

Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a
tear;
Heaven wept, that man might smile! heaven bled,
that man.

Might never die! —
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*.
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like
these? 260

Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll; my soul is
caught: 265
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the
cross,

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of *amaze*!—in his *blest* life
I see the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*,
And in his great *ascent* the *proof* supreme 270
Of *immortality*.—And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in. 275
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who slew 280
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his *ove* to man;

And with divine complacency beheld
Poems most illumin'd, wander'd in the theme, 285
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sus-
tain?

Oh the burst gates! crush'd strong! demolish'd
throne!

Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and
heaven!

This *sum* of good to man. *Whose* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the
tomb. 290

Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*
Triumphant pass the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous quest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality 295
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heaven's
duration.

Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss 300

Where am I wrapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe? 305

Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd,
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify 310
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.

If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name is heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his
side,

And open'd there a font for all mankind, 315
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, subdues the fear of death.

And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!

"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon 320
"Through means that speak its value infinite!
"A pardon bought with blood! with blood di-
vine!

"With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
"Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,

"Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still! 325
"A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!

"Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
"My species up in arms! not one exempt!

"Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,
"Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!

"As if our race were held of highest rank; 330
"And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"

Bound, every heart! and every bosom, burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here!

Its lowest round, high planted on the skies; 335
Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!

Praise! flow for ever (if astonishment
Will give thee leave): my praise for ever flow; 340
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heaven, shall *praise* descend,
 With her soft plume (from *plumy* angels wing
 First pluck'd my man) to tickle mortal ears, 346
 Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
 Is *praise* the perquisite of every paw,
 Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
 Oh love of gold! thou meekest of amours! 350
 Shall *praise* her odours waste on virtue's dead,
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
 Bann'd dirty bread by washing *Aethiops* fair,
 Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
 A scavenger in *scenes*, where vacant posts 355
 Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
 Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
 Return, apostate *praise*! thou vagabond!
 Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once-unrival'd theme. 360
 There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
 Back to thy fountain, to that Parent Power,
 Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to

soar,
 The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
 In mutual awe profound of clay to clay, 366
 Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Stars! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing:
 To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
 O the presumption of man's awe for man! 370
 Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and
 Judge!

Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of
 night,

With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
 What, night eternal, but a frown from thee? [375
 What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
 And shall not praise be thine; not human praise?
 While heaven's high host on *battlejacks* live?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
 My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
 And all her infinite of prospect fair, 380
 Cut through the shades of hell, *great Love* by thee
 O most Adorable! most Unador'd!
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should
 end?

Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
 How is *night's* sable mantle labour'd o'er! 385
 How richly wrought with attributes divine!
 What *wisdom* shines! what *love*! this midnight
 pomp,

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
 Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
 For others this profusion: Thou, apart, 390
 Above! Beyond! O tell me, mighty Mind!
 Where art thou? Shall I dive into the deep?
 Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
 For their Creator? Shall I question loud
 The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells? 395
 Or holds he furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
 And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?

What mean these questions?—Trembling I re-
 tract;

My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
 Praise! a distant deity? He tunes 400
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sus-
 tains:

Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise;

But though past all diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence; *local* is his throne (as meet),
 To gather the dispers'd (as standards call 405
 The list'd from afar): to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since *finite* every nature but his own,

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth;
 And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand; 410
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
 The great *First-Lost*! pavilion'd high he sits,
 In darkness from excessive splendour borne,
 By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
 His glory, to created glory, bright, 415
 As that to central horror; he looks down
 On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Though *night* unnumber'd words unfolds to
 view,

Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
 A mere effluvia of his majesty: 420
 And shall an atom of this atom-world
 Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heaven?
 Down to the centre should I send my thought
 Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing
 gems,

Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay; 425
 Goes out in darkness: if, on towering wing,
 I send it through the boundless vault of stars!
 The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to
 thee,

Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!
 If to these *conscious stars* thy throne around, 430
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
 And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they
 want,

Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
 Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns; 435
 Short of its mark, defective, though divine;

Still more—This theme is man's, and man's
 alone;

Their vast appointments reach it not: they see
 On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
 And downward look for heaven's superior praise!
 First-born of *Ether*! high in fields of light! 440
 View man, to see the glory of your God!
 Could angels envy, they had envy'd *bees*;
 And some *did* envy; and the rest, though gods,
 Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man, 445
 Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
 They less would *feel*, though more adorn, my
 theme.

They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd):
 How rose in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine; 450
 Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the key:
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;

Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
 Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *best*?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime; 455
Redemption! 't was the labour of the skies;

Far more than labour—it was *death* in heaven.
 A truth so strange! 'twere bold, to think it
 true;

If not far bolder still to disbelieve!

Here pause, and ponder: was there death in
 heaven? 460

What then on earth? On earth, which struck the blow?

Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy
towers!

How counterpois'd his origin from dust!

How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return! 465

How voided his vast distance from the skies!

How near he presses on the seraph's wing!

Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?

How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud

Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heaven!

The double son; the made, and the re-made! 471

And shall heaven's double property be lost?

Man's double madness only can destroy.

To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;

The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace; 475

Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny?

O ye! who, from this *Rock of ages*, leap,

Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!

What cordial joy, what consolation strong,

Whatever winds arise, or billows roll, 480

Our interest's in the master of the storm!

Cling there, and o'er wreck'd nature's ruins smile;

While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres
there:

To none man seems ignoble, but to man; 485

Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire:

How long shall human nature be *their* book,

Degenerate mortal! and unread by Thee?

The beam dim *reason* sheds shows wonders There;

What high contents! illustrious faculties! 490

But the grand *comment*, which displays at full

Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,

By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.

Who looks on That, and sees not in himself

An awful stranger, a terrestrial god? 495

A glorious partner with the Deity

In that high attribute, immortal life?

If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm;

I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul

Catches strange fire, Eternity! at Thee; 500

And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys;

How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!

What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,

Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!

It is another scene! another self! 505

And still another, as time rolls along;

And that a *self* far more illustrious still.

Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades

Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,

What evolutions of surprising fate! 510

How nature opens, and receives my soul

In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where
gods

Encounter and embrace me! What new births

Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun; 515

Where what now charms, perhaps, what'er
exists,

Old time, and fair creation, are forgot!

Is this extravagant? Of man we form

Extravagant conception, to be just:

Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:

Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more. 520

He, the great Father! kindled at one flame

The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd

From spirit's awful fountain: pour'd himself

Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,

Profuse, or frugal, of th' aspiring God, 525

As his wife plain demanded; and when past

Their various trials in their various spheres,

If they continue rational, as made,

Reforms them all into Himself again;

His throne their centre, and his smile their
crown. 530

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,

Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?

Angels are men of a superior kind;

Angels are men in lighter habit clad,

High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight; 535

And men are angels, loaded for an hour,

Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,

And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.

Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;

While *Here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd, 540

And summon'd to the glorious Standard soon,

Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.

Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,

Yet absent; but not absent from their love.

Michael has fought our battles; Raphael fung 545

Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,

Sent by the Sovereign: and are these, O man!

Thy friends, thy warm allies? and Thou (shame
burn

Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?

Religion's All. Descending from the skies 550

To wretched man, the goddess in her left,

Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the next;

Religion! the sole voucher man is man;

Supporter sole of man above himself; 555

Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,

She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.

Religion! Providence! an After-state!

Here is firm footing; *here* is solid rock!

This can support us; all is sea besides;

Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours. 560

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,

And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,

Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps, 565

And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,

Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure

Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,

His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;

As if new-born, he triumphs in the change:

So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims, 570

And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth

Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts

To *Reason*'s region, her own element,

Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness; 575

And, groaning Calvary, of thee! *There* shine

The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sing;

There sacred violence assaults the soul;

There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.

Can love allure us; or can terror awe? 580

He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;

He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation
shakes.

If in his love so terrible, what then

His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?

Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires? 583
Can prayer, can praise, avert it?—Thou, my
 All!

My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my life in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death! 590
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me; [595
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!
What then art Thou? by what name shall I call
 Thee?

Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd; thousands more sublime,
None half so dear, as that, which, though un-
 spoke, 600

Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great Philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking
 brand 605
From out the flames, and quench it in thy
 blood!

How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to distance all return! 610
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
Thy right, too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
And sacrilegious our sublimed song.
But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile, 615
Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to heaven!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death*! and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but Thy frown. 620

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
Ye quietists, in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts, 625
Abhorring violence! who *bait* indeed;
But for the blessing, *twofold* not with heaven!
Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul!
Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd* 630
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my
 powers;

Oh for an humbler heart! and prouder song!
Thou, my much injur'd theme! with that soft
 eye 635

Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*. 640
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has
 shewn

Her own for man so strongly, not disdain

What smooth emollients in theology;
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach;
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise? 645
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd*?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man. 650

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom? 655
Oh when will *death* (now stingless), like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?

Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies! 660
Great *future*! glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present*! when shall I thy shrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark, incarcerated *colony*, 665

Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne; 670
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his
 wounds

Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian* triumph a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wife;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. 675

See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live; or, *more* than
 die;

That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *touch*! 680
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!

Sacred to man, and sovereign though the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heaven through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan, 685
Thy welfare, *nature*! and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Disceas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights light life in
 death,

Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones trans-
 forms

The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb. 690
Dost ask me when? When he who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of
 woe?

In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train, 695
Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.

Is this by fancy thrown remote; and rise 700
Dark doubts between the promise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;

Nature is *Christian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed. 705
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of æther; coasts unnumber'd
worlds, 710

Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years:
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return 715
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with Him, all our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again. 720
Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves 725
From every clamorous charge, the guiltless
tomb.

Why disbelieve? Lorenzo!—"Reason bids,
"All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame: 730
All-sacred *reason*! source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed Cross, by fortune stamp'd 735
On passive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with local zeal!
No; *reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head 740
And made that choice, which once was but my
fate.

"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reason pursu'd is *faith*; and, unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, That, or our *faith* is right,
Or *reason* lies, and heaven design'd it wrong: 745
Absolve we This? What, then, is blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd as the daughter dear, 750
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.

When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason
yours: 755

'Tis *reason* our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis *reason*'s injur'd rights His wrathresents;
'Tis *reason*'s voice obey'd His glories crown;
To give lost *reason* life, He pour'd his own: 760
Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reason*'s wounds alone thy *faith* can
die;

Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting. 765
Learn hence what honours, what loud *praise*,
due

To those, who push our *antidote* aside;
Those boasted friends to *reason* and to *man*,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart
These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd 770
And vilified at once; of *reason* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love* of *truth* through all their camp re-
founda, 775

They draw *pride*'s curtain o'er the noon-tide-ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd Argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the sun!" and, Indian-like, adore. 780

Talk they of *morals*? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new *morals* to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of Thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were;
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown) 785
As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A Christian is the highest stile of man:
And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow? 790
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their
charge,
More struck with grief or wonder who can tell?
Ye sold to sense! Ye citizens of earth!
(For such alone the Christian banner fly) 795
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your
gain?

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
"Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call, 801
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
"A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour; 805
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years? 810
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from
Thee

As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd 815
By strides as swift: Eternity is All;
And whose Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
For ever basking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conscience shall reply. 820
O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long.
Thy leave unask'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour*;
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust;
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the
 worlds;
 Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he
 made;
 Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
 Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with
 toys, 831
 That heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
 But, from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 Like him they fable under *Aetna* whelm'd,
 The goddess, bursts in thunder, and in flame; 835
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
 Dark *demons* I discharge, and *Hydra* stings;
 The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell:
 Just definition! though by schools untaught.
 Ye deaf to truth! peruse this Parson'd page, 840
 And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest;
 "Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot
 die."

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
 Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
 I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
 Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no
 more.

As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *Muse* 5
 Has often blusht at her degenerate sons,
 Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
 To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
 And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
 As if to magic numbers' powerful charm 10
 'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their song
 Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
 And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause. 15
 We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*.
 These share the man; and these distract him
 too;
 Draw different ways, and clash in their com-
 mands.

Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
 But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground. 20
 Vol. VIII.

Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: Man would both enjoy,
 And both at once: a point how hard to gain!
 But, what can't wit, when stung by strong de-
 sire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise. 25
 Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason*'s taste;
 In subtle *sophistry*'s laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
 To fordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose; 30
 Nor less than a *pumpkin* god to fill the bowl:
 A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
 A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
 And the fool'd mind delightfully confound. 35
 Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no
 more;

That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
 At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
 By *wit*'s address, patch up a fatal peace, 40
 And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch;
 From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curst art! wipes off th' indebted blush
 From nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.

Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt, 45
 And infamy stands candidate for praise;

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
 These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend;
 The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world, 50
 Can powers of genius exorcise their page,
 And consecrate enormities with song?

But let not these inexpiable strains
 Condemn the *Muse* that knows her dignity;
 Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world, 55
 As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
 A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
 And run the round of universal space,
 To visit Being universal there,
 And Being's Source, that utmost flight of mind!
 Yet, spite of this so vast circumference, 60
 Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
 Sing *syrens* only? Do not angels sing?

There is in *posy* a decent pride,
 Which well becomes her when she speaks to *pride*,
 Her younger sister; haply, not more wise. 66

Think'st thou, Lorenzo! to find pastimes here.
 No guilty passion blown into a flame,
 No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd, 70
 No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
 No rainbow colours, here, or silken tale:
 But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
 With double weight, through these revolving
 spheres,

This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade: 75
 Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
 And thy dark pencil, *midnight*! darker still
 In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole. 80
 Yet this, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!

Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the smile!
 If, what imports you most, can most engage,
 Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
 The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel; 85
 And, feeling, give assent: and their assent
 Is ample recompence; is more than praise.
 But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor mistake;
 Think not unintroduc'd I force my way;
 Narcissa, not unknown, not unall'd, 90
 By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
 To thee, from blooming *amarantine* bowers,
 Where all the language *harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the Muse;
 A Muse that will not pain thee with thy
 praise; 95
 Thy praise the drops, by nobler still inspir'd.
 O Thou! Blest Spirit! *whether* the supreme,
 Great ante-mundane Father! in whose breast
 Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions roll'd 100
 Present, though future; prior to themselves;
 Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
 Or, from his throne some delegated power,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the
 thought
 From vain and vile, to solid and sublime! 105
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
 And fuller of the god, than that which burst
 From fam'd Castalia; nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred thirst; though long my soul has
 rang'd 110
 Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
 By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the Stars.
 By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*:
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
 By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career, 115
 Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
 By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
 By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool, 120
 Thoughts uncontrol'd, and unimpres'd, the
 births
 Of pure election, arbitrary range,
 Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
 But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
 As voyagers drop anchor, for repose. 125
 Let Indians; and the gay, like Indians, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
 It strikes thought inward; it drives back the
 soul
 To settle on Herself, our point supreme! 130
There lies our theatre! *there* sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch out
 'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason's* reign,
 And *virtue's* too; these tutelary shades 135
 Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
 It no less, *reserves* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the croud, 140

Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
 Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again. 145
 Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange: *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
 All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
 Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off 150
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires *ambition*; *love* of *gain* 155
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
 And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
 From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
 And shot at random, often has brought home 160
 A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
 Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
 We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
 Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
 Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
 We must, or imitate, or disapprove; 166
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
 That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our
 peace.
 From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been
 smit
 With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade. 170
 This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
 Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night. 175
 By night an Atheist half-believes a God.
 Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
 The conscious moon, through every distant age,
 Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
 On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray. 180
 The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from hea-
 ven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
 And form their manners, not inflame their
 pride,
 While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
 His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide, 185
 And seem all gazing on their future guest,
 See him soliciting his ardent suit
 In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
 Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands,
 Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun 190
 Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.
 Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black
 waste
 Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight*! hail!
 The world excluded, every passion hush, 196
 And open'd a calm intercourse with heaven,
 Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
 Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm, 200

All her lyes answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

What awful joy ! what mental liberty !

I am not pent in darkness ; rather say,

(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.

Delightful gloom ! the clustering thoughts around

Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade : 206

But droop by day, and sicken in the sun.

Thought borrows light elsewhere ; from that first fire,

Fountain of animation ! whence descends

Urania, my celestial guest ! who deigns 210

Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and now,

Conscious how needful discipline to man,

From pleasing dalliance with the charms of night

My wandering thought recalls, to what excites

Far other beat of heart ! Narcissa's tomb ! 215

Or is it feeble nature calls me back,

And breaks my spirit into grief again ?

Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood ?

A cold, flow puddle, creeping through my veins ?

Or is it thus with all men ?—Thus with all. 220

What are we ? How unequal ! Now we soar,

And now we sink : to be the same, transcends

Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*

For lodging ill ; too dearly rents her clay.

Reason, a baffled counsellor ! but adds 225

The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.

The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate,

In this damp, dusty region, charg'd with storms

But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly ; 230

Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.

Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again ;

And not to yield, though *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.

Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,

Experience damps our triumph. I who late, 235

Emerging from the shadows of the grave,

Where grief detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,

Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,

And call'd mankind to glory, shook off pain,

Mortality shook off, in ether pure, 240

And struck the stars : now feel my spirits fail ;

They drop me from the zenith ; down I rush,

Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,

In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.

How wretched is the man who never mourn'd !

I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream : 246

Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves ;

Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,

(Inestimable gain !) and gives heaven leave

To make him but more wretched, not more wife. 250

If wisdom is our lesson (and what else

Ennobles man ? what else have angels learnt ?)

Grief ! more proficient in thy school are made,

Than genius, or proud learning, e'er could boast.

Voracious learning, often over-fed, 255

Digests not into sense her motley meal.

This book-case, with dark booty almost burst,

This forager on others' wisdom, leaves

Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.

With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil, 260

Dung'd, but not dress'd ; and rich to beggary.

A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.

Her servant's wealth, incumber'd wisdom mourns.

And what says genius ? " Let the dull be wise."

Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong ; 265

And loves to boast, where blush men 'less inspir'd.

It pleads exemption from the laws of sense ;

Considers reason as a leveller ;

And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.

That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim 270

To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.

Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.

Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.

When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe, 275

And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower ;

Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows ;

Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

If so, Narcissa ! welcome my *Relapse* ;

I'll raise a tax on my calamity, 280

And reap rich compensation from my pain.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field ;

And gather every thought of sovereign power

To chase the moral maladies of man ;

Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies, 285

Though natives of this coarse penurious soil :

Nor wholly wither there, where *scraps* sing.

Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.

Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same

In either clime, though more illustrious there. 290

These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,

Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb ;

And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.

Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?

" Th' importance of contemplating the tomb ;

" Why men decline it ; suicide's foul birth ; 296

" The various kind of grief ; the faults of age ;

" And death's dread character—invite my song."

And, first th' importance of our end survey'd.

Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief : 300

Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal too soon.

Are they more kind than *he*, who struck the blow ?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,

And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,

And bring it back, a true and endless peace ? 305

Calamities are friends : as glaring day

Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight ;

Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts

Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes, 310

(Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves !)

Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,

Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,

Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray ;

To read his monuments, to weigh his dust, 316

Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs

Lorenzo ! read with me Narcissa's stone ;

(Narcissa was thy favourite) let us read

Her moral stone ! few doctors preach so well

Few orators so tenderly can touch

The feeling heart. What *potbo* in the date?
Apt words can strike: and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep; 325
And ill forchoded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humbler shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! sullies on my soul,
And puts *delusion's* dusky train to flight:
Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise, 330
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene:
And shews the *real* estimate of things;
Which no man, unaffected, ever saw;
Bulls off the veil from *virtue's* rising charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thousand lyes. 335
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote. 340
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys *possess*;
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in her sigh;
Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms; 345
In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,
If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
At the first blast it vanishes in air.
Not so, *celestial*: wouldst thou know, Lorenzo!
How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine*? 351
Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly wisdom* every day;
And every day more fair her *ripen* shines.
When *later*, there's less time to play the fool. 355
Soon our old term for *wisdom* is expir'd
(Thou know'st the calls no council in the grave):
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real wisdom* wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resembles Sibyl's leaves, 360
The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.

For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay. 366
"Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries.

"Then live his life."—All nature saunters there.
Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure. 370

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's;
and yet,

From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts, 375
The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the
world.

Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand! 380

Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!

And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is death, that ever threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure, 385
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still?
Though numerous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause, 390
The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares, 395
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying filter for the same. 400
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awake.

We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow; 406
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream? 410

In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; what see we there? 416

Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore. 416
Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!

Like *him* so strong, by Dalilah the fair? 420
Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?

'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature, conscious of the make of man.

A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind, 425
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.

By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The good-man would repine; would suffer joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.

The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride, 430
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.

What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies!
rise;

And drown in your less execrable yell 435
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,

Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,

So call'd, so thought—And then he fled the
field. 440

Iefs base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide!
An *island* in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rational* beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head, 445
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But be thou shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd: 451
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow, 455
Who names his *soul*), a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,

Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity, 460
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taste,
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*. 465

But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Alk aims of *earth* for guests that came from *heaven*:

Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire, 470
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,

When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full;
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage, 475
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement; though fast barr'd

By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest, *nature*, or *dire* guilt can raise; 480
And moated round with fathomless *destruction*,
Sure to receive, andwhelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons! is the *cause*, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thou criminals yourselves. I grant the deed 485
Is madness: but the madness of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and *Suicide* to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break 490
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
Because they never *think of death*, they die.

'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate, his end. 495
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of *wisdom*! if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,

Number their moments, and, in every clock, 500
Start at the voice of an Eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,

That most pathetic herald of our own; 505
How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Indelible, *death's* image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself. 510
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *jolly* cancels all;
As the tide rushing raises what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a *fig*? 516
Or study'd the philosophy of *tears*?
(A science, yet unlearn'd in our schools!)
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me, 520

And trace these briny rivulets to their springs.
Our funeral tears from different causes rise,
As if from separate cisterns in the soul,
Of *various* kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once, 525
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd,
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,

Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain. 530
Some weep to share the fate of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on praises, which they think they share;

And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn, in proof, that something they could love: 535

They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *show*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrears.

Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians draw 541
Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While *liquid* pearl runs trickling down their cheek?

Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen, 545
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease,
By kind construction, *some* are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy. 550

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps;

Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd; 455
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
Knows not it speaks to *her*, and *her* alone.
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,

That noble gift! that privilege of man!
 From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy. 560
 But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
 They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
 And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
 They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
 Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread 565
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
 No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.

Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by
death

Are spent in watering vanities of life;
 In making *folly* flourish still more fair, 570
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
 Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
 Instead of learning, *there*, her true support,
 Though there thrown down her true support to
 learn

Without heaven's aid, impatient to be blest, 575
 She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
 Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
 With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
 The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
 In all the fruitless fopperies of life: 580
 Presents her *wed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
 And raffles for the *death's* bead on the ring.

So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth
 Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
 And blanching fables into bridal bloom. 585
 So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
 Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
 And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
 Not such, Narcissa, my distress for Thee.
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb, 590
 To sacrifice to wisdom. What wast Thou?
 "Young, gay, and fortunate!" Each yields a
 theme.

I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
 (Heaven knows I labour with severer still!)
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
 A soul without reflection, like a pile 596
 Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy youth. What says it to grey
 hairs!

Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now—
 Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
 Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
 Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
 Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair; 605
 With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
 That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
 Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
 Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen: 610
 Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
 And men might plead prescription from the grave;
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
 Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already; [615
 Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.

Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
 What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death

Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends 620
 Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand qui-
 vers

Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
 We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves; 625
 Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
 We see time's furrows on another's brow,
 And death entrench'd, preparing his assault;
 How few themselves in that just mirror see!
 Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong! 630
 There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *must*,
 And *soon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
 Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims
 are green;

Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
 Folly sings Six, while Nature points at Twelve. 635
 Absurd *longevity*! More, more, it cries:
 More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
 Object and appetite, must club for joy;
 Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow, 640
 Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
 While nature is relaxing every string?
 Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
 Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed? 645
 Contract the taste immortal; learn ev'n now
 To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
 Divine, or none, henceforth your joys for ever.
 Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.

That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds 650
 Past life, and promises our future bliss.
 What weakness see not children in their fires?
 Grand-climacterical absurdities!
 Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
 How shocking: it makes folly thrice a fool; 655
 And our first childhood might our last despise.
 Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
 Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*,
 Nothing, but the *repute* of being *wise*.
 Folly bars both; our age is quite undone. 660

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
 Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
 No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
 Our hearts should leave the world, before the
 knell

Calls for our catcases to mend the soil. 665
 Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
 Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
 Defects of judgment; and the *will's* subdued;
 Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
 Of that vast ocean it must fail so soon; 670
 And put *good-works* on board; and wait the
 wind

That shortly blows us into worlds unknown,
 If *unconfider'd* too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
 Their future fate: their future fate foretaste; 675
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
 A disaffection to that precious thought

Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*, 680
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost forever.

Dost ask, Lorenzo, why so warmly prest,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the ma-
chine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the
dust, 685

And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd
home,

Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave; [690
How warmly to be wish'd! What heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to Thee)
Would at a moment give its *All* to chance, 695
And *flump* the die for an eternity?

Aid me, Narcissa! aid me to keep pace
With *destiny*; and ere her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world. 700
Sting thou my slumbering *reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To fally; and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
Who, *Jehu*-like, behind him turns them all. 705
All *accident* apart, by *nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there, 710
Man is a self-survivor every year.

Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, His; my *yesterday*;
The bold invader shares the *present* hour. 715
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in *decease*;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun:
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire. 720
Shall we then fear, lest that should come to
pass,

Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *strength* and *ardour*; what re-
mains 725

Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's
knell

(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear! 730
Be death your theme, in every place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires!
A brother tomb to tell you ye shall die.
That death you *dread* (so great is nature's skill)
Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance! 736
Would you be still more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known.

And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your
sense.

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food, 740
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.

You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indispensable, eternal fruit; 745

Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *science* for distinguished names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.

Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords 750
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undervout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

Awake, ye curious indigators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's* character, attend. 755

All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shok in his impartial urn,

Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *fantastic*, and insults 760
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprize.

Like other tyrants, *death* delights to smite, 765
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride
power,

And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud! [770

And weeping fathers build their children's tomb:
Me Thine, Narcissa!—What though short thy
date?

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;

The man of wisdom is the man of years. 775
In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
O how *misdated* on their flattering tombs!

Narcissa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?

That, like the Jews fam'd oracle of gems, 780
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character* of death;

Ill-known to thee, Lorenzo! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the
old; [785

"Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws.
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."

Wretched and *old* thou giv'st him, *young* and
gay

He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy. [790
What if I prove, "The farthest from the *fear*,
"Are often nearest to the *stroke* of Fate?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life;
As if bright embers should emit a flame,

Glad spirits sparkled from Narcissa's eye, 795
And made youth younger, and taught life to
live.
As nature's opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offense, as treason to the deep

Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep, 800
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd
By conquest, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heaven's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard, 805
In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commission: "Strike,
but so

"As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man's securities. 810
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim;
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs
most.

This proves my bold assertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up 815
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* assumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among
us. 820

He takes all shapes that serve his black designs:
Though master of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew.
Like Nero, he's a fidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phantom*, in female guise;
Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath, 825
His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk, 830
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such, on Narcissa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen 835
To *smile*; such peace has innocence in death!
Most happy they! whom least his arts de-
ceive.

One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy, 840
I've seen, or dream't I saw, the tyrant *drift*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
Say, Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And shew Lorenzo the surprising scene;
If 'twas a dream his genius can explain. 845

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* push'd him
back;

Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismiss*
The sage; for *death* design'd to be conceal'd. 850
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*.
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *spendthrift*; whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow, 855
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane;

And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt, 860
Out-fallies on adventures. Ask you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the
world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths which *reason*
shuns. 865

When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door,
And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown. 870
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Only he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon, 875
Against them turns the key; and bids them sup
With their progenitors—He drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire!

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire, 880
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than *simple conquest*, in the fiend?

And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown 885
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fit;
Fixt as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe. 890
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And *fate* surprize thee nodding. Watch, be
strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to
die. 895

Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
Hide too from Thee the precious *use* of life.
Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate.
Soon, not surprising, *death's* his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way, 900
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark. 905
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conspir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow. 910
And could *death* charge through such a shining
shield?

That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity! 915
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,

And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er 920
 With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
 When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
 Seated from the covert of an humble state, 925
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our morning's envy! and our evening's sigh!
 As if her bounties were the signal given,
 The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
 And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey. 930
High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
 Ask you for what? To give his war on man
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe,
 And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime 935
 Of life? To hang his airy nest on high,
 On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
 Granting grim *death* at equal distance there;
 Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends. 940
 What makes man wretched? Happiness deny'd?
 Lorenzo! no: 'Tis happiness *disdain'd*.
 She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
 And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
 Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn. 945
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
 A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise; 950
 And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
 And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
 Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
 As late I drew *death's* picture, to stir up 955
 Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast,
 see
 Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
 And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad 960
 Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
 All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
 Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
 Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
 (Still more ador'd) to snatch the golden shower. 965
 Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no
 more:
 As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
 O what a precious pack of votaries
 Unkennel'd from the prisons, and the stews,
 Pour in, all opening in their idol's praise; 970
 All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
 And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
 Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, through mad appetite for more; [975
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
 Sagacious All, to trace the smallest game,
 And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
 Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they
 fly,
 Vol. VIII.

O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground, [980
 Drunk with the burning scent of place or power,
 Staunch to the foot of lustre, till they die.
 Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
 Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
 With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
 Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off, 985
 Through fury to possess it: Some succeed,
 But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
 From some, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
 And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
 To some it sticks so close, that, when torn off, 990
 Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
 Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
 Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
 Together some (unhappy rivals!) seize,
 And rend abundance into poverty; 995
 Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles;
 Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those,
 (Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
 Who perish at their own request; and whelm'd
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire. 1000
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
 The number small, which happiness can bear.
 Though various for a while their fates; at last
 One curse involves them all: at death's approach,
 All read their riches backward into loss, 1005
 And mourn, in just proportion to their store.
 And death's approach (if orthodox my song)
 Is hasten'd by the lure of *fortune's* smiles.
 And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin? 1010
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
 A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
 And startles thousands with a single fall.
 As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
 The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence; 1016
 By the strong strokes of labouring hinds subdued,
 Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her
 height,
 In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock, 1020
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.
 These high-aim'd darts of *death*, and these
 alone,
 Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
 A quiver, which, suspended in mid air, [1025
 Or near heaven's archer, in the zodiack, hung,
 (So could it be) should draw the public eye,
 The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
 A constellation awful, yet benign,
 To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave;
 Nor suffer them to strike the common rock, 1030
 "From greater danger, to grow more secure,
 "And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."
 Lyfander, happy past the common lot,
 Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
 He woo'd the fair Aspatia: she was kind: 1035
 In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were
 blest:
 All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd
 Can fancy form more swift happiness?
 T t

First was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the founding beach. The glittering spires 1040

Float in the wave, and break against the shore :
So break those glittering shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd : he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The new arrives : 1045
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel) ;
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument, 1050

The guilty billows innocently roar ;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear ?—Can tears suffice ?—But not for me.
How vain our efforts ! and our arts how vain !
The distant train of thought I took to shun, 1055
Has thrown me on my fate—*Those* died together ;
Happy in ruin ! *undress'd* by death !
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narcissa ! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou wast only near me ; not myself. 1060
Survive myself ?—*That* cures all other woe.
Narcissa lives ; Philander is forgot.
O the soft commerce ! O the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the 1065
soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live ? When such friends part,
Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance
of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, Glory and Riches
are particularly considered.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,
FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY,
AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the proficients of it, seldom go together. The shorter,

therefore, the dispute the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, Is man immortal, or is he not ? If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, truth, reason, religion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if a man is immortal, it will be to him to be very serious about eternal consequences ; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unshakable, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity ; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings ; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not an experience of it ; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive ! The heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed immortality ! And how many heathens have we still amongst us ! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel : but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked ! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded, that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, enquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered ; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers ; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible ; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, here, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the most important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer disputed ; but it is undisputed for this reason only, viz. because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted ; it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature, but by vanity ; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our Belief.

NIGHT VI.

SHE* (for I know not yet her name in heaven)

Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy pressure's still encroaching weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.

O the long, dark approach through years of pain,

Death's gallery! (might I dare call it so)
With dismal *doubt*, and fable *terror*, hung:
Sick *hope's* pale lamp its only glimmering ray;
There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd;
Forbidden *self-love* itself to flatter, there,
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!
In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine.
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege; in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
(Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a
night

He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down by sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker every hour!
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye,
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

But why more woe? More comfort let it be.

Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumbent'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* with most ardent of the
wife?

Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,
O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our *transition*; though the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedient for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never sat.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single
tale.

Death, and his image rising in the brain,

* Referring to Night V.

Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; Fancy loves excess:
Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades;
And *these* the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects
rise;

And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the terrors of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.

Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.

Its *nature, proof, importance*, fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul!

Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains
A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the laurel, but the palm, inspire.

Thy *nature, immortality!* who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate

In Stygian dye, how black, how brittle here!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys

Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse amities,
With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide

Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of universal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*

To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which support archangels in their state)
Our own! to rise in science as in bliss;
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!

To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!

To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote; and
leave

No mystery—but that of love Divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,

From darkness and from dust to *sub* a scene!

Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more
fair!

What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
Blest absolution of our blackest hour!

Lorenzo, these are thoughts that make man
Man,

The wife illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath

The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *Time's* pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involv'd in high prelude,
Through the long vista of a thousand years.

To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen.
Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine! 120
To prophesy our own futurities:
To gaze in thought on what all thought
transcends!

To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale! 125
Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought?
The swell becomes thee: 'Tis an honest pride.
Reverse thyself;—and yet thyself despise,
His nature no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed, 130
Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be
proud;

That almost universal error shun.
How just our pride, when we behold *these* heights!
Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains; 135
And angels emulate; our pride how just!
When mount we? When these shackles cast?
When quit

This cell of the creation? This small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air? 140
Fine-spun to sense; but gross and seculent
To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on *Time's* farther shore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears; 145

While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight, 150
As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy us here!
What periodic potions for the sick!
Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds! 155
In an *Eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thicken! novelties surprize!
What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there*!
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep! 160

How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there*! 165

There, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the *labouring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious and entire, 170
Its ample sphere its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravisht sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside) 175
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,

Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of æther pure,
In endless voyage, without port? *The least* 180
Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers *These* surpass,
Huge, as Leviathan, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd? *Stupendous These*! 185
Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole*?
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exuberant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee still. 190

If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence! yet this the least in heaven.
What *this* to that illustrious robe *He* wears,
Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power? 195
'Tis to that *glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest floweret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of
heaven?

This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
Death, only death, the question can resolve. 200
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chafe we still the phantom through the
fire,

O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death? 205
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vials spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs 210
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buzz of vain renown!
A *name*; a mortal immortality!

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air, 215
For sordid *lucres*, plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for every
gain,

For vile contaminating trash; throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold? 220
Ambition, avarice; the two *demons* these,
Which goad through every slough our human herd,
Hard travel'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop! How sleep they
climb!

These demons burn mankind; but most possible 225
Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in time to hide *eternity*?
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the sun?
Glory and wealth! have they this blinding power? 230

What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it surprize thee? Be thou then surpriz'd;
Thou *neither* know'st: their *nature* learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connexion ties them to my theme. 235
First, what is *true* ambition? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.

Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast, 240
And claim their laurel crowns, as well as We;
But not celestial. Here we stand alone;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
If prone in thought, our stature is our shame:
And man should blush, his forehead meets the
skies. 245

The visible and present are for brutes,
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
These reason, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the future and unseen;
The vast unseen! the future fathomless! 250
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross nature's sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man. 255
This is ambition; this is human fire.

Can parts or place (two bold pretenders!) make
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid! 260
Dedalian enginery! If these alone
Assist our flight, fame's flight is glory's fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold; 265
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight, 271
At once compassion soft, and envy, rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults 275
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great powers.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, affections chuse our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss. 280
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pellam's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, and means, make wisdom: worldly-
wife

Is but half-witted, at its highest praise. 285

Let genius then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter station: What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity. 290
Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve 295
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right;
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there. 300

Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his fires. 305
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in *crimin* scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on
Alps;

And pyramids are pyramids in vales. 310
Each man makes his own stature, builds him-
self:

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in immortality. 315
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
What station charms thee? I'll install thee
there;

'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before wast something less than
man.

Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride? 320
That treacherous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *fluffs* or *strings* can
raise.

That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness
soars, 325

From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.
'Tis born of ignorance, which knows not man;
An angel's second; nor his second, long.

A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tickling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul, 330
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture fir'd.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place: 'Tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for Thee; 335
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest
man;

Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no *ribbon*, 'tis renown;
Renown that would not quit thee, though dis-
grac'd,

Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile. 340
Other ambition nature interdicts;

Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a swathe, at first, his whole demand;
His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone; 345
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
The curtain's fall; there, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene; 350

Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray 355
A littleness of soul by worlds oer-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice

To *Christian* pride! which had with horror
Shock'd

The darkest *pagans* offer'd to their gods.

O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace; 360

Again in arms? Again provoking fate?

That prince, and That alone, is truly great,

Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;

On empire builds what empire far outweighs,

And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies. 365

Why *this* so rare? Because forgot of all

The day of death; that venerable day,

Which sits as judge; that day, which shall pro-
nounce

On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.

Lorenzo, never shut thy thoughts against it; 370

Be *leaves* ne'er so full, afford it room,

And give it audience in the cabinet.

That friend consulted, flatteries apart,

Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on ought may leave us, or be left, 375

Is That *ambition*? Then let flames descend,

Point to the centre their inverted spires,

And learn humiliation from a soul,

Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.

Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise; 380

The world which cancels nature's right and wrong,

And casts *new* wisdom: ev'n the grave man lends

His solemn face, to countenance the coin.

Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.

This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave 385

To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,

The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;

In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.

Nothing can make it less than mad in man,

To put forth all his ardour, all his art, 390

And give his soul her full unbounded flight,

But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.

When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,

And downward pores, for that which shines
above,

Substantial happiness, and true renown; 395

Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,

We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;

At glory grasp, and sink in misery.

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!

Thy strength in man, like length of wing in
birds, 400

When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease,

And swifter flight transports us to the skies;

By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,

It turns a curse: it is our chain, and scourge,

In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie. 405

Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense*;

All prospect of eternity shut out;

And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,

Find we Lorenzo wiser in his *wealth*? 410

What if thy rental I reform? and draw

An inventory *new* to set thee right?

Where thy *true treasure*? Gold says, "Not in
me:"

And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is
poor;

India's insolvent; seek it in thyself,

Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;

In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;

Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!

Erect, immortal, rational, divine!

In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heavens; 420

Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;

Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;

Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;

Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright
fire;

Take in, at once, the landscape of the world, 425

At a small inlet, which a grain might close,

And half create the wondrous world they see.

Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine

But for the *magic*, organ's powerful charm,

Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still. 430

Objects are but th' occasion; ours th' *exploit*;

Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,

Which nature's admirable picture draws;

And beautifies creation's ample dome.

Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake 435

Man makes the matchless image, man admires.

Say, then, Shall man, his thoughts all sent a-
broad,

Superior wonders in himself forgot,

His admiration waste on objects round,

When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees? 440

Absurd! not rare so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in *senses* such as these! What wealth

in *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene

Than *sense* surveys! In *memory*'s firm record,

Which, should it perish, could this world recall 445

From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!

In colours fresh, originally bright,

Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!

What wealth in *intellect*, that sovereign power!

Which *sense* and *fancy* summons to the bar; 450

Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;

And from the mafs those *underlings* import,

From their materials sifted, and refin'd,

And in *truth*'s balance accurately weigh'd,

Forms art, and *science*, government, and law: 455

The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,

The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!

And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,

Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair

Of *His* idea, whose indulgent thought 460

Long, long, ere chaos seem'd, plann'd *human*
bliss.

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range
around,

Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;

And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear

Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's* sound! 465

Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view

What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be;

Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,

Creations new in fancy's field to rise!

Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty
made, 470

And wander wild through things impossible!

What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,

In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,

In *liberty* to chafe, in *power* to reach,

And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!) 475

Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless bliss!

Ask you, what *power* resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecious, natural estate, 480
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for
what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng? 485

Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes; 490
New-masters court, and call the former fool
(How justly!) for dependance on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things; then our
dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme; 495
Riches enable to be richer still;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train!
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine. 500

The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whole proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both Indies cannot cure. 505
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness,
A *competence* is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where heaven can give no more! 510

More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in every prize, 515
As bees in flowers; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lye.
Much learning shews how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little wordlings can enjoy; 520
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face 525
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor; 530
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a paternity this! A *being* 535

Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possess can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious
course,

When thine, O *Nature*! ends; too blest to
mourn.

Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this*? 540

The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man:
Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!

Futurity for ever future! Life 545

Beginning still where computation ends!

'Tis the description of a *Deity*!

'Tis the description of the *meanest slave*:

The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?

The meanest slave thy *sovereign* glory shares, 550

Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!

Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;

Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find

Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!

Proprietors *eternal* of thy love. 555

Immortal! What can strike the *sense* so strong,

As this the *soul*? It thunders to the thought;

Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;

No more we slumber on the brink of fate;

Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends, 560

And breathes her native air; an air that feeds

Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;

Quick kindles all that is divine within us;

Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the

flars.

Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame? 565

Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how

Would others envy! How would thrones adore!

Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?

How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!

O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity*! 570

A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,

From vile-imprisonment, in abject views.

'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,

Amid life's *pains*, *abatement*, *emptiness*,

The soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*. 575

That only, and that amply, this performs;

Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;

Their terror *those*, and *those* their lustre lose;

Eternity depending covers all;

Eternity depending all achieves; 580

Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;

Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap, 585

The man beneath; if I may call him man,

Whom *Immortality*'s full force inspires.

Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;

Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,

By minds quite conscious of their high descent, 590

Their present province, and their future prize;

Divinely darting upward every with,

Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost! 595

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
 If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye 595
 Were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
 And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
 Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round.
 To that stupendous view, when souls awake, 600
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.
 Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
 But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
 Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had 605
 bled.
 And all may do, what has by *man* been done.
 Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
 Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
 Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
 What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn 610
 Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
 And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
 And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
 Her own immense appointments to compute,
 Or comprehend her high prerogatives, 615
 In this her dark minority, how toils,
 How vainly pants, the human soul divine!
 Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy:
 What heart but *stumbles* at so strange a bliss?
 In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung, 620
 Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
 Are there who wrap the world so close about
 them,
 They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
 Till stumbling at a straw, in their career, 625
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance
 and song?
 Are there, Lorenzo? Is it possible?
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore; 630
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then*, no more.
 Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
 The rising thought? who smother, in its birth, 635
 The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
 Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
 And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink?
 Who labour downwards through th' opposing 640
 powers
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
 Of endless night; still darker than the grave's?
 Who fight the proofs of immortality?
 With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
 Work all their engines, level their black fires, 645
 To blot from man this attribute divine,
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wife)
 Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?
 To contradict them, see all nature rise!
 What object, what event, the moon beneath, 650
 But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
 To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?

All things proclaim it *useful*; some advance
 One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
 A thousand arguments swarm round my pen, 655
 From *heaven*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a
 few
 By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
 So pressing Providence a truth to teach,
 Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
 Thou! whose all-providential Eye surveys, 660
 Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
 Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
 Eternity's Inhabitant august!
 Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
 One past, ere man's or angel's had begun; 665
 Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
 Thy glorious Immortality in *man*:
 A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
 Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
 By those who love Thee most, who most adore. 670
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
 Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man
 Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste; 675
 And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
 Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
 All change; no death. Day follows night; and
 night
 The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
 Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay, 680
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
 Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away;
 Then melts into the Spring: Soft Spring, with 685
 breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the *first*. All to re-flourish, fades;
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
 With this minute distinction, emblems just, 690
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
 Eternal, *that* a circle; *this* a line.
 That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
 Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends,
 Zeal and humility her wings, to heaven. 695
 The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the Most High. 700
 What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be!
 Matter immortal? And shall *Spirit* die?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
 Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know? Shall Man alone, 705
 Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he seeds?
 Is Man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate, 710
 Severely doom'd *death's* single unredeem'd?

If nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
Look nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends! 715
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor pivoice: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life; 720
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and
sense;

There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss, 725
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends,
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more; 730
Check'd reason halts; her next step wants sup-
port;

Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief. 735
And will Lorenzo, careless of the call,
False attestation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust below'd, and run the *risque* of heaven? 740

O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!
Of man *immortal*! Here the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
"Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend, 745
"And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
"The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
"As towering flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
"O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
"His charter, his inviolable rights, 750
"Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
"Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated
forms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
The glories of the world thy sevenfold *shield*.
O'er ambition than of crowns in air, 755
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure. 760
Come, my *ambitious*! let us mount together
(To mount, Lorenzo never can refuse);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wond-
rous things!

Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies. 765
Vol. VIII.

What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nur can th' eternal rocks his will withstand; 770
What level'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glittering spires.
Some mid the wondering waves majestic rise;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms. 775
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation swells,
Or southward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the sun. 780
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heaven beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, *here*, streams are taught to
flow;

Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basins, sleep. 785
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to
shore;

And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword? 790
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid sea, furious waves! Their roar amidst
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main! 795
"Thus far, nor farther; *new* restraints obey."
Earth's disembowel'd! measur'd are the skies!
Stars are detected in their deep recess!
Creation widens! vanquish'd *nature* yields!
Her secrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, spirit, power! 800

And now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this scene,
Whose glories render heaven superfluous! say,
Whose footsteps these?—*Immortals* have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done? 805
Earth's cover'd o'er, with proofs of souls im-
mortal;

And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
These are *ambition's* works; and these are great:
But *this*, the least immortal souls can do; 810
Transcend them all—But what can these transcend?
Dost ask me what?—One sigh for the *distress*.
What then for *infidels*? A *deeper* sigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How little they, who think ought *great* below! 815

All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns. Here cease we: but, ere
long,
More powerful *proof* shall take the field against
thee,

Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

U u

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance,
of IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding Night, be just. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubts of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are—That either God will not, or can not—punish. Considering the divine attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holiness, that God cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, throw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom

of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by those whom they so much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed; yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not immortal.

This fact well considered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for their sakes; for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions, from them.

CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

IN the sixth Night arguments were drawn from Nature, in proof of immortality: here, others are drawn from Man: from his Discontent, *Per.* 29; from his Passions and Powers, 64; from the gradual growth of Reason, 81; from his fear of Death, 86; from the nature of Hope, 104, and of Virtue, 139, &c. from Knowledge and Love, as being the most essential properties of the soul, 253; from the Order of Creation, 290, &c. from the nature of Ambition, 337, &c. Avarice, 460; Pleasure, 477: a digression on the grandeur of the Passions, 521. Immortality alone renders our present state intelligible, 545. An objection from the Stoics' disbelief of immortality answered, 585. Endless questions unresolvable, but on supposition of our immortality, 606. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic complaint of a worthy man, under the persuasion of no futurity, 653, &c. The gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation urged home on Lorenzo, 842, &c. The soul's vast importance, 990, &c. from whence it arises, 1078. The Difficulty of being an infidel, 1131, the Infamy, 1148, the Cause, 1183, and the Character, 1203, of an infidel state. What true freethinking is, 1217. The necessary punishment of the false, 1271. Man's ruin is from himself, 1303. An infidel accuses himself of guilt, and hypocrisy; and that of the worst sort, 1319. His obligation to Christians, 1337. What danger he incurs by Virtue, 1345. Vice recommended to him, 1364. His high pretences to Virtue and Benevolence, exploded, 1373. The conclusion, on the nature of Faith, 1427. Reason, 1439; and Hope, 1443; with an apology for this attempt, 1470.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected,
call.

What day, what hour, but knocks at human
hearts,

To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?

Death stand, like Mercurys, in every way,

And kindly point us to our journey's end.

Pope, who couldst make immortals! art thou
dead?

I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;

So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;

Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;

The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.

Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;

Through various parts our glorious story runs;

Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls

The volume 'ne'er unroll'd!' of human fate,

This, earth and skies already have proclaim'd*

The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;

And who, what God foretels (who speaks in
things,

Still louder than in words) shall dare deny?

If nature's arguments appear too weak,

Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man.

If man sleeps on untaught by what he sees,

Can he prove infidel to what he feels?

He, whose blind thought futurity denies,

Unconscious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,

His own indictment; he condemns himself;

Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;

Or, nature, there, imposing on her sons,

Has written fables; man was made a *lye*.

Why discontent for ever harbour'd there?

Incurable consumption of our peace!

Resolve me, why the cottager and king,

He whom sea-fer'd realms obey, and he

Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,

Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,

Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,

In fate so distant, in complaint so near?

Is it, that things *terrestrial* can't content?

Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?

Nor so; but to their master is deny'd

To share their sweet *sereni*. Man, ill at

ease,

In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,

Where nature fodder's him with other food

Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,

Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,

Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.

Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee?

Nor so; thy pasture richer, but remote;

In part, remote; for that remoter part

Man bleats from *instinct*, though perhaps, de-

bauch'd

By *sense*, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the

cause.

The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!

His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;

And discontent is *immortality*.

* Night the Sixth.

Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heaven

Set up their hopes on earth, and stable *here* 55

With brutal acquiescence in the mire?

Lorenzo! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;

The glorious *foreigners*, distress'd, shall sigh

On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the sigh:

Man's misery declares him born for bliss;

His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,

And gives the *sculptie* in his head the *lys*.

Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our

powers,

Speak the same language; call us to the skies;

Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,

Scarce rise above conjecture and mistake;

And for this land of trifles *these* too strong

Unmultitudinous rise, and tempt human life:

What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?

Meet objects for our *passions*, heaven ordain'd, 70

Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave

No fault, but in defect: Blest Heaven! avert

A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss!

O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath

A soul immortal, is a mortal joy. 75

Nor are our *powers* to perish immature;

But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath

A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,

Transplanted from this sublunary bed,

Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their

bloom. 80

Reason progressive, *instinct* is complete;

Swift *instinct* leaps; slow *reason* feebly climbs.

Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all

Flows in at once; in ages they no more

Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy. 85

Were man to live coeval with the sun,

The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;

Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn't.

Men perish in advance, as if the sun

Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd; 90

If sit, with *dim*, *illustrious* to compare,

The sun's *meridian* with the soul of man.

To man, why, sleep-dame nature! so severe?

Why thrown aside thy master piece half-wrought,

While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy? 95

Or, if abortively poor man must die,

Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in

dread?

Why curst with foresight? Wise to misery?

Why of his proud prerogative the prey?

Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain? 100

His *immortality* alone can tell;

Full ample fund to balance all annis,

And turn the scale in favour of the just!

His *immortality* alone can solve

The darkest of *enigmas*, human hope; 105

Of all the darkest, if at death we die.

Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,

All present blessings treading under foot,

Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.

With no past toils content, still planning new, 110

Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.

Possession, why more tasteless than *pur-suit*?

Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?

That with accomplish'd, why, the grave of

bliss? 115

Because, in the *great future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;
And He who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* sets,
By secret and inviolable springs; 110
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for some-
thing new

So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will descend: He starves on the *possession*. 115
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was ambition in despair. 120

Old Rome consulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her light; 125
And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If *being* fails) more mournful riddles rise, 130
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
Why *virtue*? Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursued:
What true self-interest of *quite-mortal* man?

To close with all that makes him happy *here*. 135
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *sovereign* good.
In *self-applause* is virtue's golden prize;
No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme;
Whence self-applause? From conscience of the
right. 140

And what is right, but means of happiness?
No means of happiness when *virtue* yields;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin every *virtuous* joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart, 145
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errandries o'er-run.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death? 150
Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
Thy country? what to Thee?—The *Godhead*, what?
(I speak with awe!) though He should bid thee
bleed?

If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt, 155
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience: know, Lorenzo!
What'er th' Almighty's subsequent command,
His first command is *this*:—"Man, love thyself." 160

In this alone, free-agents are *not* free.
Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law *supreme*,
Black suicide; though nations, which consult 175

Their gain, at thy expence, resound applause.

Since *virtue's* recompence is doubtful, *here*,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *suffer'd* to be good in vain? 180

Why to be good in vain, is man *injoin'd*?
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd*?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?

Why whisper *nature* lyes on virtue's part?
Or if blind *insinuation* (which assumes the name 185
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat?

Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
Can man by *reason's* beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God*? 190

Since *virtue* sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or both are true; or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave; or own, Lo-
renzo,

Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn. 195
Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.

But if man loses All, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires. 200
A *daring* infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the *renew'd* 205
beam,

For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for *worth*, whose noon-tide
beam,

Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that lustre of the *moral* world 210
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?

Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,
And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be, that fate, 215
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the Deity, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest *angels* too might die?

If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God, 220
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne!
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes*;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw. 225

Wisdom and *worth* how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and *worth* are sacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!

Why not *compassion*'d too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, *infinite* both, 230
To make us but more wretched: *Wisdom's* eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And *worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their
stings.

Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted *humbles* us the more. 235

Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
 "Has virtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear-*
bought.

Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
 Virtue and vice are at eternal war. 240
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
 Or for precarious, or for small reward?
 Who virtue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
 Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
 And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray, 245
 By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
 The crown, th' *unsiding* crown, her soul in-

spires:
 'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail
 The body's treacheries, and the *world's* af-

faults:
 On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies. 250
 Truth incontestable! In spite of all
 A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
 In man the more we dive, the more we see
 Heaven's *Signet* stamping an *immortal* make.
 Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base 255
 Sustaining all: what find we? *Knowledge*, *Love*.
 As light and heat, essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And *why*, if souls expire?
 How little lovely *here*? How little known?
 Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil; 260
 And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd, on earth, our *angel* appetites:
 While *brutal* are indulg'd their lustsome fill?
 Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
 As a mock-diadem, in savage sport, 265
 Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so
 fair?

In future age lies no redress? And shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made!

270
 The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *wEEP*;
 The man who merits most, must most complain:
 Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
 What the worst *perpetrate*, or best *endure*?

This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man 275
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless power;
 As these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, powers, appetites, heaven suits in All;

Nor, *nature* through, e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string. 280

Is *man* the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too)
 Man is a monster, the reproach of heaven,
 A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud. 285

On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
 (Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *lord*.
 If such is man's allotment, *what* is heaven?
 Or own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme. 290

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
 All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
 And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
 Though every scene of *sense* superior far:
 They gaze the turf untill'd; they drink the
 stream

Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd 295

With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, de-
 spairs;

Mankind's peculiar! *reason's* precious dower!
 No foreign clime they ransack for their robes;
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
 Their good is good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd; 300
 They find a paradise in every field.
 On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang:
 Their *ill* no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
 When the *world* comes, it comes unfeard; one
 stroke 305

Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once*;
 Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
 Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the
 stars,

Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes. 310
 No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot
 But what beams on it from *eternity*.

O sole, and sweet solution! That unties
 The difficult, and softens the severe;

The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face dispels; 315
 Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;
 And re-inthrones us in supremacy

Of joy, ev'n *here*: admit immortal life,
 And virtue is *knave-errantry* no more;

Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower, 320
 Far richer in reversion: *Hope* exults:

And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
 Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.

O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
 Astonishing beyond astonishment! 325

Heaven our reward—for heaven enjoy'd *below*.
 Still unsubdued thy stubborn *heart*?—For *there*

The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *will* alone rebels.

What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find 330
 New, unexpected witnesses against thee?

Ambition, *pleasure*, and the *love of gain*!
 Canst thou suspect, that *these*, which make the soul

The *slave* of earth, should own her *beir* of hea-
 ven?

Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve* 335
 Our immortality, should prove it *sure*?

First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.
Ambition's *shame*, *extravagance*, *disguise*,

And *inextinguishable nature*, speak.
 Each much *disposes*; hear them in their turn. 340

Thy soul, how passionately fond of *same*!
 How anxious, that fond passion to conceal!

We blush, detected in designs on praise,
 Though for best deeds, and from the best of
 men;

And why? Because *immortal*. Art divine 345
 Has made the body tutor to the soul,

Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
 Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there

Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
 Which slops to court a character from man; 350

While o'er us in tremendous judgment sit
 Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and
 blame.

Ambition's *boundless*, *appetite* out-speaks
 The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire

At high presumptions of their own desert, 355

One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living *sees* begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names *eternally* to live:

Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human
thought, 360

Had not our natures been *eternal* too.

Instinct points out an interest in hereafter;
But our blind *reason* sees not *where* it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality, 365

And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.

"And is This all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disguised. This *third* proof ambition brings 370

Of immortality. The first in fame,

Observe him near, your envy will abate;
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At *such* success, and blush at his renown. 375

And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
It calls in whispers, yet the dearest hear.

And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three? 380

Yet quite o'er-look'd by some *reputed* wife.

Though disappointments in ambition *pain*,

And though success *disguists*; yet still, Lorenzo!

In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;

By nature planted for the noblest ends. 385

Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given,

More prais'd, than ponder'd; specious, but un-

found;

Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,

Than *reason*, his ambition. Man must soar. 390

An obstinate activity within,

An insuppressible spring, will toss him up

In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,

Each villager has his ambition too;

No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:

Slaves build their little *Babylons* of straw, 395

Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,

And cry,—Behold the wonders of my might!"

And why? Because *immortal* as their lord;

And souls immortal must for ever heave

At something great; the glitter, or the gold; 400

The praise of mortals, or the praise of heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,

When human is supported by *divine*.

I'll introduce Lorenzo to Himself;

Pleasure and *pride* (bad masters!) share our hearts, 405

As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard

And feed our bodies, and extend our race;

The love of *praise* is planted to protect,

And propagate the glories of the mind.

What is it, but the *love* of *praise*, inspires, 410

Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,

Earth's happiness? From *that*, the delicate,

The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life,

Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay 415

The basis, on which *love* of *glory* builds.

Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue*! leis in debt

To *praise*, thy secret stimulating friend.

Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss!

Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.

Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man, 420

And whets his appetite for *moral* good.

Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard;

Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;

Our *private* reason is a flatterer;

Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in, 425

To poise our own, to keep an even scale,

And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still:

Why this so nice construction of our hearts?

These delicate moralities of *sense*;

This *constitutional* reserve of aid 430

To succour virtue, when our *reason* fails;

If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,

And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,

When labour'd to maturity (its bill 435

Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die?

Why freighted-rich, to dash against a rock?

Were man to perish when most fit to live,

O how mis-spent were all these stratagems,

By skill divine inwoven in our frame! 440

Where are heaven's holiness and mercy fled?

Laughs heaven, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man*?

If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd?

Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice*?

This *her* chief maxim, which has long been 445

Thine:

"The wife and wealthy are the same."—I

grant it.

To store up treasure, with incessant toil,

This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.

To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.

To guide that *instinct*, *reason*! is thy charge; 450

'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies;

But, reason failing to discharge her trust,

Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,

A blunder follows; and blind *industry*,

Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course 455

(The course where stakes of more than gold are

won)

O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,

The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,

Provides for an *eternity* below.

"*Thou shalt not covet*," is a wise command; 460

But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys:

Look farther, the command stands quite re-

vers'd,

And *avarice* is a virtue most divine.

Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness*?

Most sure: and is it not for *reason* too? 465

Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.

Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?

From inextinguishable life in man:

Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *skies*,

Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*. 470

Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,

Yet still their root is *immortality*:

These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,

(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,

Refine, exalt, throw down their poisonous lee, 475

And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.
See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
And falsely promises an Eden here;
Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lye,

A common cheat, and *Pleasure* is her name. 480
To pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now first thy real friend,
Since nature made us not more fond than

proud
Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of smiles!) 485

Why should the joy most poignant *sense* afford
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?—
Those heaven-born blushes tell us man descends,
Ev'n in the zenith of his *terrible* bliss;

Should *reason* take her infidel repose, 490
This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage high;
This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the stalls.

Our *glory* covers us with noble *foams*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*. 495
The man that blushes is not quite a *brute*.

Thus far with Thee, Lorenzo! will I close,
Pleasure is *good*, and man for pleasure made;
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*. 500

The witnesses are heard; the cause is o'er;
Let *conscience* file the sentence in her court.
Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey:
Thus seal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.

"Know, All; know, infidels,—unapt to know!" 505

"'Tis *immortality* your nature solves;

"'Tis *immortality* decyphers man,

"And opens all the mysteries of his make.

"Without it, half his *instincts* are a riddle;

"Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream. 510

"His every *crimes* attest his dignity;

"His fateless thirst of *pleasure*, *gold* and *fame*,

"Declares him born for blessings *infinite*;

"What less than infinite makes un-absurd

"*Passions*, which all on earth but more inflames? 515

"Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to this scene,

"Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our

nest,

"Far, far beyond the worth of all below,

"For earth too large, preface a nobler flight,

"And evidence our title to the *skies*." 520

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!

Whose constitution dictates to your pen,

Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from

hell!

Think not our passions from *corruption* sprung,

Though to corruption now they lend their wings; 525

That is their *mistress*, not their mother. All

(And justly) *reason* deem divine: I see,

I feel a grandeur, in the *passions* too,

Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;

Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire. 530

In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,

Ere Adam fell: though wiser in their aim,

Like the proud Eastern, struck by Providence,

What though our *passions* are run mad, and stoop

With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze 535

On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?

Yet still, though their disgrace, no feeble ray

Of greatness shines, and tells us, whence they sell:

But *these* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd,) 540

When *reason* moderates the rein aright,

Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,

Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd

By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,

And let the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrensy lasts; their phrensy

fails 545

To disappoint *one* providential end,

For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:

Were *reason* silent, boundless *passion* speaks

A future scene of boundless objects too,

And brings glad tidings of eternal day. 550

Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens All;

And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.

Consider man as an *immortal* being,

Intelligible All; and All is great;

A crystalline transparency prevails, 555

And strikes full lustre through the human sphere:

Consider man as *mortal*. All is dark,

And wretched; *reason* weeps at the survey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,

"Weak *modern* reason: *Antient* times were wise. 560

"*Authority*, that venerable guide,

"Stands on my parts; the fam'd Athenian poreh

"(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)

"Deny'd this immortality to man."

I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too. 565

A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,

Glittering through their romantic wisdom's page,

Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?

Fable is flat to these high-season'd fires; 570

They leave th' extravagance of song below.

"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy

"The dagger or the rack; to them, alike

"A bed of roses, or the burning bull."

In men exploding all beyond the grave, 575

Strange doctrine, This! As *doctrine*, it was

strange;

But not, as *prophecy*; for such it prov'd,

And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:

They feign'd a firmness *Christians* need not

feign. 580

The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the flame: 585

The *Stoic* saw, in double wonder lost,

Wonder at them, and wonder at Himself,

To find the bold adventurers of his thought,

Not bold, and that he strove to lye in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? Those tower-

ing thoughts, that flew 585

Such monstrous heights? From *instinct*, and from

pride.

The glorious *instinct* of a deathless soul,

Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,

Suggested truths they could not understand.

In *lust*'s dominion, and in *passion*'s storm, 590

Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,

As light in chaos, glimmering through the

gloom:

Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,

Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbeliev'd.
Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell, 595
 Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,
 When life *immortal*, in full day, should shine;
 And *death's dark shadow*: By the gospel fun.
 They spoke, what nothing but *immortal* souls
 Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd,
 prov'd. 600

Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
 Speak man *immortal*? All things speak him fo.
 Much has been urg'd: and dost thou call for
 more?

Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
 All unresolvable, if *earth* is all. 605

"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
 "Our wish, Eternity? our home, the Grave?
 "Heaven's *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*;
 "Who *wishes* life immortal, proves it too.
 "Why happiness pursued, though never found? 610

"Man's thirst of happiness declares *It is*,
 " (For Nature never gravitates to nought);
 "That thirst unquench'd declares *It is not Here*.
 "My Lucia, Thy Clarissa, call to thought;
 "Why *cordial friendship* rivetted so deep, 615
 "As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
 "If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
 "Is not This torment in the mask of joy?
 "Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense*?
 "Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts, 620
 "And putting all our *present* joys to death?
 "Why labours *reason*? *instinct* were as well;
 "Instinct far better; what can *choose*, can *err*:
 "O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute!
 "Twere well his *Holiness* were half as sure. 625
 "Reason with *inclination*, why at war?
 "Why sense of *guilt*? why *conscience* up in
 arms?"

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom-council to decline the blow.
 Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd, 630
 If nothing future paid forbearance Here:
 Thus on—These, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;
 Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most *certain*; were it *false*. 635
 What *truth* on earth so precious as the lie?
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
 This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:
 The future of the present is the soul: 640

How *this* life groans, when fever'd from the next!
 Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,
 In both parts perishes; life void of joy,
 Sad prelude of *Eternity* in pain!

Could'st thou persuade me, the next life could
 fail. 645

Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
 My bleeding heart in anguish, *now*, as deep!
 Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
 Abhor'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
 And wide extends the bounds of human woe! 650
 Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
 In this black channel would my ravings run.

"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere while.

"The future *vanish'd*! and the present *pain'd*!
 "Strange import of unprecedented ill! 655
 "Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
 "Unequal fate! His fall, without his guilt!
 "From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
 "The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 "To night! To *nothing*, darker still than night! 660

"If 't was a *dream*, why wake me, my worst Foe,
 "Lorenzo! boastful of the name of Friend!
 "O for delusion! O for error still!

"Could vengeance strike much stronger than to
 plant.

"A *thinking* being in a world like This, 665
 "Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
 "More curst than at the fall?—The sun goes out!
 "The thorns shoot up! What thorns in every
 "thought!

"Why sense of better? It ambitters worse.
 "Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then sink 670

"To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
 "Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe from what
 "was wont

"To flatter most, high *intellectual* powers.
 "Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy
 "scheme,

"All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once 675
 "My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.
 "To *know* myself, true wisdom?—No, to shun
 "That shocking science, parent of despair!
 "Avert thy mirror, if I see, I die.

"Know my Creator? Clime, His blest abode 680
 "By painful speculation, pierce the veil,

"Dive in His nature, read His attributes,
 "And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,

"Obtruding life, with-holding happiness!
 "From the full rivers that surround his throne, 685

"Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
 "Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease

"To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
 "Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night! 690

"Hide Him, for ever hide Him, from my thought,
 "Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!

"Now leagu'd with furies, and with *Thee*,
 "against me.

"Know His *dispositions*? Study His renown?
 "Contemplate this amazing universe,

"Dropt from His hand, with miracles replete! 695
 "For what? Mid miracles of nobler name,

"To find one miracle of *misery*?
 "To find the Being, which alone can *know*

"And *praise* His works, a blemish on His praise?
 "Through nature's ample range, in thought to

"stroll. 700

"And start at *man*, the single mourner There,
 "Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pang,

"and death?

"Knowing is suffering: and shall *virtue* share
 "The sigh of *knowledge*?—Virtue shares the sigh. 705

"By straining up the steep of *excellence*,
 "By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,

"What gain she, but the pang of seeing worth,
 "Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark

"With every vice, and swept to brutal dust?
 "Lorenzo.

" Merit is madness; virtue is a crime; 710
 " A crime to reason, if it costs us pain
 " Unpaid: what gain, amidst a thousand more,
 " To think the most abandon'd, after days
 " Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 " As *best* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay! 715
 " *Duty! Religion!*—These, our duty done,
 " Imply reward. *Religion* is mistake.
 " *Duty!*—There's none, but to repel the cheat.
 " Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
 " Who feign yourselves the favourites of the skies; 720
 " Ye towering hopes, abortive energies!
 " That toss and struggle, in my *lying* breast,
 " To scale the skies, and build presumptions There,
 " As I were heir of an *Eternity*.
 " Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more. 725
 " Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
 " As bounded as my being, be my wish.
 " All is inverted, *wisdom* is a fool.
 " *Sense!* take the rein; blind *passion!* drive us
 " on;
 " And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way; 730
 " Ye *new*, but *trust* patrons of our peace!
 " Yes; give the *pulse* full empire; live the *brute*,
 " Since, as the brute, we die. The *fun* of man,
 " Of Godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rept*.
 " But not on equal terms with *other* brutes: 735
 " Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
 " And safer too; they never poisons choofe.
 " *Instinct*, than *reason*, makes more wholesome
 " meals,
 " And sends all-mating murmur far away.
 " For *sensual* life they best philosophize; 740
 " *Theirs*, that *serene*, the *fuges* sought in vain:
 " 'Tis *man* alone expostulates with heaven;
 " *His*, all the *power*, and all the *cause*, to mourn.
 " Shall *human* eyes alone dissolve in tears?
 " And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts? 745
 " The wide-stretch'd realm of *intell'gual* woe,
 " Surpassing *sensual* far, is All our Own.
 " In *life* so fatally distinguish'd, why
 " Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death*?
 " Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt? 750
 " Why thunder'd this peculiar *clause* against us,
 " *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*—Have the skies
 " Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
 " Nor *bumbly* reason, when they *surely* sigh?
 " *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*—"Tis too much: 755
 " Unparallel'd in nature: 'tis too much
 " On being *unrequited* at Thy hands,
 " Omnipotent! for I see nought but *power*.
 " And why see That? Why *thought?* To toil,
 " and eat,
 " Then make our bed in darkness, needs no
 " thought. 760
 " What superfluities are *reasoning* souls
 " O give *Eternity!* or *Thought* destroy.
 " But without thought or curse were half unselt;
 " Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
 " And, *therefore*, 'tis bestow'd, I thank thee, *Reason!*
 " For aiding *life's* too small calamities, 766
 " And giving being to the dread of *death*.
 " Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
 " For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
 " Vol. VIII,

" Too much for *heaven* to make one *emmet* more? 770
 " Too much for *ebao* to permit my *mafs*
 " A longer stay with essences unwrought,
 " Unfashion'd, *untormented* into *man*?
 " Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
 " Wretched capacity of phrensy, *thoughts!* 775
 " Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
 " *Life, thought, worth, wisdom, All* (O soul revolt)
 " Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
 " *Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too: O
 " death!
 " Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heaven! 780
 " Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
 " Why in this thorny *wilderness* so long,
 " Since there's no *promis'd land's* ambrosial bower,
 " To pay me with its honey for my stings?
 " If needful to the selfish schemes of heaven 785
 " To sting us fore, why *mock* our misery?
 " Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
 " Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
 " Why so magnificently lodg'd *despair*?
 " At stated periods, sure returning, roll 790
 " These glorious *orbs*, that mortals may compute
 " Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
 " Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with
 " flowers,
 " And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
 " That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes, 795
 " And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
 " Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
 " For such delights! Blest *animals!* too wise
 " To wonder; and too happy to complain! [800
 " Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene:
 " Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd*?
 " Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
 " For man to howl in? Why not his abode
 " Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
 " A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence 805
 " Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 " As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 " Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high
 " desire;
 " If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 " While proud thought swells, and high desire
 " inflames,
 " The poor *warm* calls us for her inmates *there*; 810
 " And, round us, *death's* inexorable hand
 " Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no
 " more.
 " *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *death*,
 " Once, I beheld the sun; a sun which gilt 815
 " That *fable* cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
 " How the *grave's* alter'd! Fathomless, as hell!
 " A *real* hell to those who dreamt of heaven.
 " Annihilation! How it yawns before me!
 " Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from
 " *sense*, 820
 " The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
 " An out-cast from existence! and this spirit,
 " This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 " This particle of energy divine,
 " Which travels nature, flies from star to star, 825
 " And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
 " For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 " Death of *that* death I *fearless* once *survive'd!*—
 " X z

"When horror universal shall descend,
 "And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
 "On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
 "How just this verse! this monumental sigh!"

*Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass
 Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
 Here lie proud mortals; The sons of heaven!
 The lords of earth! the property of worms!
 Beings of yesterday! and not to-morrow!
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
 All gone to rot in chaos; or to make
 Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
 Nor longer justify their Creator's name.*

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
 Just is this history? If *such* is man,
 Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.
 And dares Lorenzo smile!—I know thee proud;
 For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks

pale
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
 And art thou then a shadow? Less than

shade?
 A Nothing? Less than Nothing? To have been,
 And not to be, is lower than Unborn.
 Art thou ambitious? Why then make the worm
 Thine equal? Runs thy taste of pleasure high?
 Why patronize sure death of every joy?
 Charm riches? Why choose beggary in the grave,
 Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
 Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
 To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
 They lately *prov'd*, the soul's supreme desire.
 What art thou made of? Rather, how Un-

made?
 Great nature's master-appetite destroy'd!
 No endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
 Or both wish'd, *here*, where neither can be found?

Such man's perverse, eternal war with heaven!
 Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
 But a long train of transitory forms,
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
 Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo?
 Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
 Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to Thee:
 O! spare this waste of being half-divine;
 And vindicate th' *economy* of heaven.

Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
 It never had created, but to *blest*.
 And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
 A being blest, or worthy *to* be?
 Heaven starts at an annihilating God.
 Is That, all nature starts at, thy desire?
 Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
 What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
 Of nature, murder'd by the blackest guilt.

What deadly poison has thy nature drunk;
 To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
 Nature's first wish is *endless happiness*;
 Annihilation is an after-thought,
 A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
 And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
 For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
 But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroyed.
 If so; what words are dark enough to draw
 Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
 Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
 Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
 In what infernal posture of the soul,
 All hell invited, and all hell in joy
 At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
 Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme
 Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
 And deities begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal
 flux
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
 Through time's rough billows into night's abyss.
 Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
 Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought
 Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
 And boldly think it something to be born?
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
 Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
 All-creating, all-connecting power,
 Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
 And force destruction to refund her spoil?
 Command the grave restore her taken prey?
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
 And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted there?
 Is there no potentate, whose outstretch'd arm,

When ripening time calls forth th' appointed
 hour,
 Pluck'd from foul devastation's famish'd maw,
 Binds present, past, and future, to his throne?
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
 By germinating being clustering round!
 A garland worthy the divinity!

A throne, by heaven's omnipotence in smiles,
 Built (like a pharos towering in the waves)
 Amidst immense effusions of his love!
 An ocean of communicated bliss!
 An all-prolific, all-preserving god!
 This were a god indeed.—And such is man,
 As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.
 Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
 Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
 Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each
 soul,

That ever animated human clay,
 Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O
 where,
 Will the swarm settle?—When the trumpet's
 call,
 As sounding brass, collects us round heaven's
 throne
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,
 (Paternal splendor!) and adhere for ever,
 Had not the soul this outlet to the skies,
 In this vast vessel of the universe,

How should we gasp, as in an empty void! 945
How in the pangs of famish'd *hope* expire!

How bright my prospect shines; how gloomy
thine!

A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres

Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *lost*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.

Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial but our misery? 955

Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon to perish, and revive no more?

The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, so far from *great* (and yet how *great*
It shines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it; 960

Being, a shadow; *consciousness*, a dream;
A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank

Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,

Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,

His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

Lorenzo! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
Or it there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?

How hast thou dar'd the deity dethrone? 970
How dar'd *indulge* Him of a world like this?

If *such* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cause of misery?

Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,

Without us, and *within*, the short result—
"If *man's* immortal, there's a God in *heaven*."

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets my soul at rest!

One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart*. 980

So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes

Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"What an old tale is *this*!" Lorenzo cries.—

I grant this argument is old; but truth 985
No years impair; and had not this been true,

Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age,
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*

As fleeting as thy joys; be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!

Nor make a curse of *immortality*. 990
Say, know'st thou what it is, or what *thou* art?

Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immor-
tal?

Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze; 995

Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them

all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor*.

For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe; 1000
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no

1 est
Than those of the Supreme; nor His, a few;
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim

Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;

For whom Omnipotence has wak'd so long: 1005
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.

In this small province of His vast domain
(All nature bow, while I pronounce His Name!)

What has God done, and not for *this* sole end 1010

To rescue souls from death! *The soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.

The *soul's high price* is the *Creation's Key*.
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays

The genuine cause of every deed divine: 1015
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains

Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design:

That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard 1020

The *natural*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
The former two by servants to the third:

To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mass* new-cast, forgot their *deeds* renown'd;

And angels ask, "Where once they *shone* so fair?" 1025

To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;

This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end

Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke! 1030

The world was made: was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd;

On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms,
fell;

Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world;
Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen glance 1035

Through distant age; saints travel'd; martyrs
bled;

By wonders sacred nature stood control'd;
The living were translated; dead were rais'd;

Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven;
And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still: 1040

Guilt was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:

Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
That *below'd* page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,

Of all these truths thrice venerable code! 1045
Drifts! perform your quarantine; and then

Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.
Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers

To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake! 1050

Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul
To take the vast idea: it denies

All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
Not Europe against *Africa*; warring worlds!

Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing! 1055

On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hoivering o'er this little brand of strife!

This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
In their own cause confiding? No; in *thine*,

In *man's*. His *single* interest blows the flame; 1060
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,

Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!

Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,

And tempest nature's universal sphere. 1065
Such opposites eternal, steadfast, stern,
Such foes implacable, are good, and ill;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between
them.

Think not this fiction, "There was war in hea-
ven,"

From heaven's high crystal mountain, where it
hung, 1070

Th' Almighty's out-stretch'd arm took down his
bow,

And shot his indignation at the deep:
Re-thunder'd bell, and dartsed all her fires.

And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm? 1075

He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries*?
The greatest, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counsel *mortal* cause
In breasts divine! how little in their own!

Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon
me! 1080

How happily this wondrous view supports
My former argument! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here*!
Why this exertion? Why this strange regard
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?— 1085

Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for ever.

Duration gives importance; swells the price.

An angel, if a creature of a day,

What would he be? A trifle of no weight; 1090

Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.

Because *Immortal*, therefore is indulg'd

This strange regard of deities to dust.

Hence heaven looks down on earth with all her
eyes:

Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight; 1095

Hence, every soul has partisans above,

And every thought a critic in the skies:

Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,

And every guard a passion for his charge:

Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine 1100

Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid;

Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,

And Providence came forth to meet mankind:

In various modes of emphasis and awe, 1105

He spoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard;

He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.

Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,

And shaken basis, own'd the present God;

Witness, ye billows! whose returning tide, 1110

Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,

Sweet Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:

Witness, ye flames! th' Assyrian tyrant blew

To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong:

And thou, earth! witness, whose expanding jaws 1115

Clos'd o'er *presumption's* sacrilegious fons:

Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd

The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wife?

Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, strove

• Korah, &c.

To strike *this truth* through adamantin man? 1120
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;

All is delusion; *nature* is wrapt up,

In tenfold night, from *reason's* keenest eye;

There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end;

In all beneath the sun, in all above, 1125

(As far as man can penetrate); or heaven

Is an immense, inestimable prize;

Or all is Nothing, or that prize is all.—

And shall each *toy* be still a match for heaven,

And full equivalent for groans below? 1130

Who would not give a trifle to prevent

What he would give a thousand worlds to *cure*?

Lorenzo! thou hast seen (if thine to see)

All *nature*, and her God (by *nature's* course,

And *nature's* course *control'd*) declare for me: 1135

The skies above proclaim, "Immortal man!"

And, "man immortal!" all below resounds.

The world's a system of theology;

Read by the greatest strangers to the schools;

If *bonny*, learn'd; and *sages* o'er a plough. 1140

Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee

This hard alternative; or, to renounce

Thy *reason*, or thy *faith*; or, to believe?

What then is *unbelief*? 'Tis an exploit;

A strenuous enterprize: to gain it, man 1145

Must burst through every bar of common sense,

Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;

And what rewards the sturdy combatant?

His prize, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown.

But wherefore, *infamy*?—For want of *faith*, 1150

Down the steep precipice of *error* he slides;

There's nothing to support him in the right.

Faith in the future wanting is at least

In *embryo*, every weakness, every guilt;

And strong temptation ripens it to birth. 1155

If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,

Why not his country sold, his father slain?

'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;

And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.

Ambition, *avarice*, by the wife disdain'd, 1160

Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are fools,

And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all;

These find employment, and provide for *sense*

A richer pasture, and a larger range;

And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne, 1165

When *virtue's* prize and prospect are no more;

Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.

Would heaven quite *beggar* virtue, if below'd?

"Has *virtue* charms?"—I grant her heavenly

fair;

But if unportion'd, all will *interest* wed; 1170

Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.

The virtues grow on *immortality*;

That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.

A deity believ'd, will nought avail;

Rewards and punishments make God ador'd; 1175

And hopes and fears give confidence all her power.

As in the dying parent dies the child,

Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.

Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,

Whate'er his boast, has told me, *He's a knave*. 1180

His duty 'tis, to love himself alone;

Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.

Who thinks ere long the man shall *truly* die;

Is dead already; nought but *brute* survives.
And are there *fish*?—Such candidates there
are 1185

For *more* than death; for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the Deity!
Ask you the *cause*?—The cause they will not tell:
Nor *mind* they: O the *foreseries* of *fools*!
They work this transformation on the soul, 1190
Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which fear'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and *crawl* in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n! 1195
Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope*!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument,averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains! 1200
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More *senseless* than th' *irrational* you scorn!
More *base* than those you rule! Than those you
pity,

Far more *undone*! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity! 1205
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
Ye *curst* by blessings infinite! because
Most highly *favour'd*, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of *contradiction* strong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off 1210

In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *against* you?
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of
heaven,

By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own 1215
But though you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.

Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evermont, and read St. Paul.
Ere, rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd, 1220
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her sight through the whole sphere of
man; 1225

Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of *space*, and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless interests there,
Still most ambitious of the most remote; 1230
To look on *truth* unbroken, and intire;
Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete 1235
Conviction; here, the most we press, we stand
More firm; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race 1240
Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then reply.
This, this, is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.

Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to you boundless
orbs, 1245

Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike man?
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room 1250

For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is such a point:
And, of that point, how *small* a part enslaves! 1255
How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they
drop!

Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and in an awful voice, 1260
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this *transportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell, 1265

And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor,
Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
There; there, Lorenzo! thy Clarissa fails.
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord; 1270
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-star*; make the land of life,

Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.

Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun; 1275
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt) 1280
'Tis utter darkness; strictly *double* death.
We sink by no *judicial* stroke of heaven,
But nature's *course*; as sure as plumbets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere) 1285

'Tis manifest, Lorenzo! *what* must change.

If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rational*, heaven arms 1290
With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
To counter-act its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
That power deny'd, *men*, *angels*, were no more.
But passive engines, void of praise or blame. 1295
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle *reason* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss. 1300
Heaven *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heaven but *persuades*, almighty man *deceives*!

Man is the maker of immortal fates.
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls; 1305
 And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
 The dreadful secret—That he lives for Ever.

Why *this* to Thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in
 doubt

Of second life? But wherefore doubtful still?
 Eternal life is nature's ardent wish: 1310

What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:
 Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd:
 What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
 When *fear'd* the future, 'tis no longer wish'd;
 And, when unwish'd, we *strive* to disbelieve. 1315

"Thus infidelity our guilt betrays."

Nor that the *sole* detection! Blush, Lorenzo!

Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.

The future fear'd?—An *infidel*, and fear?

Fear what? A dream? A *fable*?—How thy
 dread, 1320

Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong,
 Affords my cause an undesign'd support!

How *disbelief* affirms what it denies!

"It *unwarily*, asserts immortal life."

Surprising! *infidelity* turns out 1325

A *creed*, and a *confession* of our sins;

Apostates, *thou*, are orthodox divines.

Lorenzo! with Lorenzo clash no more;

Nor longer a *transparent* vizor wear.

Think'st thou, Religion *only* has her mask? 1330

Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.

When visited by thought (thought *will* in-
 trude),

Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.

Is their hypocrisy so foul as this; 1335

So fatal to the welfare of the world?

What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their die!

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That Christian candour they *strive* hard to scorn:
 If not for that asylum, they might find 1340

A hell on *earth*; nor 'scape a worse below.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,

Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—

But shall I dare confess the dire result? 1345

Can thy proud *reason* brook 'so black a brand?

From *pure* manners, to *sublimar* faith,

is nature's unavoidable ascent;

An *angel* descends, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends. 1350

When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside

This song superfluous; *life* immortal strikes

Conviction, in a flood of light divine.

A *Christian* dwells, like *Uriel*, in the sun;

Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight: 1355

And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.

Of *that* bright sun, Lorenzo! scale the sphere;

'Tis easy! it invites thee; it descends

From heaven to woo, and wait thee whence it
 came:

Read and revere the *sacred* page; a page 1360

Where triumphs *immortality*; a page

Which not the whole *creation* could produce;

Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy,

* *Milton.*

'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,

In nature's ruins not one letter lost. 1365

In proud disdain of what ev'n gods adore,

Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel
 weeps.

Angels, and men, assent to what I sing;

Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight* dream.

How vicious hearts fume phrensy to the brain! 1370

Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;

Pert *infidelity* in *twit*'s cockade,

To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,

By *loss* of being, dreadfully secure.

Lorenzo! if thy doctrine wins the day, 1375

And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;

If *This* is All, if *earth* a final scene,

Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*,

A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right:

Should'st thou be good—how infinite thy loss! 1380

Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.

Blest scheme! which life deprives of comfort,
 death

Of *hope*; and which vice *only* recommends.

If so, *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out

To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast 1385

Of *zeal* for virtue, and of *love* to man?

Annihilation! I confess, in *these*.

What can reclaim you? Dare I hope profound

Philosophers the converts of a song?

Yet know, *its* title* flatters *you*, not *me*; 1390

Yours be the praise to make my title good;

Mine, to bless heaven, and triumph in your praise,

But since so pestilential your disease,

Though sovereign is the medicine I prescribe,

As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair: 1395

But hope, ere long, my *midnight* dream will wake

Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise;

For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,

E'er wish, (and wish in vain!) that souls could
 die?

What ne'er can die, oh! grant to live; and crown 1400

The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies;

Increase, and enter on the joys of heaven:

Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,

Receive an *imprimatur* from Above,

While angels shout—An *Infidel* Reclaim'd! 1405

To close, Lorenzo! spite of all my pains,

Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live *for*
ever?

Is it *less* strange, that thou should'st live *at all*?

This is a miracle; and *That* no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end. 1410

Deny thou art? Then, doubt if thou *shalt* be.

A miracle with miracles inclos'd,

Is man: and starts his faith at what is *strange*?

What less than wonders, from the *wonderful*;

What less than miracles, from God, can flow? 1415

Admit a God—that mystery Supreme!

That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;

Nothing is marvellous for Him to do:

Deny Him—all is mystery besides;

Millions of mysteries! Each darker far, 1420

Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.

* *The Infidel Reclaimed.*

If *weak* thy faith, why choose the harder side?

We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;

Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.

So *weak* our reason, and so *great* our God, 1425

What most surprizes in the *sacred* page,

Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.

Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose.

To *faith*, and *virtue*, why so backward, man?

From hence:—The *present* strongly strikes us all; 1430

The *future*, faintly; can we, then, be *men*?

If men, Lorenzo! the *reverse* is right.

Reason is man's peculiar; *Sense*, the brute's.

The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense*;

The *future*, *reason's* empire unconfined; 1435

On *that* expending all her godlike power,

She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;

There, builds her *blessing*? There, expects her *praise*;

And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men*.

And what is *reason*? Be she, thus, defin'd; 1440

Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.

Oh! be a *man*; and strive to be a *god*.

"For what? (thou say'st) To damp the joys of *life*?"

No; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.

That tyrant, *hope*; mark how she domineers; 1445

She bids us quit realities, for dreams;

Safety and peace for hazard, and alarm;

That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,

She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize.

Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits, 1450

Though bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game;

And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.

If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,

Of little moment, and as little stay,

Can sweeten toils, and dangers into joys; 1455

What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,

Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!

Bliss, past *man's* power to paint it; *time's* to close!

This hope is earth's most estimable prize;

This is man's portion, while no more than man: 1460

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*;

Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her *tears*; and *transport* has her *death*;

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,

Man's heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serenes*; 1465

Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;

'Tis all our present state can *safely* bear,

Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!

A joy attempt'd! a *chastis'd* delight!

Like the fair summer evening, mild, and sweet!

'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below! 1471

A bliss hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,

Is All; our *whole* of happiness: full proof,

I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*. 1475

And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,

Though quite forgotten * half your Bible's praise!)

Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:

Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too

much;

If there is weight in an Eternity,

Let the *grave* listen;—and be *graver* still. 1480

* The poetical parts of it.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

The Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom of the World.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heaven and earth to plead against thee?

And is thy soul immortal?—What remains?

All, All, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, blest.

Unblest immortals!—What can shock us more? 5

And yet Lorenzo still affects the world;

There, stows his treasure; thence, his title draws,

Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd)

And art thou proud of that inglorious style?

Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*, 10

In antient days; and CHRISTIAN—in an age,

When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven—

Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.

Sprinkled with dew from the Castalian font,

Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer 15

A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,

Point out my path, and dictate to my song:

To Thee, the world bow fair! How strongly strikes

Ambition! and gay *pleasure* stronger still! 20

Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays

Thy virtue dead! Be *these* my triple theme;

Nor shall thy *wit*, or *wisdom*, be forgot.

Common the theme; not so the song; if she

My song invokes, *Urania*, deigns to smile. 25

The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,

If she dissolves, the *man of earth*, at once,

Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;

Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *flares*,

shall shine

Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they *are*, 30

The blest behold; and, in one glory, pour

Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;

A blaze—the least illustrious object *there*.

Lorenzo! since *eternal* is at hand,

To swallow *time's* ambitions; as the vast 35

Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride

High on the foaming billow; what avail

High titles, high descent, attainments high,

If unattain'd our *highest*? O Lorenzo!

What lofty thoughts, these elements above, 40

What towering hopes, what sallies from the sun,

What grand surveys of destiny divine,

And pompous preface of unfathom'd fate,

Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,

Bound for eternity! In bosoms read! 45

By *Him*, who foibles in archangels sees!

On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's register inrolls,
The rise, and progress, of each option there;
Sacred to doomday! *That* the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and This, unrival'd by the skies!
A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
Three *demons* that divide its realms between
them,

With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying
ball;

Till, with the giddy circle sick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious *promise* angels were esteem'd
Too mean to bring; a promise, their *Ador'd*
Defended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest;

What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades!
The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise!

Through flowery meadows, and through dreary
wastes,

One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of *business* tell us—"What are men?"
The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside?"
There, others we despise; and *Here*, ourselves.
Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight?

'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;
The *fesal*, in pursuit of something worse;
The grave, of gold; the *politic*, of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in-
gulf'd;

Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
I should not be beaten? never beat enough,
I'll enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.
Shall Truth be silent, because Folly frowns?
Turn the world's history; what find we there,
But *fortune's* sports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the
knell,

It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the listless world!

Man is the tale of narrative old time;
Sad tale; which high as Paradise begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, snags life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, de-
ceive us;

Not one, but, puts some cheat on all mankind:
While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the
year,

At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-seen.
Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lyes;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joy goes out by One and One,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, now, involves the pole.

O Thou, who dost permit these ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and would'st that man should
mourn!

O Thou, whose hands this godly fabric fram'd,
Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should
know!

What is this sublimary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itself, a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by Thy beam
Eshal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, though less transient, than her sons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, solid; Thou, a dream.

They doat! on what? *Immortal views* apart,
A region of outsidings! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promises!
A wilderness of joy! perplex'd with doubts,
And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, spread
With bold adventurers, their all on board!
No second-hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they sail,
Of ensigns various; All alike in This,
All restless, anxious; tast with hopes, and fears,
In calmest skies; obnoxious All to storm;
And stormy the most general blast of life;
All bound for happiness; yet few provide
The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;

Or *virtue's* helm, to shape the course design'd:
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now rebor'd,
And farther from their wishes than before:
All, more or less, against each other dash,
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,

And suffering more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!

Death's capital, where most he domineers, 170

With all his chosen terrors frowning round,

(Though lately scathed high at * Albion's coast)

Wide-opening, and loud-roaring still for more!

Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect

The melancholy face of human life! 175

The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:

And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck

By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,

Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope, 180

When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers

gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,

And fondly dream each wind and star our

friend;

All, in some darling enterprize embark'd;

But where is he can fathom its extent? 185

Amid a multitude of artless hands,

Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!

Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,

And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of

proof,

Full against wind and tide, some win their way;

And when strong effort has deserv'd the port, 190

And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!

Though strong their oar, still stronger is their

fate;

They strike: and while they triumph, they ex-

pire.

In fires of weather, *most*; some sink outright; 195

O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows

close;

To-morrow knows not they were ever born.

Others a short memorial leave behind,

Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;

It floats a moment, and is seen no more: 200

One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.

How few, beneath auspicious planets born,

(Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!)

With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,

With all their wishes freighted! yet e'en These,

Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;

Free from misfortune, not from nature free,

They still are men; and when is man secure?

As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years

Beats down their strength; their numberless

escapes 210

In ruin end: and, now, their proud success

But plants new terrors in the victor's brow:

What pain to quit the world, just made their own.

Their nest so deeply drown'd, and built so high!

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be 216

From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,

The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!

What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)

Convince me most of human misery; 220

What are they? Smiling wretches of to-morrow!

More wretched *then*, than e'er their slave can be;

* Admiral Bulcher, &c.

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Their treacherous blessings, at the day of need,

Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:

Then, what provoking indigence in wealth! 225

What aggravated impotence in power!

High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!

If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,

Immortal hope! *deceives* not the rude storm,

Ta'es comfort from their foaming billows' rage,

And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb. 231

Is This a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?

"But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life

"Are huddled in a group: A more distinct

"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."

Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;

The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.

Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold

The best that can befall the best on earth;

The boy has virtue by his mother's side: 240

Yes, on Florello look: a father's heart

Is tender, thou the man's is made of stone;

The truth, through such a medium seen, may

make

impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

1 Florello lately cast on this rude coast 245

A helpless infant; now a heedless child;

To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds;

Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!

O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!

Needful austerities his will restrain; 250

As thorns fence-in the tender plant from harm.

As yet, his reason cannot go alone;

But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.

His little heart is often terrify'd;

The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;

Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;

His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.

Ah! what avails his innocence? The task

Injoin'd must discipline his early powers;

He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin; 260

Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!

How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.

Our nature such, with necessary pains,

We purchase prospects of precarious peace:

Though not a father, This might steal a sigh. 265

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,

'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still);

Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,

He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world!

The world is taken, after ten years toil, 270

Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.

Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;

Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;

Unteaching All his virtuous nature taught,

Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd. 275

For who receives him into public life?

Men of the world, the terræ-sial breed,

Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,

(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)

And, in their hospitable arms, inclose: 280

Men, who think nought so strong of the ro-

mance,

So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:

Men, that act up to reason's golden rule,

All weakness of affection quite subdued:

Men, that would blush at being thought sincere,

Y y

And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
That love a lye, where truth would pay as well;

As if, to Them, *vice*, shone her own reward.

Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?

Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear: 290

See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,

Train'd to the word, in burnish'd falsehood bright;

Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;

All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;

All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;

His friends eternal—during interest;

His foes implacable—when worth their while;

At war with every welfare, but their own;

As wise as Lucifer; and half as good;

And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain— 300

Naked, through These (so common fate ordains),

Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,

Stung out of All, most amiable in life,

Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;

Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd; 305

Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;

Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)

Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains

From the slow mistress of this school, *Experience*,

And her assistant, pausing, pale, *Dis-trust*, 311

Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth

Through serpentine obliquities of life,

And the dark labyrinth of human-hearts.

And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap: 315

For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,

Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,

If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.

Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity

Brings down the sterling temper of his soul, 320

By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,

Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;

And brands him into credit with the world;

Where specious titles dignity disgrace,

And nature's injuries are arts of life; 325

Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;

And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;

That unformidable extreme of guilt!

Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,

Forgot, that genius need not go to school; 330

Forgot, that man, without a tutor wife,

His plan had practis'd, long before 't was writ.

The world's all *title-page*; there's no *contents*;

The world's all *face*; the man who shows his heart,

Is whooted for his nudities, and scorn'd. 335

A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;

And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;

While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.

Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!

Living, he fawn'd on every *fool* alive; 340

And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.

To such proficients thou art half a saint.

In foreign realms (for thou hast travel'd far)

How curious to contemplate two late-rooks,

Studious their nests to feather in a trice, 345

With all the *necromancies* of their art,

Playing the game of *faces* on each other,

Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,

In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;

Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd: 350

And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!

Their parts we doubt not; but be That their shame:

Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,

Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool:

And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve? 355

For who can thank the man, he cannot see?

Why so much cover? It defeats itself.

Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts

Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd?

For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell. 360

I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;

Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe;

His incapacity is his renown.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise*;

It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength. 365

Thou say'st, 'Tis *needful*: is it therefore *right*?

However, I grant it some small sign of grace,

To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then

Escape that cruel *need*? Thou may'st, with ease;

Think no post *needful* that demands a knave. 370

When late our civil helm was flitting hands,

So Pulteney thought: think better if you can.

But this, how rare! the public path of life

Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,

It makes the noble mind more noble still: 375

The world's no neuter; it will wound, or save;

Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.

You say, The world, well-known, will make a *man*:

The world, well-known, will give our hearts to

Or make us *demons*, long before we die. [heaven,

To shew how fair the world, *thymistress*, shines,

Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;

Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.

Not *virtue's* self is deify'd on earth.

Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes; 385

Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.

Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.

True friends to virtue, *last*, and *least*, complain;

But if they sigh, can *others* hope to smile?

If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn, 390

How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?

And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,

Where be *most* happy, who the *least* laments!

Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envy'd state,

And *some* forgiveness, needs the best of friends?

For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,

Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee

Lorenzo smartly, with a smile replies;

"Thus far thy song is right; and All most own

"*Virtue* has her peculiar set of pains.—

"And joys peculiar who to *vice* denies?

"If *vice* it is, with nature to comply:

"If *pride*, and *sen'e*, are so predominant,

"To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a saint, 405

" Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
 " Pleasures, and glory, the chief good of man ?"

Can pride, and sensuality, rejoice ?
 From purity of thought, all pleasure springs ;
 And, from an humble spirit, all our peace. 410
 Ambition, pleasure ! let us talk of These :
 Of These, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd ;
 Of These, each following age had much to say :
 Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
 Who talks of these, to mankind all at once 415
 He talks ; for were the saint from either free ?
 Are these thy refuge ?—No : these rush upon thee ;
 Thy vitals seize, and culture-like, devour :
 I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
 Prometheus ! from this barren ball of earth ; 420
 If reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy *Caucasus* ; ambition, calls ;
 Mountain of torments ! eminence of woes !
 Of courted woes ! and courted through mistake !
 'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat 425
 Will make thee start, as H— at his *Moor*.
 Dost grasp at greatness ? First, know what it is :
 Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies ?
 Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
 By fortune ruck, to mark us from the throng,
 Is glory lodg'd ; 'tis lodg'd in the reverse ; 431
 In what which joins, in that which equals, All,
 The monarch and his slave ;—" A dearblefs soul,
 " Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 " A Father God, and brothers in the skies ;" 435
 Elder, indeed, in time ; but less remote
 In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man ;
 Why greater what can fall, than what can rise ?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo ! go :
 And with thy full blown brothers of the world,
 Throw scorn around thee ; cast it on thy slaves ;
 Thy slaves, and equals : how scorn cast on Them
 Rebounds on Thee ! if man is mean, as man,
 Art thou a god ? If fortune makes him so,
 Beware the consequence : a maxim That, 445
 Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
 Where, in the drapery, the man is lost ;
 Externals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
 Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
 Boast that aloud, in which thy servants share. 450

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy :
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of men ?
 It nought avails thee, where, but what, thou art ;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man, 455
 When, through death's streights, earth's subtle
 serpents creep,
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
 As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft 460
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
 Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive ;
 Strip them of body, too ; nay, closer still,
 Away with all, but moral, in their minds ;
 And let, what then remains, inapose their name,
 Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy ; Great, or
 Mean.

How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,

And death puts out ! Dost thou demand a test,
 A test, at once, infallible, and short,
 Of real Greatness ? That man Greatly lives, 470
 Whate'er his fate, or fame, who Greatly dies ;
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall
 despair.

If this a true criterion, many courts,
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
 Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth
 surveys.

Nought Greater, than an honest, Humble Heart ;
 An Humble Heart, His residence ! pronounce'd
 His second seat ; and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives ! 480
 How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
 Th' illustrious master of a name unknown ;
 Whose worth unriv'd, and unwitness'd, loves
 Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with
 men ;

And peace, beyond the world's conceptions,
 smiles !

As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy Great Soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
 Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen ;
 And, when he shrugs at public business, lyes.
 Deny'd the public eye, the public voice, 490
 As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
 Fain would he make the world his pedestal ;
 Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, He.
 Knows he, that mankind praise against their
 will,

And mix as much detraction as they can ? 495
 Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
 'As well as trumpet ? That his vanity
 Is so much tickled from not hearing All ?
 Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines
 Taking his country by five hundred ears, 501
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,
 With modest laughter, lining loud applause,
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his
 fame ?

His fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar),
 crown'd

With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
 By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins :
 And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake, 510
 The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud ;
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, though faucy'd, turns the
 brain :

All vice wants *hellebore* ; but of all vice,
 Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl ; 515
 Because, unlike all other vice, it lies,
 In fact, the point, in fancy most pursued.
 Who court applause, oblige the world in this ;
 They gratify man's passion to refuse :
 Superior honour, when assum'd, is lost ; 520
 Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
 Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,

Y y 2

Lorenzo cries—"He, then, *ambition* cast; 525
 "Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
 "Gay *pleasure*! proud *ambition* is her slave;
 "For Her, he fears at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
 "For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
 "And paves his way, with crowns, to reach Her
 smile: 530

"Who can resist her charms?"—Or, *should*?
 Lorenzo!

What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;
 For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below; 535
 And well it was for man, that pleasure charms;
 How would All stagnate, but for *pleasure*'s ray!
 How would the frozen stream of action cease!
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 The love of *pleasure*: that, through every vein,
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death
 from life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold All in chains:
 Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
 Some honest *pleasure* court; and some, obscene.
Pleasures *obscene* are various, as the throng 546
 Of passions, that can err in human hearts;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 Think you there's but one whoredom? Whore-
 dom, All,

But when our *reason* licenses delight 550
 Dost doubt, Lorenzo? Thou shalt doubt no more.
 Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
 An, ugly common harlot, in the dark;
 A rank adulterer with others' gold!
 And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms,
Hated her brothel has, as well as *love*, 556
 Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
 What'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark:
 For Her, the black assassin draws his sword;
 For Her, dark statemen trim their midnight
 lamp, 560

To which no *single* sacrifice may fall;
 For Her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
 The Stoic proud, for *pleasure*, pleasure scorn'd;
 For Her, *affliction*'s daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears; 565
 For Her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
 And with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death,
 Thus universal her despotic power!

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure! doater on delight! 570
 I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower; 575
 And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wife*
 offence;

If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.
 How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,
 And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
 Of *pleasure*; to mankind, *untrain'd*, too dear!
 Ye modern Stoics! hear my soft reply;
 Their senses men *will* trust: we can't impose;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?

Own *honey* sweet; but, owning, add this *sling*; 583
 "When mixt with poison, it is deadly too,"
 Truth never was indebted to a lye.

Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
 Why then is health prefer'd before disease?
 What nature loves is good, without our leave. 590
 And where no future drawback cries, "*Few are*"
Pleasures, though not from virtue, *should* prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
 The love of *pleasure* is man's eldest-born, 595
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
 Was meant to *wisdom*, and not to mar,
 Imperial *pleasure*, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! Thou, her majesty's renown'd, 600
 Though unceasing counsel, learned in the world!
 Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
 May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!
 Canst thou plead *pleasure*'s cause as well as I?
 Know'st thou her *nature*, *purpose*, *parentage*? 605
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
 And know Thyself; and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
 Tell not Calista; she will laugh thee dead;

Or send thee to her hermitage with L—— 610
 Abund presumption! Thou who never knew'st
 A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
 No man e'er found a *happy* life by chance;
 Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish;
 Or, with the shout of groveling *appetite*, 615
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
 With unrelenting effort, or be lost;
 And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek Us; but *wisdom* must be sought;
 Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, *pleasure*'s birth, rise, strength, and
 grandeur, see.

Brought forth by *wisdom*, nurs'd by *discipline*, 625
 By *patience* taught, by *perseverance* crown'd,
 She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
 Erected in the bosom of the just,
 Each virtue, list'd, forms her manly guard.
 For what are *virtues*? (Formidable name!) 630
 What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
 Why, then, commanded? Need mankind com-
 mand,

At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their bliss?—
 Great Legislator! scarce so great, as kind!
 If men are rational, and love delight, 635
 Thy gracious law but flatter human choice;
 In the transgression lies the penalty;
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of *pleasure*, next, the final cause explore;
 Its mighty *purpose*, its important end. 640
 Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleasure* came from heaven.
 In aid to *reason* was the goddess sent;
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure first, succours *virtue*; in return, 645
Virtue gives *pleasure* an eternal reign.
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship,
 faith,

Supports life *natural, civil, and divine?*

'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please; 650
'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray
(All prayer would cease, if unbelieved the prize.)

It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but such
As *must* be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.

"What mean I by thy fall?"—Thou'lt shortly
see, 660

While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd;
Already sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it hastens into pain. 665
From due refreshment, life, health, reason,
joy;

From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
Heaven's justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her
love.

What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask 670
Unbroach'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
By *temperance*, by *reason* unresin'd?

A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd *these*.
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine:
Angels are angels, from indulgence *there*; 676
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong *must* mourn: can heaven's appoint-
ments fail?

Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *Him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise. 685
Heaven bade the soul this mortal frame inspire:
Bade virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might
hope

For life, as without piety, for peace. 690

"Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the same?"

No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud 695
Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confute them-
selves.

With *piety* begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken-wounded, lies; 700
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does; 705
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;

And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the strokes of life; 711
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd. 715
Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the
next,

O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror
hides;

Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still; 720
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.

Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell. 725

Lorenzo! when wast Thou at church *before*!
Thou think'st the service long; but is it just?
Though just, unwelcome; thou hadst rather
tread

Unhallow'd ground; the Muse, to win thine
ear,

Must take an air less solemn. She complies. 730
Good conscience! at the fount the world retires;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;

Yet has she her *seraphs* full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast? 735

Amid her fair-ones thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom.—"Go, fix some weighty
truth;

"Chain down some *passion*; do some *generous*
good;

"Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;

"Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greatest *foe*;

"Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,

"Spring up, and lay strong hold on *Him* who
made thee."

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance, 745
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.

Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)

Is half-immortal: is it much indulg'd? 1750

By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,

It stews a *scorn*, or it makes a *fool*;

And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.

'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,

That tickles little minds to mirth effuse; 755

Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.

A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;

A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.

What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?

What for *dejection*, where presides a Power,

Who call'd us into being to be bless'd?

So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;

So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.

Most true, a wife man never will be sad ; 765
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray.
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own
expence)

This counsel strange should I presume to give—
" Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace ;
Ah ! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood, 775
Time's treasure : and the wonder of the wife !
Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake ;
Alas !—Should men mistake thee for a *fool* :—
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpose ? 780
Believe me, sense, *here*, acts a double part,
And the true *critic* is a *Christian* too.

But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to
joy—

True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first ;
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly
please ; 785

And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heaven *sells* all pleasure ; effort is the price ;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man ;
And glory the victorious laurel spreads

O'er *pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid stream. 790
There is a time, when toil must be prefer'd,
Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.

A man of *pleasure* is a man of *pain*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest,
False joys, indeed, are born from want of
thought : 795

From thoughts full bent, and energy, the *true* ;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire. 800
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live ?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ?
Or ope the door to honest poverty ? 805
Or talk with threatening death, and not turn
pale ?

In such a world, and such a nature, *these*
Are needful fundamentals of delight :
These fundamentals give delight *indeed* ;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable ; 810
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;
A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity ?
It is :—yet far my doctrine from severe.

" Rejoice for ever !" It becomes a man ; 815
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.

" Rejoice for ever !" *Nature* cries, " Rejoice ;"
And drinks to man, in her nectarous cup,
Mixt up of delicacies for every sense ;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast, 820
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity :

Yet *sparing* pledge : her bowl is not the best 805
Mauking can boast.—" A rational repast ;

" Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
" A military discipline of thought,

" To foil temptation in the doubtful field ;
" And ever-waking ardor for the *right*," 830

'Tis *these* first give, then guard, a chearful
heart.

Nought that is *right*, think little ; well aware,
What reason bids, God bids : by *His* command
How aggrandiz'd, the smallest thing we do !
Thus, *nothing* is insipid to the wise ; 835

To thee, insipid all, but what is *mad* ;
Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

" *Mad* ! (thou reply'st, with indignation
fir'd)

" Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
" I follow *nature*,"—Follow *nature* still, 840

But look it be thine *own* : Is *conscience*, then,
No part of nature ? Is she not *supreme* ?

Thou regicide ! O raise her from the dead !
Then, follow nature ; and resemble God.

When, spite of *conscience*, pleasure is pursued,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd ; 846

And what's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and must disgust ev'n Thee !

The *fact* thou know'st ; but not, perhaps, the
cause.

Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid ;
Heaven mixt her with our make, and twist'd close

Her sacred interests with the strings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,

His better self ; and is it greater pain,
Our *soul* should murmur, or our *dust* repine ? 855

And one, in their eternal war, must bleed,
If one *must* suffer, which should least be
spar'd ?

The pains of mind surpasses the pains of sense :
Aik, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.

The joys of *sense* to mental joys are mean : 860
Sense on the present only feeds ; the soul

On past, and future, foragers for joy.
'Tis hers, by retrospect, through *time* to range ;

And forward *time's* great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,

Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall :
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to
fate.

Lorenzo ! wilt thou never be a man ?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,

Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list 870
With every lust, that wars against his peace :

And sets him quite at variance with himself.
Thyself, first, know ; then love : a *self* there is

Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *self* there is, as fond of every vice, 875

While every virtue wounds it to the heart :
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,

Blest *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And god-like *magnanimity* destroys.

This *self*, when rival to the former, scorn : 880
When not in competition, kindly treat,

Defend it, feed it :—But when virtue bids,
Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.

And why ? 'Tis love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed

Comply, or own self-love *extinct*, or *blind*. 885

For what is *vice*? Self-love in a mistake:

A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *virtue*, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.

Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power,
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy. 891

Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;

A self-hate, *new*, scarce felt; then felt full-fore,
When being, curst; extinction, loud implor'd;

And every thing preferr'd to what we are. 891
Yet *this* self-love Lorenzo makes his choice:

And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd,

By disaffection to the present hour! 900
Imagination wanders far afield;

The future pleases. why? The present pains—
"But that's a *secret*." Yes, which all men

know;

And know from Thee, discover'd unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll 905

From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the foul,

From *instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, *Reason*, will not cure.

A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while 910
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!

The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.

And what sure mark distinguishes the wise? 915
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;

Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself, is *folly's* character;

As *wisdom's* is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is *thy* good supreme; 920

Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing

still.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

False pleasure from abroad her joys imports; 925
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*.

The *true* is fix'd, and solid as a rock;
Slippery the *false*, and tossing, as the wave.

This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy, 930

Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,

Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense the gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth 935
There breathes not a more happy than himself;

Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on All;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel Here.

Such angels, All, intitled to repose
On *Him* who governs fate: though tempest frowns,

Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven?
To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean!

With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,

Till their hearts kindle with divine delight; 945
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of

old

In Israel's dream, come from; and go to, heaven:

Hence, are *they* studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.

Were all men happy, revelings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within. 951

Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,

As *fully* might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud; 955

A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!

A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream

Of rapturous exultation, swelling high; 960
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,

Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?

What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?
Vain are all sudden sallies of delight; 965

Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.

Bliss there is none, but *unprecious* bliss:
That is the gem: sell All, and purchase That.

Why go a-begging to contingencies, 970
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?

At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;

And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives, 375

And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth! should *absolutely*
reign;

And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain. 980

Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;

Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!

Thy thoughts are vagabonds; All outward-
bound, 285

'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for
pleasure;

If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than
gain'd.

Much pain must expiate what much pain pro-
cur'd.

Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected store,
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize. 990

Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!)
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!

Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian shop,

Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame, 995
Eids foul *Ulex*, in their dark recess,

And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,

Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and
fame.

Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there
are, 1000

On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-

work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is seen imagination's guilt;
 But who can count her follies? She betrays
 thee, 1005
 To think in grandeur there is something great.
 For works of curious art, and antient fame,
 Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd:
 And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
 Hence, what disaster!—Though the price was
 paid, 1010
 That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
 Whose foot (ye gods!) though cloven, must be
 kiss'd,
 Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
 (Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
 And poor magnificence is starv'd to death. 1015
 Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!
 Be pacify'd, if *outward* things are great,
 'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
 Pompous expences, and parades august,
 And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace. 1020
 True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
 True happiness resides in things unseen.
 No smiles of *fortune* ever blest the bad,
 Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
 That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor: 1025
 So tell his *Heliades*, and be reveng'd.
Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
 Or only contest, what deserves the name.
 Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has
 pass'd
 Th' authentic seal of *reason* (which, like Yorke,
 Demurs on what it passes), and desies
 The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present, joy. 1035
 Some joys the future overcast; and some
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the
 tomb.
 Some joys endear eternity; some give
 Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms,
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice? 1040
 Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
 Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
 Be good—and let heaven answer for the rest.
 Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant 1045
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The good man has his clouds that intervene;
 Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary day,
 But never conquer: ev'n the best must own,
Patience, and *resignation*, are the pillars 1050
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, These:
 But those of Seth not more remote from Thee,
 Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt;
 To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss, 1055
 Heaven in reversion, like the sun, as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
 "This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue: 1060
 "But can harangues blow back strong nature's
 stream;
 "Or stem the tide heaven pushes through our
 veins,

"Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
 "And lays his labour level with the *world*?
 Themselves men make their comment on man-
 kind;
 And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
 Thus, weakness to chimera turns the truth,
 Nothing romantic has Muse the prescrib'd.
 * Above, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
 The mortal man; and wretched was the sight. 1070
 To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
 Now see the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
 Who lives as such; whose heart, full-bent on
 heaven,
 Leans all *that* way, his bias to the stars.
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall
 raise 1075
 His lustre more; though bright, without a foil:
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
 Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.
 Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed! 1080
 A man on earth devoted to the skies;
 Like ships in seas, while *in*, above the world.
 With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm; 1085
 All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
 A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike! 1091
 His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
 What stronger demonstration of the right?
 The present all *their* care; the future, *his*
 When public welfare calls, or private want, 1095
 They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
 Their virtues varnish nature; *his* exalt
 Mankind's esteem *they* court; and *he*, his own,
Thine, the wild chase of *false* felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true, 1100
 Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
 All of one colour, and an even thread;
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
 The tatters by, and shews their nakedness. 1106
 He sees with other eyes than *theirs*: where
 they
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
 What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
 Where *they* see mountains, he but atoms sees: 1110
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound. 1115
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside to find his dignity;
 No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
Thy triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse. 1120
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.

* In a former Night.

Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Not stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his
peace.

A cover'd heart *their* character defends; 1130
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise;
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall,
Their joys end where *his* full feast begins:
His joys create, *Theirs* murder, future bliss:
To triumph in existence, *his* alone;
And *his* alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was yesterday complete
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet. 1140

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts,
A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail;
By pleasure unobscured, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls; 1150
And when he falls, writes VICTORY on his shield.
From magnanimity, all fear above;
From nobler recompence, above applause;
Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its
charms,

Backward to credit what he never felt, 1155
Lorenzo cries,—“Where shines this miracle?
“From what root rises this *immortal* man?”
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
The root distinct, nor wonder at the flower.
He follows nature (not like * thee) and shews
us 1160

An univerted system of a man,
His appetite wears *reason's* golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His *passion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite,
Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,
His *caution* fearless, and his *grief*, (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair,
And why?—Because, affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heaven. 1170

Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in peace.
The most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast. 1175
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The moderate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate, 1180
An eye impartial, and an even scale;
Whence judgment sound and unrepenting choice.

* See page 350. ver. 838.

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Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise;
On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
What, then, the world? It *must* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their
Creed.

Yet thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
Bliss has no being; virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think earth, all, or (what weighs just the
same)

Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms ad-
mire;

He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe. 1190
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
For may not he invade their *good supreme*,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall!
All shines to *them*, that for a season shines. 1200
Each act, each thought, he questions, “What its
weight,

“Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?”
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.

His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has *habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;
And death, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world! 1210
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heaven!
Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *naught*:
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy
glare,

Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
And like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise *now*, and by possession *far*,
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own. 1220

From this thy just *annihilation* rise,
Lorenzo! rise to *something*, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Can't thou be silent? No; for *wit* is thine; 1225
And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
And *reason* interrupts not her career.

She'll say—That *mists* above the mountains rise;
And, with a thousand plaudits, amuse;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust. 1230
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste?
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *sense*;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease,
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world, 1235
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes *coine* inspires.
The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs, 1240
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.

Z 2

For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worst ;
Chance often hits it ; and, to pique the more,
 See *dullness*, blundering on vivacities,
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity, 1245
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
 But *wisdom*, awful wisdom ! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separate, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last ;
 How rare ! in *senates*, *synods*, fought in vain ; 1250
 Or, if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few* ;
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent, as fatal, *wit* : in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser ; *sense* a man.
Wit hates authority ; commotion loves, 1255
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
 In *states*, 'tis dangerous ; in *religion*, death :
 Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull *believe* ?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume ;
 The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves. 1260
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;
 When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam ;
 Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought ;
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock. 1265
 Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;
 Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of
wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
 Where Sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate !
 A *joy* in which our *reason* bears no part, 1270
 Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
 Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee ;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
 Happy ! of this bad world who little know ? ---
 And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*. 1275
 To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point ;
 She gives but little, nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulle ;
 A dance of *spirits*, a mere froth of joy,
 Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child, 1280
 That manles high, that sparkles and expires,
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
 An *animal* ovation ! such as holds
 No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
 On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well
 strain'd ;
 A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;
 And when it jars---thy Sirens sing no more,
 Thy dance is done ; the *demi-god* is thrown
 (Short apotheosis !) beneath the *man*,
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair. 1290
 Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
 And startle at destruction ? If thou art,
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
 (A field of battle is this mortal life !)
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ; 1295
 A single sentence proof against the *world* ;
 " *Soul, body, fortune* ! Every good pertain
 " To one of these : but prize not all alike ;
 " The goods of fortune to the body's health,
 " Body to soul, and soul submit to God." 1300
 Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this,
 Th' "inverted *pyramid* can never stand.
 Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;
 Nay the sun shines not, but to shew us this,
 The single lesson of mankind on earth, 1305

And yet---yet, what ? No news ! mankind is
 mad ;
 Such mighty numbers list against the right,
 (And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, at-
 chieve !)
 They talk themselves to something like belief,
 That all earth's joys are theirs : As Athens' fool 1310
 Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.
 They grin ; but wherefore ? and how long the
 laugh !
 Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half, a lye ;
 To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they
 smile.
 Hard either task ! The most abandon'd own, 1315
 That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone :
 Then for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,
 (And Providence denies it long repose)
 O how laborious is their gaiety !
 They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen, 1320
 Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
 And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarcely, did I say ? Some cannot fit it out ;
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
 And shew us *what* their joy, by their despair. 1325
 The clotted hair ! go'd breast ! blaspheming
 eye !
 Its impious fury still alive in death !
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.---But heaven de-
 nies
 A cover to such guilt ; and so should man.
 Look round, Lorenzo ! see the reeking blade, 1330
 Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball ;
 The strangling cord and suffocating stream ;
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
 From raging riot (flower suicides !)
 And *pride* in these, more execrable still ! 1335
 How horrid all to thought !---But horrors, these,
 That vouch the truth ; and aid my feeble song.
 From *vice*, *sense*, *fancy*, no man can be blest :
 Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour ;
 When an immortal being aims at bli's, 1340
 Duration is essential to the name.
 O for a joy from *reason* ! Joy from that,
 Which makes man *man*, and, exercis'd aright,
 Will make him *more* : A *dumtious* joy ! that gives,
 And promi'ses ; that weaves, with art divine, 1345
 The richest prospect into present peace :
 A joy *ambitious* ! Joy in common held
 With thrones ethereal, and their greater far ;
 A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death !
 A joy, which *death* shall double ; judgment crown ! 1350
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
 Through blest eternity's long day : yet still,
 Not more remote from *ferreus*, than from *Him*,
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous,
 pours
 So much of Deity on guilty dust. 1355
There, O my Lucia ! may I meet thee there,
 Where not thy presence can improve my bliss !
 Affects not this the *lages of the world* ?
 Can nought *affect* them, but what *feels* them too ?
 Eternity, depending on an hour, 1360
 Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and
 praise,

Nor need you blush (though sometimes your de-
fens

May shun the light) at your designs on heaven :

Sole point! where *over-haughty* is your blame. 365
Are you not *wise*?—You know you are : Yet

hear
One truth, amid your numerous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen,

' Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the
next,

" Is the sole difference between wise and fool."

All *worth* men will weigh you in *this* scale ; 1370

What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light* ?

Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care ?

Accept my simple scheme of *common sense* :

Thus, save your fame, and make *two* worlds your
own.

The world *replies* not ;—but the world *per-
sists* ;

And puts the *cause* off to the longest day. 1375

Planning evasions for the day of doom.

So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redress,

They then turn *witnesses* against themselves :

Hear that, Lorenzo ! nor be wile to-morrow. 1380

Haste, Haste ! A man, by nature, is in haste ;

For who shall answer for another hour ?

'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend ;

And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth ! (not *willing* to be more !) 1385

Since *verse*, you think from priestcraft somewhat

free,

Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths

(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard

in *prose*)

Has ventur'd into light ; well-pleas'd the *verse*

Should be forgot, if you the truths retain ; 1390

And crown her with your welfare, not your

praise.

But *praise* she need not fear : I see my fate ;

And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.

Since many an *ample volume*, mighty *tone*,

Must die ; and die *unwept* ; O thou minute, 1395

Devoted *page* ! go forth among thy foes ;

Go nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,

And die a double death : mankind, incens'd,

Denies thee long to live : nor shalt thou rest

When thou art dead ; in Stygian shades arraign'd 1400

By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne ;

And bold blasphemer of his friend—the world ;

The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,

And *volunteers* around his banner swarm ;

Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul ! 1405

" Are all, then, fools ?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes,

all,

But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee) ;

" The mother of true wisdom is the *will* ;"

The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do, 1410

In arts and sciences, in wars and peace ;

But art and sciences, like thy wealth, will leave

thee,

And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the *most* indulgence can afford ;—

" Thy *wisdom* all can do, but—*make thee wise*." 1415

Nor think this censure is severe on thee :

Satan thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.

II. A Night-Address to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of His Majesty's Principal-Secretaries of
State.

"—Fatis contraria fata rependens." VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day past

In painful search of what he cannot find,

At night's approach, content with the next cot,

There ruminates, awhile, his labour lost ;

Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,

And chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,

Till the due season calls him to repose :

Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,

And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,

Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career ; 10

Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,

At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;

Where, future wandering banish'd from my

thought,

And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,

I chace the moments with a serious song.

Song for-ths our pains ; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd

at heart,

Torn from my breeding breast and *death's* dark

shade,

Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;

Canst thou, O *Night* ! indulge one labour more ? 20

One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !

Till, haply, weak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,

Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,

cease ;

To bear a part in everlasting lays ;

Through far, far higher ser, in aim, I trust, 25

Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the Muse asserted *pleasures* pure,

Like thine above ; exploding other joys ?

Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;

And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ? 30

For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worst ;
Chance often hits it ; and, to pique the more,
See dullness, blundering on vivacities,
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity, 1245
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
 But *wisdom*, awful wisdom ! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separate, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last ;
 How rare ! in senates, synods, sought in vain ; 1250
 Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few ;
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent, as fatal, *wit* : in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser ; *sense* a man.
Wit hates authority ; commotion loves, 1255
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
 In *states*, 'tis dangerous ; in *religion*, death :
 Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull believe ?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume ;
 The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves. 1260
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, found ;
 When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam ;
 Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought ;
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock. 1265
 Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;
 Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of
 wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
 Where Sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate !
 A joy in which our *reason* bears no part, 1270
 Is but a *sorrows* tickling, ere it stings.
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
 Happy ! of this bad world who little know !---
 And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*. 1275
 To *know* the world, nor *love* her, is thy point ;
 She gives but little, nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulle ;
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
 Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child, 1280
 That mingles high, that sparkles and expires,
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
 An *animal* ovation ! such as holds
 No commerce with our *reason*, but sublims
 On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well
 strain'd ;
 A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;
 And when it jars---thy Sirens sing no more,
 Thy dance is done ; the *demi-god* is thrown
 (Short apothecis !) beneath the *man*,
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair. 1290
 Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
 And startle at destruction ? If thou art,
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
 (A field of battle is this mortal life !)
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ; 1295
 A single sentence proof against the *world* ;
 " *Soul, body, fortune ! Every good pertain*
 " To one of these : but prize not all alike ;
 " The goods of fortune to the body's health,
 " Body to soul, and soul submit to God." 1300
 Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this,
 Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand.
 Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;
 Nay the sun shines not, but to shew us this,
 The single lesson of mankind on earth, 1305

And yet---yet, what ? No news ! mankind is
 mad ;
 Such mighty numbers list against the right,
 (And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, at-
 chieve !)
 They talk themselves to something like belief,
 That all earth's joys are theirs : As Athens' fool 1310
 Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.
 They grin ; but wherefore ? and how long the
 laugh !
 Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half, a lye ;
 To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they
 smile.
 Hard either task ! The most abandon'd own, 1315
 That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone :
 Then for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,
 (And Providence denies it long repose)
 O how laborious is their gaiety !
 They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen, 1320
 Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
 And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
 Scarce, did I say ? Some cannot fit it out ;
 Of their own daring hands the curtain draw,
 And shew us *what* their joy, by their despair. 1325
 The clotted hair ! gor'd breast ! blaspheming
 eye !
 Its impiety fury still alive in death !
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.---But heaven de-
 nies
 A cover to such guilt ; and so should man.
 Look round, Lorenzo ! see the reeking blade, 1330
 Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball ;
 The strangling cord and suffocating stream ;
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
 From raging riot (flower suicides !)
 And *fride* in these, more execrable still ! 1335
 How horrid all to thought !---But horrors, these,
 That vouch the truth ; and aid my feeble song.
 From *vice*, *sense*, *fancy*, no man can be blest !
 Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour ;
 When an immortal being aims at bli's, 1340
 Duration is essential to the name.
 O for a joy from *reason* ! Joy from *that*,
 Which makes man *man*, and, exercis'd aright,
 Will make him *more* : A *bounteous* joy ! that gives,
 And prom's ; that weaves, with art divine, 1345
 The richest prospect into present peace :
 A joy *ambitious* ! Joy in common held
 With th' ones ethereal, and their greater far ;
 A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death !
 A joy, which *death* shall double, *judgment* crown ! 1350
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
 Through blest eternity's long day : yet still,
 Not more remote from *ferocious*, than from *Him*,
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous
 pours
 So much of Deity on guilty dust. 1355
 There, O my Lucia ! may I meet thee there,
 Where not thy presence can improve my bliss !
 Affects not this the *ages of the world* ?
 Can nought affect them, but what *feels* them too ?
 Eternity, depending on an hour, 1360
 Makes *serious thought* : man's wisdom, joy, and
 praise.

Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs

May shun the light) at your designs on heaven :

Sole point! where *ever-blastful* is your blame. 365

Are you not *wise*?—You know you are: Yet

One truth, amid your numerous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen,

'Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the

next,

"Is the sole difference between wife and fool."

All *worthy* men will weigh you in *this* scale; 1370

What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light*?

Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care?

Accept my simple scheme of *common sense*?

Thus, save your fame, and make *two* worlds your

own.
The world *replies* not;—but the world *per-*

sists;

And puts the *cause* off to the longest day, 1375

Planning evasions for the day of doom.

So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redress,

They then turn *witnesses* against themselves:

Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wile to-morrow. 1380

Haste, Haste! A man, by nature, is in haste;

For who shall answer for another hour?

'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend;

And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth! (nor *coiling* to be more!) 1385

Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat

free,

Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths

(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard

in *prose*)

Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verse

Should be forgot, if you the truths retain; 1390

And crown her with your welfare, not your

praise.

But *praise* she need not fear: I see my fate;

And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.

Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *name*,

Must die; and die unwept; O thou minute, 1395

Devoted *page*! go forth among thy foes;

Go nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,

And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,

Denies thee long to live: nor shalt thou rest

When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd 1400

By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;

And bold blasphemer of his friend—the world;

The world, whose legions cost him slender pay.

And *volunteers* around his banner swarm;

Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul! 1405

"Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes,

all,

But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);

"The mother of true wisdom is the *will*;"

The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do, 1410

In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;

But art and sciences, like thy wealth, will leave

thee,

And make thee twice a beggar as thy death.

This is the *most* indulgence can afford;—

"*Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.*" 1415

Nor think this censure is severe on thee;

Satan thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

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And chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career; 10
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where, future wandering banish'd from my
thought,

And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I chase the moments with a serious song.
Song forths our pains; and age has pains to sooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrace'd
at heart,

Torn from my breeding breast and death's dark
shade,

Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canst thou, O Night! indulge one labour more? 20
One labour more indulge! then sleep, my strain!
Till, haply, weak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
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To bear a part in everlasting lays;
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Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the Muse asserted *pleasures* pure,
Like thine above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still? 30

I think, thou wilt forbear to boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in *body*, call for aid; the sick
In *mind* are covetous of more disease;
And when at *even*, they dream themselves quite
well.

To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When nature's blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curse of curses is, our cure to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant *joy* and glory quite unfully'd shone;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its fables wove by *deceit*;
And *that* in sorrow bury'd: *this*, in shame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conscience*, now so lost thou scarce canst
hear

Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actions of the last year's
scene;

Their port to proud, their buskin, and their
plume?

How many *sleep*, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise! has death pro-
claim'd

A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present* year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *greatest* scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
At *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the seatur'd stone?
Our fathers' grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
By peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"*Profest diversions*!—cannot these escape?"
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ransack tombs for *pastime*: from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own*!

What all the pomps and triumphs of our
lives,

But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends inter'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor
know

Our *profest* frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes, 95
And is the cieiing of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep:
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
100

Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread. man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man. 105

Not man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
In wretched half our learning is *their* epitaph. 110
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight
thought,

That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O *death*! I stretch my view: what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divin'
In wither'd laurels glitte before my sight! 115
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghost of dead renown
Whispering faint echoes of the world's ap-
plause, 120

With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the
fool.

But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size, 125
One form assaults my sight, and thills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her: o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms, 130
And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophecies
Another's dissolution, soon, in *flames*.
But, like Cassandra, prophecies in vain:
In vain, to many; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to
know, 135

The great decree, the council of the skies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime ministers of vengeance I chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin, 140
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *pestilence*, are found too weak 145
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes.
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from the eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy, 150
And safe creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt. 155
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play 160

Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour 165
Their melted maels, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her plowshare o'er creation!---while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!

Far other firmament than e'er was seen, 170
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!

Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!---A sun, O how unlike

The Babe at Bethlehem! how unlike the Man,
That groan'd on Calvary!---Yet He it is; 175

That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what
pomp!

In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace 180
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, heaven's own pure
day,

Fall on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!

Hell, burking, belches forth her blazing seas, 185
And forms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.

This strikes, if aught can strike thee; this awakes 190

The most supine; this snatches man from death.

Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,

Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight. 195

I find my inspiration in my theme;

The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.
At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,

And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,

At midnight, 'tis preum'd, this pomp will burst 200

From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.

Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no
more!

The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all! 205

Terror and glory join'd in their extreme!

Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!

All nature struggling in the pangs of death!

Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan? 210

Where ate *we now*? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we stood; Lorenzo! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? How! From whence? Vain hope! It is
too late!

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly, 215
When consternation turns the *good man* pale?

Great day! for which all other days were
made;

From which *earth* rose from *chaos*, man from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,

Descended on poor earth-created man! 220

Great day of dread, decision, and despair!

At thought of thee, each sublimity with
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;

And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At thought of thee!---and art thou *absent* then? 225

Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;---
Already is begun the grand assize,

In thee, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;

Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*. 230

Why on himself should man *avid* judgment pass?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her sons?

Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court 235

Heaven opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!

What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;

Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings, 240

Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?

The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;

Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to
know;

Asks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and re-
tires; 245

Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;

Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heaven!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man? 250

O day of consummation! mark supreme

(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, of their King!

Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,

As in a theatre, surround this scene, 255

Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.

Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,

Creation universal calls aloud, 260

To di-volve the *moral* world, and give

To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?

I think of nothing else! I see! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round! 265

All *Deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!

All basking in the full meridian blaze!

I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!

The volume open'd! open'd every heart!

A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought 270

No patron ! intercessor none ! now pass
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
For guilt no plea ! to pain, no pause ! no bound !
Inexorable, all ! and all, extreme !

Nor man alone ; the foe of God and man, 275
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd :
Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *pass*, now, seems abundant grace :
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes ; he curses whom he dreads ;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis *present* to my thought !—and yet where
is it ?

Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot *guess*
The *period* ; from *created* beings lock'd 285
In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
Are less obscure ; for these may *man* enquire.
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears !
Great key of hearts ! great finisher of fates !
Great end ! and great beginning ! say, Where art
thou ?

Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity* ?
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)
As in debate, how best their powers ally'd, 295
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head ;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath 300
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber ; from earth's heaving
womb,

To second birth ! contemporary throng !
Rous'd at One call, upstart from One bed,
Prest in One croud, appall'd with One amazé, 305
He turns them o'er, *Eternity* ! to thee.
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls *alone* ;
His greatest foe falls with him, *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time*'s offspring, *Death*, ex-
pire. 310

Time was ! Eternity now reigns alone !
Awful Eternity ! offended queen !
And her resentment to mankind, how just !
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts ! 315
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome
there !

A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile. 320

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown
wide,

As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners streaming as the *comet*'s blaze,
And clariou, louder than the *deep* in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow, 325
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation* ! populous, as wide !

A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes 330
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand result ;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
Who now pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown. 335
Eternity, the various sentence pass,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial : What ensues ?
The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven, 340

The *Goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamant key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven, 345
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark pro-
found,

Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds ; and hell, through all her
glooms,

Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar. 350

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole *ethereal* ! How the concave rings ?
Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;

And louder far, than when *creation* rose, 355
To see *creation*'s godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd ! to divinely clos'd !
To see the mighty *dramatist*'s last act

(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancy'd God, a God *indeed*, descends, 360
To solve all *knots* ; to strike the *moral* home ;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time* ;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the
whole.

Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ! 365

And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.
What then am I ?—

Amidst applauding words,
And worlds celestial, is their found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string, 370
Which jars on the grand chorus, and complains !
Censure on thee, Lorenzo ! I suspend,
And turn it on *myself* ; how greatly due !
All, all is *right* ; by God ordain'd or done ;
And who, but God, resum'd the friends *He*
gave ? 375

And have I been *comPLAINING*, then, so long ?
ComPLAINING of his *favours*, *pain*, and *death* ?

Who, without *pain*'s advice, would e'er be good ?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain ? 380
Pain is to save from *pain* ; all punishment,
To make for *peace* ; and death to save from *death* ;
And second death, to guard immortal life ;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way ;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd, 385
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene;

Refuses them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All evils *natural* are moral goods; 390
All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy: *all* have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the source 395
Of endless sighs: We *sin*, or we *mistake*;
And *nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim,
Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays, 400
Of lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights
Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, 405
peace.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As *night* to stars, *woe* lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire 410
The crown of manhood in a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that stands the Northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot; 415
A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a man;
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a God.
Some *ills* we wish for, when we wish to live. 420
What spoke *proud passion*?—“* With my being lost?”

Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!
The triumph of my soul is—That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be—*what*? Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still; 425

Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for re- 430
pair,

Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise.
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deserv'd) by heaven's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itself, adore;
And find, in adoration, endless joy! 435
Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'st boast a *whole* eternity, enrich'd
With all a *kind* Omnipotence can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd, 440
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is Man.
No man too largely from heaven's love can
hope,

* What is *hop'd* he labours to secure.

* Referring to the First Night.

Ills?—there are none:—*All-gracious!* none from thee:

From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackest *ills*, and those immortal too,
Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty*;
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand 445
alone

Unlocks destruction to the sons of men, 450
First barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with ad-
mant,

Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whole threats are *mercies*, whole injunctions, 455
guides,

Assisting, not restraining, *reason's* choice; 455
Whole sanctions, *unavoidable* results
From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
“Do this; fly that”—nor always tells the cause; 460

Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy love survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains) 465
What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust!

Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
Or this alone—“*That none is to be found*.”
Not one, to soften *cease*'s hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peevish *grief's* Complaint,
Who like a *damon*, murmuring from the dust, 470
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme!

For all I bless thee; most, for the *severe*;
* Her death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve; 475
It strengthens, what it strikes; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great Source of good *alone*! How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain*, *death*, *gehenna*, Save. 480

Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind*!
Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
The *winter* is as needful as the *spring*;
The *thunder*, as the sun; a stagnate mass 485
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
Nor more propitious the Fayonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms;
The dread Volcano ministers to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world. 490

Loud *Atnas* fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly scan'd;
And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.

Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd;
Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band, 495
Compell'd to refuse in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost. “*That my heart has blest*.”
'Tis heaven's last effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bless, heaven quits us in de'pair. 500

* *Lucia*.

Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reason absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.
May heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness, 505
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *safe to smile!*
Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinctions, from excess.
My change of heart a change of *style* demands; 510
The Consolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.
And when o'er labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him

round, 515
And measures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has pass'd;
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent 520
The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;
Various, extensive, beaten but by view;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme, 525
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The Muse has stray'd; and much of *sorrow* seen
In human ways: and much of *false* and *vain*;
Which none who travel this bad road, can miss.
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily she wept; 530
Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd;
Prov'd man *immortal*; shew'd the *source of joy*;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd; assign'd the bounds
Of *human grief*: in *few*, to clo'e the whole,
The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch, 535
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,
Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on earth, or prospect of the *skies*,
- What then remains? Much! much! a mighty

debt
To be discharg'd; these thoughts, O Night! are

thine;
From thee they came, like lovers secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia (poet's sign)
In shadows veil'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less, 545
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? Or how steal music from the spheres,
To sooth their goddesses?

O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns, 555
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and heaven through-

out, 560
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeur *nature's* most august,
Inspiring aspect! *shipp* a grateful verse;

And like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so *worthy* to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be sung, so *useful*? What so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
The soul of man, His face design'd to see 570
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has *here* a previous scene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contrast that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught shall they receive of *heaven*.
Heaven's King! whole face unveil'd consum-

mates bliss; 580
Redundant bliss; which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres; 585
While of thy works *material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring song,
Loose me from *earth's* inclosure, from the *sun's*
Contracted circle let my heart at large;
Eliminate my spirit, give it range 590
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the *sun*
Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou whose

heart,
Whose little heart, is moor'd within a hook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh, 600
Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
And whence thou may'st import *eternal* wealth;

605
And leave to *beggard* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
Thou *stranger* to the *world*! thy tour *begin*;
Thy tour through *nature's* universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large, 610
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles spacious *earth*, tden travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my * Promethæus, from thy pointed rock 615

Of *false* ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *stars*;
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.
Above our atmosphere's intestine wars, 620
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;

* Night the Eighth.

Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
 'he brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
 That forms the crooked lightning; above the
 caves 625

Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
 And tune their tender voices to that roar,
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
 Above misconstrued omens of the sky,
 Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;
 Elance thy thought, and think of more than
 man. 630

Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
 Blighted by blasts of earth's unwhol some air,
 Will blossom here; spread all her faculties
 To these bright ardours; every power unfold,
 And rise into sublimities of thought. 635
Stars teach, as well as shine. At nature's birth,
Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to man."
 Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
 The *Stars* will light thee; though the *Mean*
 should fail.

Where are thou, more benighted! more al-
 tray! 640

In ways immortal? The *Stars* call thee back;
 And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right
 This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd
 aright

'Tis nature's system of divinity,
 And every student of the *Night* inspires. 645
 'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
 Lorenzo! with my *Radius* (the rich gift
 Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
 Its various lessons; some may surprize 650
 An un-adept in mysteries of Night;
 Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
 Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
 Bulls, lions, 'corpsions, monsters here we feign;
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what
 here 655

Exists indeed!—a lecture to mankind.
 What read we here?—Th' existence of a
 God?

Yes, and of other beings, man above;
 Natives of *Aether*! Sons of higher climes!
 And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
 Eternity is written in the skies. 660
 And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! *Thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor Faith alone,
 Virtue grows here; here springs the sovereign
 cure

Of almost every vice; but chiefly *Thine*; 665
Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure Desire.
 Lorenzo! Thou canst wake at midnight too,
 Though not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition, Pleasure!*
 Those tyrants I for Thee so lately fought;
 Afford their harra's'd slaves but slender rest. 670
 Thou to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of
 day;

Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commencing one of our *Antipodes*!
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt, 675

* *Night the Eighth.*

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Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
 And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
 If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
 To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
 Than to light revellers from shame to shame, 680
 And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
 Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire,
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm 685
 Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
 Rushes omnipotence?—To curb our *pride*;
 Oor *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
 Whole love lets down these silver chains of
 light;

To draw up man's *ambition* to himself, 690
 And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
 Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
 And welcom'd on heaven's coast with most ap-
 plause,
 An *humble, pure, and heavenly-minded* heart,
 Are here inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too
 long? 695

Nor stands thy *wrath*, depriv'd of its re-
 proof,

Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
 The planets of each system represent
 Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
 Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd: 700
 Enlightening, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
 Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
 None sins against the welfare of the whole;
 But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
 Affords an emblem of *millennial* love. 705
 Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
 Was e'er created solely for itself:
 Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race, 710
 Thou most inflammable! Thou waif of men!
 Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
 As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
 'Tis *nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
 Breeds all that un-celestial discord there. 715
 Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
 Canst thou descend from converse with the skies
 And seize thy brother's throat?—For what—
 a *clod*,

An inch of *earth*? The planets cry "Forbear,"
 They chace our double darkness; *nature's*
 gloom, 720

And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.
 And see, *day's* amiable sister sends
 Her invitation, in the softest rays
 Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
 Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's
 blaze. 725

Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
 With *gain* and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opens the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
 Which gives those venerable scenes full
 weight, 730

And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
 While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;

3 A

And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow, 755
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, This moment,
feel;

With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wise!
Then into transport starting from her trance, 740
With love, and admiration, how she glows!

This gorgeous apparatus! This display!
This ostentation of creative power!

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd, 745

For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation; and adore?

One sun by day, by night *Ten thousand* shine:
And light us deep into the Deity;

How boundless in magnificence and might! 750
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,

Form turns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!

Nor tames *there*: I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts; 755

Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?

Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!

Inanimate, all-animating birth! 760
Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy

praise!
All praise! praise *were* than human! nor deny'd

Thy praise *Divine*!—But though man, drown'd
in sleep,

With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and ling, un-

heard 765
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,

In This His universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,

That shed religion on the soul; at once,
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher*! O how loud 770

It calls devotion! genuine growth of *right*!
Devotion! daughter of astronomy!

An *undevout astronomer* is mad.
True; All things speak a God; but in the small,

Men trace out *Him*; in great, *He* seizes man; 775
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills

With new inquiries; 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all

Ye star'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is
it? 780

What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud
arch,

(Within whose azure palace they dwell),
Built with divine ambition! in disdain

Of limit built! but in the taste of heaven!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd

A meet apartment for the Deity?— 785
Not so: That thought alone thy state unpairs,

Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,
And straightens thy *diffuse*; dwarfs the whole,

And makes an universe an *Ortery*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on
man, 790

Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O *Nature*! wide flies off the expanding round.

As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;

The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds; 795
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies;

Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies
off,

And leaves a mighty void, a specious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd

Thy luminaries triumph, and assume 800
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,

Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,

From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *senfe*;
For sure, to *senfe*, they truly are divine; 805

And half-abolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*

In those, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;

But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and
thought 810

What was their highest, must be their ador'd.
But They how *weak*, who could no higher

mount?

And are there then, Lorenzo! those, to whom
Unseen, and Unexistent are the same?

And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness, to believe?

Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside
All measure in His work; stretch'd out His line

So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as He took delight in wide extremes) 820

Deep in the bottom of His universe,
Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man*,

To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene:—
That man might ne'er presume to plead amaze-

ment 825
For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.

Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *mysteries* descend

From *un-mysterious*? Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie

More obvious than Created, to the grasp 830
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful

Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent.
Could we conceive *Him*, God He could not be;

Or He not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
A God alone can comprehend a God; 835

Man's distance how immense! On *such* a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! ('eem it ne'er so strange)

Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is true.

The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And every star sheds light upon thy creed.

These stars, this furniture, this coast of heaven,
If but *rejoiced*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;

But thine eye tells thee, the *romance* is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath, 845

In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief*.
How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes

The moral emanations of the skies,

While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo le's admires!
Has the Great Sovereign sent ten thousand
worlds 850

To tell us, *He* resides above them All,
In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnificent embassy
Amoment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear 855
From whom they come, or what they would im-
part

For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to
pole. 860

Who sees, but is confounded, or convince'd?
Renounces *Reason*, or a God adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to see:
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid. 865
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinnions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: She gave
A make to man directive of his thought; 870
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there."
Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
When like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by
flames,

It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight. 875
Lesson how various! Nor the God alone,
I see His *Ministers*; I see, diffus'd
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heavenly liveries, distinctly clad, 880
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings out-
spread,

Listening to catch the Master's least command;
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!--Well conceiv'd 885
By *Pagan*, and by *Christian*! O'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *Mind*, 890
For which alone Inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son,
Far liker the great Sire!--'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors number'd,
As much, in *Excellence*, above mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
On every beam we see, to walk with men. 900
Aweful reflection! Strong restraint from ill!

Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From the ethereal glories *Sense* surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue
vault;

With just attention is it view'd? We feel 905
A sudden succour, unimplur'd, unthought;
Nature herself does halt the work of *Misery*.

Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean, excavated grots, 910
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* structure, or the scoop of *Time*;
If ample of dimension, vast of size,
Ev'n *These* an aggrandizing impulse give:
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights 915
Ev'n *These* insule---But what of vast in *These*?
Nothing;---or we must own the skies forgot,
Much less in *Art*!----Vain *Art*! Thou pigmy
power!

How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
To shew thy littleness! What childish toys, 920
Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds!
Thy basin'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *Capitals*! or *Those*
Where three days travel left us much to ride; 925
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way!
Yet *These* affect us in no common kind. 930
What then the force of such superior scenes?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from *This* the Deity has built?
A *Good Man* seen, though silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise: 935
In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God,
To man abandon'd, "Hast thou seen the skies?"

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design 940
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day, 945
And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend;
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief, 950
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *Plots*, and foul *Conspiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood. 955
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do?---Suppress it?---or proclaim?
Why *sleepest* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men. 960
Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to their chaste eyes of
heaven;

Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight,
Were moon, and stars, for villains *only* made?
To guide, yet *freeze* them, with tenebrous light? 96

No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *Wise*.
Those ends were answer'd once; when man
liv'd

Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent

In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
Those ancient sages, *Human* stars! they met
Their brothers of the *Skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd,
they'd.

The *Stagirite*, and Plato, He who drank
The poison'd bowl, and He of Tusciculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks;
An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men. 970
They took their nightly round, through radiant
paths

By Seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in Their bright footsteps here: below;
To walk in worth still brighter than the *Skies*.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*; 985
Of hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themselves*.
Through various *Virtues*, they, with ardour,
ran

The *Zodiac* of their learn'd illustrious lives.
In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Jagon* zeal!
A needful, but opprobrious prayer! as much
Our *Ardour* Less, as Greater is our *Light*.
How monstrous This in *Morals*! Scarce more
strange

Would this *Phenomenon* in nature strike
A *Sun*, that froze her, or a *Star*, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the mortal world?
To these thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive
thee; 1000

And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.--- They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery:
That, wide it is to comprehend the whole:
That, *Virtue*, rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The single base of *Virtue* built to heaven: 1005
That God, and *Nature*, our attention claim:
That, *Nature* is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
That, *Mind* immortal loves immortal aims: 1010
That, boundless *Mind* affects a boundless *Space*:
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man. 1015
Such are their *d Arines*; such the *Night* inspir'd.

And what more true? What truth of greater
weight?

The soul of man was made to walk the *skies*;
Delightful outlet of her prison *Here*!
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties 1020
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor as a stranger, does she wander there; 1025
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their economy divine,

Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss. 1030
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself at home amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise. 1035

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?
As *Earth* the body, since, the *Skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble pasture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exalts,
And riot through the luxuries of thought.

Call it, The Garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; moral fruit to man.
Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-
priest, 1045

Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a true astrology;
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense, 1050
In which alone stars govern human fates.
O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And reluc'd *Monarchs* from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how generous in a foe! 1055
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a
God,

And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for foreigners,
Bastile thy Tutor: Grandeur all thy aim? 1060
As yet thou know'st not what it is: how great,
How glorious, then, appears the *Mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
And what it seems, it is: Great objects make
Great minds, enlarge as their views enlarge; 1065
These still more Godlike, as *These* more divine.

And more divine than *These*, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
1070

An Eden, this! a Paradise *unlost*!
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life*!
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our taste; 1075
No *Flaming Sword* denies our entrance *Here*;
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo! much of *Moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* glories of the *skies*, 1080
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finish his aerial towers;
Wisdom and *Choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own. 1085
Though splendid all, no splendor void of use;
Use rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Power*;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
The great Oeconomist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise 1090

How rich the prospect ! and for ever new !
 And *newest* to the man that views it *now* ;
 For newer still in infinite succeeds.
 Then, these aerial racers, O how swift !
 How the shaft lingers from the strongest string !

1095

Spirit alone can distance the career.
 Orb above orb ascending without end !
 Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd !
 Wheel, within Wheel ; Ezekiel ! like to thine !
 Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream ;
 Though *seem*, we labour to believe it *true* !
 What involution ! what extent ! what swarms
 Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth* ! immensely

great !

Immensely distant from each other's spheres !
 What, then, the wondrous *Space* through which
 they roll ?

1105

At once it quite ingulphs all human thought ;
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here ;
 Through this illustrious chaos to the sight.
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.

1110

The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless allies of mankind,
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere :

What knots are ty'd ! How soon are they dis-

solv'd,

And set the seeming marry'd planets free !

1115

They rove for ever, without error rove ;
 Confusion unconfus'd ! nor less admire

This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !
 In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !

1120

What fervid action, yet no noise ! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their Lord ;

Or hush'd by *His* command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall lost beams on human rest,

Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
 In exultation to *Their* God, and *Thine*,

1125

They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
 Eternal celebration of *His* praise.

But, since their *Song* arrives not at our ear,
 Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight

Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerless power.

1130

Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* turns they take,
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,

Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence* ;
 To *Gods*, how great ! how legible to *Man* !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?

1135

Where are the pillars that support the skies ?
 What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props

Th' incumbent load ? what magic, what strange
 art,

In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains ?
 Who would not think them hung in golden

chains ? ---

And so they are ; in the high will of heaven,
 Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,

Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,
 Or nought of all ; if *such* the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn

1145

The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
 And towering Alps, all tost into the sea ;

And, light as down, or volatile as air,
 Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
 In time, and measure, exquisite ; while all

1150

The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
 Tune their sonorous instruments aloft ;

The concert swell, and animate the ball.
 Would this appear amazing ? What, then,

worlds,

In a far thinner element sustain'd,

1155

More rapid movement, and for noblest ends ?
 More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars

The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
 On which angelic delegates of heaven,

1160

At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
 Discharge high trusts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love* ;

To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
 And acts most solemn still more solemnize ?

Ye Citizens of air ! what ardent thanks,

1165

What full effusion of the grateful heart,
 Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight !

A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !
 It drops *new* truths at every *new* survey !

Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,

1170

That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres
 Measure duration, they no less inspire

The Godlike hope of ages without end,
 The boundless *Space*, through which these rovers

take

Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought

1175

Of boundless *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's*
 skill,

To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
 Eternity, finds entrance at the *Sight* :

And an *Eternity*, for man ordain'd,
 Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,

1180

The *Stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
 Nature *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.

Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
 To *disappoint* it ? --- That is blasphemy.

Thus, of thy creed a second article,

1185

Momentous, as the existence of a God,
 Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought ;

And thou may'st read thy *Soul* immortal, *Here*.
 Here, then, Lorenzo ! on these glories dwell ;

Not want the gilt, illuminated, roof.

1190

That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark delights.
Assemblies ? --- This is one divinely bright ;

Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
 Range through the fairest, and the Sultan's court.

He, wise as *Thou*, no *Crescent* holds so fair,

1195

As that, which on his turbant awes a world ;
 And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him,

Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
 A mind superior to the charms of *Power*.

Thou muffled in delusions of this life !

1200

Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
 From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,

And purify from stench his watery realms ?
 And fails her *moral* influence ? wants she power

To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought

1205

From stagnating on *Earth's* infected shore,
 And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart ?

Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven ?

Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *Earth's* joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for *Unseen*, 1210
And defecate from *Sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence, un-deflower'd,

The *Life* of life, the *Zest* of worldly bliss:
All else on earth amounts---to what? To *This*:
"Bad to be *Suffer'd*; blessings to be *Left*:" 1215
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!--Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!--Thought too is wilder'd here;
In mid-way flight imagination tires; 1220
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So great the pleasure, so profound the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same *Manna*, mingle earth and heaven. 1225

How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
So distant (says the sage), 't were not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight. 1230
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever: who can satiate sight
In such a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height,

breadth,
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count 1235
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition*! boast thy boundless might
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet *Lorenzo* calls for miracles, 1240
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is already thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *Miracle*?--'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind; 1245
And while it *satisfies*, it *condemns* too.
To common sense, great *Nature's* course proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls asleep,
A *Miracle* is sent, as an alarm;
To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again, 1250

By recent argument, but not more strong.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *show*, or to *repeat*?
To make a sun, or *stop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back 1255
The flaming courier to the frighted *East*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In *Ajalon's* lust, flowery vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to *create*. 1260
From *Adam's* bower look down through the
whole train

Of miracles;--reflexless is their power?
They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey,
If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen, 1265
If seen with human eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *Spangles* here: the *Fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *Nature* governs all?"
The *Course* of *Nature* is the *Art* of God.
The miracles thou call'st for, *Thou* art; 1270

For say, could *Nature* *Nature's* course control?
But, miracles apart, whose sees him not,
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide and End!
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
But must inquire--"What hand behind the
scene, 1275

"What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
"Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
"Who bow'd them flaming through the dark
"profound, 1280
"Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew,

1285
"Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And set the bosom of *Old Night* on fire?
"Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with
man)

"Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their
"names? 1290

"Appoints their post, their marches, and re-
"turns

"Punctual at stated periods? who disbands
"These veteran troops, their final duty done,

"If e'er disbanded?"--He, whose potent word, 1295

Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the field, 1295
Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When *brighter* flames shall cut a darker night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God, 1300
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres
And one eternal curtain cover all!

Struck at that thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid 1305
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *Dividers of my Time*! Ye bright:
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair Kalendar distinctly mark'd! 1310
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against
him;

Since *You*, and yours, roll on, though man stands
still;

Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *Wisdom*; now beyond 1315
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence: sweeps aside
The snare keen *Appetite*, and passion spread
To catch thy ray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose *Folly* would undo what *Age* has done! 1320
Aid then, aid, all ye stars!--Much rather, Thou,
Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight, 1325
With such an *Index* fair as none can miss,
Who lists an eye, nor sleeps till it is closed.

Open mine eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they are, un-alter'd through the glass 1330

Of worldly wishes. *Time, Eternity!*
(Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.

Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it is; 1335
And let *Eternity's* full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.
When shall I see far more than charms me now?
Gaze on creation's model in *Thy* breast

Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile, foreign, dust, which smother's all
That travel *Earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her *Asiethesis* in Thee?

Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
To wake thy *dead devotion* was my point;
And how I bless *night's* consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn an *universe*; 1350

Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth!
In every form, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray! 1355
And what a God must dwell in such a fane!

O what a genius must inform the skies!
And is Lorenzo's salamander heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?
O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers, 1360
On heaven's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no

more,
Who blaze, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears; assist my song;
Pour your whole influence; exorcise his heart,
So long possess'd; and bring him back to man, 1365

And is Lorenzo a demurrer still?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to

shame.
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's head than heart,
A faithless heart, how despicably small! 1370
Too freight, ought great, or generous, to re-

ceive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self*!
And self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!
Insights and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there; or *they* alone, 1375

Rais'd apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere,
Where, order, wisdom, goodness, providence,
Their endless miracles of love display,

And promise all the truly-great desire. 1380
The mind that would be happy, must be great;
Great, in its wishes; great, in its surveys.

Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall em-
brace. 1385

A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth*;
Diving contemplate, and become *divine*.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is an approach to woe;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide, 1390
And let in *manhood*; let in *happiness*;

Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a man.
Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees; --- 1395

Man's heart is a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound: erect thine eye;
See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!
Besieg'd by *nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!

Inclod'd by these innumerable worlds, 1400
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence.

How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free! 1405

This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But, faith in God impos'd, and preis'd on man?

Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate cause, 1410
Spite of these numerous, awful, witnesses,
And doubt the *desolation* of the skies?

O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate, 1415

With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some with they *did*; but no man *disbelieves*.

God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike
These gross, material organs; God by man 1420
As much is seen, as man a God can see.

In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Concertion of design, how exquisite!

How complicate, in their divine police! 1425
Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
Each attribute of these material gods,

So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man. 1430

Lorenzo! this may seem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof

Of this great master moral of the *skies*,
Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it *there*? 1435
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,

Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,

And, for thy notice, struggle with the world. 1440
Retire; --- the world shut out; --- thy thoughts call

home; ---
Imagination's airy wing repress; ---
Lock up thy *senses*; --- let no *passion* stir; ---

Wake all to *reason*; --- let her reign alone;
Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the depth 1445
Of *nature's* silence, midnight, thus inquire,

As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
In *nature's* channel, thus the questions run.
"What am I? and from whence? --- I nothing

know,
"But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude 1450

- " Something *eternal*; had there e'er been *naught*,
 " *Naught* still had been: *eternal* there *must* be,---
 " But *what* *eternal*?---Why not *human* *race*?
 " And *Adam's* *ancestors* without an end?---
 " That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link
 1455
 " Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;
 " Can every *part* *depend*, and not the *whole*?
 " Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties rise;
 " I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
 " Whence *earth*, and these bright *orbs*?---*Eternal*
 too?
 " Grant *matter* was *eternal*; still these *orbs*
 " Would want some other father;---much design
 " Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
 " *Design* implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
 " That can't be from *themselves*---or *man*; that
 art
 1465
 " Man scarce can comprehend, could man be-
 " flow?
 " And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.---
 " Who, *motion*, foreign to the finallest grain,
 " Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 " Who bid brute *matter's* restive lump assume
 1470
 " Such various forms, and give it wings to fly?
 " Has *matter* *innate* motion? then each atom,
 " Asserting its indisputable right
 " To dance, would form an universe of dust:
 " Has *matter* *none*? Then whence these glorious
 forms
 " And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and
repeal'd?
 " Has *matter* *more* than motion? has it thought,
 " Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
 " In *mathematics*? Has it fram'd *such* laws,
 " Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
 1480
 " If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,
 " Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man*?
 " If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
 " And that with greater far, than human skill;
 " Resides not in each block;---a Godhead reigns.
 1485
 " Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind;
 " That granted, all is solv'd---But, granting that,
 " Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
 " Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
 " A being without origin, or end?--- 1490
 " Hail, human liberty! There is no God---
 " Yet, why? On either scheme that knot sub-
 " sists;
 " Subsist it *must*, in God, or *human* *race*:
 " If in the last, how many knots beside,
 " Indissoluble all?---Why choose it *there*,
 " Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand
 " more?
 " Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
 " Dispers'd leave *reason's* whole horizon clear;
 " This is not *reason's* dictate; *reason* says,
 " Close with the side where *one* grain turns the
 scale;
 1500
 " What vast preponderance is here! can reason
 " With louder voice exclaim---*Believe* a God?
 " And *reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
 " What things impossible must man think true,
 " On any other system! and how strange 1505
 " To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!
 " If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
 " Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
 " And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
 " And, if a God there is, that God how great!
 1510
 " How great that power, whose providential care
 " Though these bright *orbs*' dark centres dart a
 ray!
 " Of *nature* universal threads the whole!
 " And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
 " Through little, on the footstool of his throne!
 1515
 " That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
 " From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
 " This distant *earth*? Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
 " Where, ends this mighty building? Where, be-
 gin
 " The suburbs of *Creation*? Where, the wall 1520
 " Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
 " Of non-existence? Nothing's strange abode!
 " Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
 " His slacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
 " Weigh'd *worlds*, and measur'd *infinite*, no more!
 1525
 " Where, rears his *terminating* pillar high
 " Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
 " In characters illustrious as the sun,
 " I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
 " The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:
 1530
 " Shout, all ye gods! nor shout ye gods alone;
 " Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
 " That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths re-
 " sound!
 " Refound! refound! ye depths, and heights, re-
 " found!"
 " Hard are those questions;---Answer harder
 still. 1535
 " Is *this* the sole exploit, the single birth,
 " The solitary son of *power* *divine*?
 " Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
 " Impregnated the womb of distant *space*?
 " Has *He* not bid, In various provinces, 1540
 " Brother-Creations the dark bowels burst
 " Of *night* *primæval*; barren, now, no more?
 " And *He* the central sun, transpiercing all
 " Those *giant-generations*, which disport,
 " And dance, as *moles*, in his meridian ray; 1545
 " That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 " In that *abyss* of *horror*, whence they sprung,
 " While *Chaos* triumphs, repossess of all
 " Rival *creation* ravish'd from his throne?
 " Chaos! of *nature* both the womb, and grave! 1550
 " Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too
 wide?
 " Is this *extravagant*?---No; this is *just*;
 " Just, in *conjecture*, though 't were false in *fact*.
 " If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 " From noble root, high thought of the Most-High,
 1555
 " But wherefore error? who can prove it such?---
 " He that can set Omnipotence a bound.

Can man *conceive* beyond what *God* can *do*?
 Nothing, but *quite impossible* is *hard*.
He summons into being, with like ease, 1560
 A whole *creation*, and a single *grain*.
 Speaks he the word? a thou and worlds are born!
 A thousand worlds? there's space for millions

more;
 And in what space can his great *fat* fall?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge 1565
 The warm *imagination*: why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our
 hearts

With fuller admiration of *that power*,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
 swell?

Why not indulge in *His* augmented praise? 1570
 Darts not *His* glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to *Chaos*, and the realms
 Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast;
 And, though most *talkative*, makes no report?
 Still seems my thought enormous? Think 1575
 again;

Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief.
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
 Have they not led us in the deep disclose
 Of fine-spun *nature*, exquisitely small,
 And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*? 1580
 If then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
 In *magnitude*, what mind would mount too far,
 To keep the balance, and creation *poise*?

Defect alone can err on such a theme;
 What is too great, if we the *cause survey*? 1585
 Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
 And finds herself but at the centre still!

I Am, thy name! *existence*, all *thine own*!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if stov'd 1590
 "The thin, the *fleeting atmosphere* of *God*."

O for the voice---of what? of whom?---What
 voice

Can answer to my want, in such ascent,
 As dares to deem one universe too small?
 Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows, 1595
 Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
 Is not this home creation, in the map

Of universal *nature*, as a speck,
 Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
 Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size, 1600
 But, elow here, far out-measur'd, far outshone?
 In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)

Canst thou not figure it, an *Isle*, almost
 Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
 Sever'd by mighty seas of *un-built* space 1605
 From other *realms*; from ample *continents*

Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
 Less *northern*, less remote from Deity,
 Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;

Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth,
 Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
 Of *human* worth, but ripen soon to gods?

Yet why drown *fancy* in such depths as these?
 Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
 The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too 1615
 small.

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Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen*?
 Full ample the dominions of the 'un!
 Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about 1620
 him.

Farther and *after* than a thought can fly,
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
 This Heliopolis, by greater far,
 Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
 And *He* alone who built it can destroy. 1625

Beyond this *city* why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!

O what voluminous instruction here! 1630
 What page of wisdom is deny'd him? None;
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
 Nor is *instruction*, here, our only gain;
 There dwell a noble *passion* in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our 1635
 hearts,

How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Though silent loud! heard earth around; above
 The planets heard; and not unheard in hell; 1640
 Hell has her wonder, though too proud to
 praise.

Is *earth*, then, more infernal? has she those
 Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?
 Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engaged,
 Ne'er ask'd the *moon* one question; never 1645
 held

Least correspondence with a single star:
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*
 Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
 Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
 Engrois'd his whole devotion; *stars* malign, 1650
 Which make the fond *astronomer* run mad;

Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd 1655
 The lifted hand to Luna, or pur'd out

The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs
 All sacrifice! O Thou Great Jove unfeign'd;
 Divine Instructor; Thy *first* volume, *this*,
 For man's perusal; all in Capitals! 1660
 In *moon*, and *stars* (heaven's golden alphabet!)

Emblaz'd to seize the sight: who *runs*, may *read*;
 Who *reads*, can *understand*: 'Tis unconfin'd
 To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
 In language universal, to Mankind: 1665
 A language, lost to the learn'd; yet plain

To those that feed the flock, or guide the
 plough,

Or, from his hulk, strike out the bounding grain.
 A language, worthy the Great Mind, that
 speaks!

Preface, and comment, to the *sacred page*! 1670
 Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
 As pre-supposing his first lesson *there*,
 And scripture tell a *fragment*, that unread.

B

Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise;
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by
Thee.

By Thee *much* open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
Say, gentle Night! whose modest, maiden
beams

Give us a *new* creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight; 1680
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and lets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by
day

Behind the proud, and envious star of noon! 1685
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—And
shew

The Mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich *regalia* pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on every side--- 1690
O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!
As the chae'd hart, amid the blank
Of solitary joys. Say, goddess! where? 1695
Where blazes His bright court? Where burns His
throne?

Thou know'st; for thou art near Him; by Thee,
round

His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The table curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing, 1700
Who travel far, discover where He dwells?
A star His dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves, 1705
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find
Him?

The courtiers keep the secret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from
them.

I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant
scale, 1710

From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
For man's ascent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the Great God of all.

In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car, 1715
From *earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd *earth* recedes;
I pass the *moon*; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage 1720
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.

I pause at every *planet* on my road,
And ask for Him who gives their orbits to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's
ring, 1725

In which, of *earth's* an army might be lost,
With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
Amid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life, 1730

Through their wide empires!—What behold I
now?

A wilderness of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun; 1735
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.
Not is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur on his works, whence *felix* sought
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher; 1740
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to
Him)

O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?
Pause, then; and, for a moment, here re-
pire---

If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?—Where is *earth*?—Nay, where
art Thou,

O *sun*? Is the sun turn'd recluse?—And are
His boasted expeditions short to mine?—
To mine how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So *much* a stranger, and so late arriv'd, 1750
How can man's curious spirit not enquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,

Of this so-foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd? 1755

"O ye, as distant from my little home,
As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
Far from my native element I roam,
In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
What province This, of His immense do-
main, 1760

Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are
you?

"A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
By frequent visit from heaven's neighbouring
realms,

"To secondary gods, and half divine?— 1765
Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
Far other life you live, far other tongue
You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you
think,

"Than man. How various are the works of
God!
But say, *what* though? is *reason* here in-
thron'd, 1770

"And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?
Have you *two* lights? or need you no *re-
veal'd*?

"Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?

"Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedi-
gree, 1775

"And ask their Adams---" *Who would not be
wise?*

"Or, if your mother fell, are you *redeem'd*?
And if, *redeem'd*---is your Redeemer *scorn'd*?

"Is this your final residence? if not, 1780
Change you your scene, *translated*? or by *death*?

"And if by *death*; what *death*?—Know you
disease?

" Or horrid war?---With war, this fatal hour,
 " Euroua, groans (so call we a small field,
 " Where kings run mad.) In *Our* world, death
 " deputed

" Intemperance to do the work of *Age*; 1785
 " And hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
 " As flow of execution, for dispatch
 " Sends forth *Imperial* butchers; bids them slay
 " Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd be-
 " fore),

" And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal. 1790
 " Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
 " With *you*, can rage for plunder make a god?
 " And *bloodshed* wash out every other stain?---
 " But *You*, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter
 " gross

" Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad 1795
 " In fine-pun *Ether*, privileg'd to soar,
 " Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
 " The lot of man! How few of human race
 " By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
 " Self-war eternal! Is your painful day 1800
 " Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still

" Raw candidates at school? And have you those
 " Who disaffect *Reveries*, as with *Us*?
 " But what are *We*? You never heard of *Man*;
 " Or *Earth*, the *Bedlam* of the universe! 1805
 " Where *Reason* (un-diseas'd with *You*) runs
 " mad,

" And nurses *Folly's* children as *her* own;
 " Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
 " Of *Holiness*, where reason is pronounc'd
 " *Infalible*; and *thunders*, like a god; 1810
 " Ev'n *there*, by *Saints*, the *Dæmons* are outdone;
 " What *These* think wrong, our *Saints* refine to
 " right;

" And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
 " Satan, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles.---
 " But *This*, how strange to *You*, who know not
 " *Man*!

" Has the least rumour of *our* race arriv'd?
 " Call'd *here* *Elijah* in his flaming car?
 " Past by you the good *Enoch*, on his road
 " To those fair fields, whence *Lucifer* was hur'd;
 " Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his def-
 " cent, 1820

" Stain'd your pure crystal *Ether*, or let fall
 " A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
 " O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad
 " orb

" Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
 " Then blacken'd *Earth* with footsteps foul'd in
 " hell,

" Nor wash'd in *Ocean*, as from *Rome* he past
 " To *Britain's* isle; *too, too*, conspicuous *There*?
 " But this is all digression: where is *He*,
 " That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hur'd
 " To groans, and chains, and darkness? Where is
 " *He*. 1830

" Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 " He, Whom, while man is *Man*, he can't but
 " seek;

" And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
 " For a telescope his throne to reach!
 " Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth*! or blest *Above*! 1835

Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
 Where, your Great Master's orb? His planets,
 where?

Those *conscious* Satellites, those *Morning Stars*,
 First-born of Deity! from central I ve,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off; 1840
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still approaching circles, still *remote*,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal Sire? 1845
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations---in what latitude?---Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!--And on what
 High errands sent?---Here *human* effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to *His* throne. 1850

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
 Born in an age more Curious than Devout;
 More fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path, 1855
 That leads me to my point: *Lorenzo* I know,
 Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their guide,
 Who worship God, shall find him. Humble *Love*,
 And not proud *Reason*, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud *Science* fails. 1860

Man's science is the culture of his heart;
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths
 Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
 Either to know, is an attempt that lets
 The wisest on a level with the fool. 1865

To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here*!)
 Past doubt is deep philosophy *Above*;
 Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
 As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.
 For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence 1870
 (So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in All!
 In *Man*! in *Earth*! in more amazing *Skies*!
 Teaching this lesson, *Pride* is loth to learn---

" Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
 " Mankind was born to Wonder, and Adore." 1875
 And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,
 Than that which struck us from our past surveys?

Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
 From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
 Have I learn'd nothing?---Yes, *Lorenzo*! 1880
 This;

Each of these stars is a religious house;
 I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise;
 And heard *Hosannas* ring through every sphere,
 A seminary fraught with future gods.

Nature all o'er is consecrated ground, 1885
 Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
 The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
 With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise

Beneath *His* genial ray; and, if escap'd 1890
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the *skies*
 And is *Devotion* though! too much on *earth*,
 When beings, so superior, homage *best*,
 And *triumph* in prostration to The Throne? 1895

But wherefore more of planets, or of *stars*;
 Æthereal journeys, and, discover'd these,

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
 All *Nature* tending incense to The Throne,
 Except the bold Lorenzos of Our sphere? 1900
 Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Bridal, my
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
 Nor fee, of fancy, or of fact, what more
 Invites the Muse---Here turn we, and review 1905
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide:---Then say,
 Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
 "O what a root! O what a branch, is here! 1910
 "O what a Father! What a Family!
 "Worlds! systems! and creations!----And
 creations,
 "In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
 "Great Vine! On Thee, on Thee the cluster
 hangs;
 "The filial cluster! infinitely spread 1915
 "In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
 "And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
 "Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough?)
 "A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 " (And, O! of what dimension! of what
 weight!) 1920
 "Set in one *Signet*, flames on the right hand
 "Of Majesty Divine! The *blazing Seal*,
 "That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,
 "Indelible, His sovereign attributes,
 "Omnipotence, and Love! *That*, passing
 bound: 1925
 "And *This*, surpassing *That*. Nor stop we *Here*,
 "Of Majesty Divine in God, but *Thought* in Man.
 "Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt:
 "If *Greater* aught, *That Greater* all is *Thine*,
 "Dread Sire!----Accept this *Miniature* of
 Thee; 1930
 "And pardon an *Attempt* from mortal thought,
 "In which archangels might have fail'd un-
 blam'd."
 How such ideas of th' Almighty's *Fecker*,
 And such ideas of th' Almighty's *Plan*,
 (Ideas not absurd) dissent the thought 1935
 Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
 The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
 In *Inconceivables* to men, and gods.
 Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
 How *few* must *Mande* cend, when *Gods* adore! 1940
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
 Did I not tell thee, "† We would mount, Lo-
 renzo!
 "And kindle our devotion at the *Stars*?
 And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
 And art all adamant? And dost confute 1945
 All urg'd, with one irrefragable *Smile*?
 Lorenzo! *Mirth* how miserable *here*!
 Swear by the *Stars*, by Him who made them,
 swear,
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*:
 Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt shine; like *Them*,
 shalt rise

* John xv. 1.

† Page 361.

From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
 By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.
 The *Stars*, from whence?---Ask *Chaos*---He can
 tell.
 These bright temptations to idolatry,
 From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their birth;
 Sons of *Deformity*! from fluid dregs
 Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
 And then, to spheres opaque; Then dimly shone;
 Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect*
day.
Nature delights in progress; in advance 1960
 From worse to better; but, when *Minds* al-
 cend,
 Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
 Heaven aids exertion; Greater makes the Great;
 The *voluntary* Little lessens more.
 Obe a *Man*! and thou shalt be a *God*! 1965
 And *Half Self-made*!----Ambition how divine!
 O Thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
 Still undevout? Unkindled?----Though high-
 taught,
 Schol'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
 Rank coward to the fashionable world! 1970
 Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
 Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest
 hell!
 Pride in *Religion* is man's highest praise.
 Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
 Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once, 1975
 Were half so sad, at one benighted mind,
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
 How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night*,
 Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps 1980
 Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
 A scene more sad *Sin* make the darken'd soul,
 All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.
 Though blind of heart, still open is thine
 eye:
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
 Of *Matter's* grandeur, know, one end is *This*,
 To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it----
 "Though *Thou* immensely Great, still Greater
He,
 "Whole breast, capacious, can embrace, and
 lodge,
 "Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme; 1990
 "Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* thought;
 "Creation grasp; and not exclude its Sire!----
 To tell him farther----It behoves him much
 "To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
 "Of being, brighter than a thousand suns: 1995
 "One single ray of *Thought* outlines them
 all.----
 And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
 His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
 Rising, where *Thought* is now deny'd to rise, 2000
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling
 spheres.
 Why then persist?---No mortal ever liv'd
 But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are
 true)
 The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;

Vain, and far worse!---Think Thou, with dying men;

O condescend to think as angels think!

O tolerate a chance for happiness!

Out nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate;

And hell had been, though there had been no God.

Dost thou not know, my new astronomer! 2010

Earth, turning from the Sun, brings night to man?

Man, turning from his God, brings endless night;

Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend, Amend no manners, and expect no peace.

How deep the darkness! and the groan, how loud!

And far, how far, from lambent are the flames!---

Such is Lorenzo's purchase! Such his praise!

The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!

Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,

I've half read o'er the volume of the skies,

For think not thou hast heard all this from me;

My song but echoes what Great Nature speaks.

What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spake, Thus speaks for ever:---"Place, at nature's head,

"A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye, 2025

"Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,

"But, above all, diffuses endless good;

"To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly;

"The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;

"By whom, the various tenants of these spheres, 2030

"Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,

"Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,

"Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)

"At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream;

"Where conflict past redoubles present joy; 2035

"And present joy looks forward on increase:

"And That, on more; no period! every step

"A double boon! a Promise, and a Bliss."

How easy fits this scheme on human hearts!

It suits their make; it soothes their vast desires;

Passion is pleas'd; and Reason asks no more; 2040

'Tis rational! 'tis great!---But what is Thine?

It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!

Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,

Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the

sport 2045

Of Fortune; then the morsel of Despair.

Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'st it well)

What's Vice?---Mere want of compass in our thought,

Religion, what?---The proof of Common-sense.

How art thou whooted, where the Least pre-

vails? 2050

Is it my fault, if these Truths call thee Fool?

And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.

Can neither Shame, nor Terror, stand thy Friend?

And art thou still an insect in the mire?

How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown; 2055

Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee through all

Th' etheral armies; walk'd thee like a God,

Through splendours of first magnitude, arrang'd

On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;

Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of God; 2060

And almost introduc'd thee to The Throne!

And art thou still carousing, for delight,

Rank poison; first, fermenting to mere froth,

And then subsiding into final gall?

To beings of sublime, immortal make, 2065

How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!

Such joy, mere shocking still, the more it charms!

And dost thou chuse what ends ere well-begun;

And infamous, as short? And dost thou chuse

(Thou, to whose palate Glory is so sweet) 2070

To wade into perdition, through contempt,

Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?

For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,

And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;

For, by strong guilt's most violent assault, 2075

Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.

O thou most Aweful Being; and most Vain!

Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!

Though dread Eternity has sown her seeds

Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotical breast; 2080

Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice;

A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled,

Is this the picture of a rational?

This horrid image, shall it be most just?

Lorenzo! No: it cannot,---shall not, be, 2085

If there is force in Reason; or, in Sounds,

Chanted beneath the glimpse of the moon,

A magic, at this planetary hour,

When slumber locks the general lip, and dreams

Thro' senseless mazes hunt souls uninspir'd. 2090

Attend---The sacred mysteries begin---

My solemn Night-born adoration bear;

Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust;

While the stars gaze on this enchantment new,

Enchantment, not infernal, but Divine! 2095

"By Silence, Death's peculiar attribute;

"By Darkness, Guilt's inevitable doom;

"By Darkness, and by Silence, sisters dread!

"That draw the curtain round Night's ebony throne,

"And raise ideas, solemn as the scene! 2100

"By Night, and all of awful, night presents

"To Thought or Sense (of awful much, to both,

"The goddess brings)! By these her trembling

Fire,

"Like Vesta's, ever-burning; and, like hers

"Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure! 2105

"By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,

"And press thee to revere, the Deity;

"Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile

"To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,

"Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,

"Refining gradual, for her final height,

"And purging off some dross at every sphere!

"By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!

"By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most re-

nounc'd,

- " From short ambition's *zenith* set for ever ; 2115
 " Sad preface to vain boasters, now in bloom !
 " By the long list of swift mortality,
 " From Adam downward to this evening knell,
 " Which midnight waves in *fancy's* startled
 " eye ;
 " And shock'd her with an hundred centuries, 2120
 " Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in hu-
 " man thought !
 " By thousands, *now*, resigning their last breath,
 " And calling thee---wert thou so wise to
 " hear !
 " By tombs o'er tombs arising ; human earth
 " Ejected, to make room for---human earth ; 2125
 " The monarch's *terror* ! and the sexton's *trade* !
 " By pompous obsequies that shun the day,
 " The torch funeral, and the nodding *plume*,
 " Which makes poor man's humiliation proud ;
 " Boast of our *ruin* ! triumph of our *dust* ! 2130
 " By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal
 " bones ;
 " And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,
 " More ghastly, through the thick incumbent
 " gloom !
 " By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 " The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave ! 2135
 " By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 " For the grave's shelter ! By despairing men,
 " Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of
 " guilt !
 " By guilt's last audit ! By yon *moon* in blood,
 " The rocking firmament, the falling stars, 2140
 " And thunder's last discharge, great nature's
 " knell !
 " By Second *chaos* and Eternal *night*!--
 " Be wise!--Nor let Philander blame my *charm* ;
 " But own not ill discharg'd my double debt,
 " *Love* to the living ; *duty* to the dead. 2145
 " For know I'm but executor ; he left
 " This moral legacy ; I make it o'er
 " By his command ; Philander hear in me ;
 " And heaven in both.--If deaf to these, O ! hear
 " Florello's tender voice ; his *weal* depends 2150
 " On thy resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;
 " For his sake---love *thyself* ; example strikes
 " All human hearts : a *bad* example more ;
 " More still a father's ; that ensures his ruin.
 " As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove 2155
 " The unnatural parent of his miseries,
 " And make him curse the being which thou
 " gavest ?
 " Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father ?
 " If careless of Lorenzo ! spare, Oh ! spare
 " Florello's father, and Philander's friend ! 2160
 " Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him ;
 " And from Philander's friend the world expects
 " A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
 " Let *passion* do, what nobler *motive* should ;
 " Let *love*, and *emulation*, rise in aid 2165
 " To *reason* ; and persuade thee to be---*blest*.
 " This seems not a request to be deny'd ;
 " Yet (such the infatuation of mankind !)
 " 'Tis the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.
 " Shall I then rise, in argument, and warmth ? 2170
- And urge Philander's posthumous advice,
 From topics yet unbroach'd ?----
 But Oh ! I faint ! My spirits fail !---Not strange !
 So long on wing, and in no middle clime !
 To which my great Creator's glory call'd : 2175
 And calls---but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy
 " wand
 " Has strok'd my drooping lids, and *promises*
 " My long arrears of rest ; the *drowsy* god
 " (Wont to return with our returning *peace*).
 " Will *pay*, ere long, and bless me with repose. 2180
 " Haste, haste, sweet stranger ! from the peasant's
 " cot,
 " The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
 " Whence *fortune* never chac'd thee ; with thee
 " bring,
 " Not hideous visions, as of late ; but draughts
 " Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest : 2185
 " Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath,
 " That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
 " The various movements of this nice-machine,
 " Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 " When tir'd with vain rotations of the day, 2190
 " *Sleep* winds us up for the succeeding dawn ;
 " Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels,
 " Or *death* quite breaks the spring, and motion
 " ends.
 " When will it end with me ?
 " ----" *THOU* only know'st, 2195
 " Thou, whole broad eye the *future*, and the *past*,
 " Joins to the *present* ; making one of *three*.
 " To moral thought ! Thou know'st, and Thou
 " alone,
 " All-knowing!--all-unknown!--and yet well-
 " known !
 " Near, though remote ! and, though unfathom'd,
 " seek !
 " And, though invisible, for ever seen !
 " And seen in all ! the *great* and the *minute* :
 " Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 " Each flower, each leaf, with its small people
 " swarm'd,
 " (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence !) 2205
 " To the first thought, that asks, "*From whence ?*"
 " declare.
 " Their common source. Thou Fountain, running
 " o'er
 " In rivers of communicated joy !
 " Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler
 " themes !
 " Say, by what name shall I presume to call 2210
 " Him I see burning in these countless suns,
 " As Moses, in the *bush* ? Illustrious Mind !
 " The whole creation, less, far less, to Thee,
 " Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
 " How shall I name Thee ?---How my labouring
 " soul
 " Heaves underneath the thought, too big for
 " birth !
 " Great system of perfections ! mighty cause
 " Of causes mighty ! cause uncaus'd ! sole root
 " Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God !
 " First Father of *effects* ! that progeny 2220
 " Of endless series ! where the golden chain's
 " Last link admits a period, who can tell ?
 " Father of all that is or heard, or *hears* !

" Father of all that is or seen, or sees !
 " Father of all that *is*, or *shall* arise ! 2225
 " Father of this immeasurable mass
 " Of matter multiform ; or dense, or rare ;
 " Opaque, or lucid, rapid, or at rest ;
 " Minute, or passing bound ! in each extreme
 " Of like amaze, and mystery, to man. 2230
 " Father of the bright millions of the night !
 " Of which the least full Godhead had pro-
 " claim'd,

" And thrown the gazer on his knee.--Or, say,
 " Is appellation higher still, Thy choice ?
 " Father of *matter's* temporary lord ! 2235
 " Father of *spirits* ! nobler offspring ! sparks
 " Of high paternal glory ; rich endow'd
 " With various faculties, and with various modes
 " Of *insight*, *reason*, *intuition* ; beams
 " More pale, or bright from *divine*, to break

2240
 " The darker matter *organiz'd* (the ware
 " Of all *created* spirit) ; beams, that rise
 " Each over other in superior light,
 " Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
 " Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond 2245
 " (Far sonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
 " Of *intellectual* beings ! beings blest
 " With powers to please Thee ; not of passive ply
 " To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats
 " Of well-adapted joys, in different domes 2250
 " Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;
 " Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
 " Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee :
 " Whole several clans their several climates suit ;
 " And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.

2255
 " Or, Oh ! indulge, immortal King, indulge
 " A title less august indeed, but more
 " Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears,
 " Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !
 " Father of *immortality* to man ! 2260
 " A theme that * lately let my soul on fire--
 " And Thou the Next ! yet equal ! Thou, by
 " whom

" That blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was
 " brought ;
 " Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds
 " Were made ; and one, redeem'd ! illustrious
 " Light

" From Light illustrious ! Thou, whose *regal*
 " power,
 " Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
 " On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
 " O'er move, far more, than diadems and thrones,
 " Inviolably reigns ; the *Dread* of gods ! 2270
 " And Oh ! the *Friend* of man ! beneath whose
 " foot,

" And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 " All regions, revolution, fortunes, fates,
 " Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 " Through the short channels of expiring *time*,
 " 2275

" Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 " Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes) ;
 " Insublute subjection !--And, O Thou
 " The glorious Third ! distinct, not separate !
 " * *Nights the Sixth and Seventh.*

" Beaming from *Both* ! with both incorporate ;
 " And (strange to tell !) incorporate with dust !
 " By condescension, as Thy glory great,
 " Enshrin'd in man ! of human hearts, if pure,
 " Divine inhabitant ! the tie divine
 " Of heaven with distant earth ! by whom I trust,
 " 2285

" (If not inspir'd) unceasur'd this address
 " To Thee, to Them--To whom !--Mysterious
 " Power !

" Reveal'd--yet unreveal'd ! darkness in light ;
 " Number in unity ! our Joy ! our Dread !
 " The *Triple* Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin ! 2290
 " That animates all right, the *Triple* Sun !
 " Sun of the soul ! her never-setting Sun !
 " Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
 " Abconding, yet Demonstrable, Great God !
 " Greater than Greatest ! Better than the Best !
 " 2295

" Kinder than kindest ! with soft *pity's* eye,
 " Or (stronger still to speak it) with *Thine Own*,
 " From Thy bright home, from that high Fir-
 " mament,

" Where Thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;
 " Beyond archangels' unassisted ken ; 2300
 " From far above what mortals highest call ;
 " From elevation's pinnacle ; look down,
 " Through---What ? confounding interval ! thro'
 " all

" And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive ;
 " Through radiant ranks of essences unknown ;
 " 2305

" Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 " Round various banners of Omnipotence,
 " With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd ;
 " Through wondrous beings' interposing swarms,
 " All clustering at the call, To dwell in Thee ;
 " 2310

" Through this wide waste of worlds ! this *vista*
 " vast,

" All fandel o'er with suns ; suns turn'd to *night*
 " Before *thy* feeblest beam--look down--down
 " ---down ;

" On a poor *breathing* particle in dust,
 " Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes. 2315
 " His crimes forgive ! forgive his virtues, too !
 " Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
 " Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 " May see the sun (though night's descending scale
 " Now weighs up *mine*), unpity'd, and unblest !
 " 2320

" In *Thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain ;
 " Pain, our aversion ; pain, which strikes me *now* ;
 " And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 " Though transient, terrible ; at *Thy* good hour,

" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed, 2325
 " My *clay-cold* bed ! by nature, now, so near ;
 " By nature, near ; still nearer by disease--
 " Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave :
 " Let it out-preach the preacher ; every night
 " Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear ; 2330

" That tongue of death---that herald of the tomb !
 " And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 " My *senses*, loath'd, shall sink in soft repose
 " O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul.
 " Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by fate, & 2335

" First, in fate's volume, at the page of man---
 " *Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,*
 " *From side to side, can rest on nought but Thee:*
 " *Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy;*
 " On Thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down 2340
 " Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
 " Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond;
 " For---Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
 " Exult creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
 " That death of death! that cordial of despair!
 2345
 " And loud eternity's triumphant song!
 " Of whom, no more;---For, O thou Patron-
 " God!
 " Thou God and Mortal! thence more God to
 " man!
 " Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
 " Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our
 " praise. 2350
 " Uninjur'd from our praise can He escape,
 " Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
 " The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant
 " earth!
 " Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
 " Against the Cross, Death's iron sceptre breaks!
 2355
 " From famish'd ruin plucks her human prey!
 " Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 " Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 " Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
 " And, if deep human guilt in payment fails; 2360
 " As deeper guilt prohibits our despair!
 " Injoins it, as our due, to rejoice!
 " And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 " * Takes his delights among the sons of men."
 What words are these---And did they come
 from heaven?
 And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this?
 The songs of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wasted in the sound;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart; 2370
 Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.
 This final effort of the moral Muse,
 How justly * titled? nor for me alone: 2375
 For all that read: what spirit of support,
 What heights of Consolation, crown my song!
 Then, farewell Night! of darkness, now, no
 more:
 Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of naught complain 2380
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
 My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death!
 2385
 The thought of death, sole victor of its dread!
 Hope, be thy joy; and probity thy skill;
 Thy patron He, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heaven; Eternity, thy prize:
 And leave the racers of the world their own, 2390
 * The Consolation.

Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
 They part with all for that which is not bread;
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth; 2395
 Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
 Whose lives, whose drift is to forget their graves!
 And when our present privilege is past, 2400
 To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What then must pain us, would preserve us new.
 Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise; 2405
 That is, seize wisdom, ere she eizes thee.
 For what, my small philosopher, is hell?
 'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth,
 When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe:
 And calls Eternity to do her right. 2410
 Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
 And truths divine converting pain to peace.
 My long the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes, 2415
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But avails the flight
 Of saucy, when our hearts remain below?
 Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes,
 'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform. 2420
 To more than words, to more than worth of
 tongue,
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
 An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the just; 2425
 And just are all, determin'd to reclaim.
 Which sets that title high within thy reach.
 Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire; 2430
 When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In Nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
 And Midnight, Universal Midnight! reigns.
 END OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

RESIGNATION

IN TWO PARTS.

" My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with mor-
 " row and fatness? when my mouth praiseth thee
 " with joyful lips." PSALM lxxiii. 6.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
 Of man's too rapid race,
 Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
 A shorter in its place!

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes;
And am I writing still?

Conscious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, Madam: ere to You
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many suns have roll'd:

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see:
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys: the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws;

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia, tell;
Say, long-abandon'd Muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I chuse?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doating on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

VOL. VIII.

O Resignation! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains;
Though claiming every Muse's smile,
And every Poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, solemn shade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
Thou sole support of age!

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious consummation, Thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! The love divine
In evils to discern,
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest, which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall;

The task I dread; dare I to leave
Of humble proe the shore,
And put to sea? a dangerous sea?
What throngs have sunk before!

How proud the poet's billow swells!
The God! the God! his boast:
A boast how vain! What wrecks abound!
Dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I? Shall I presume,
On such a moulden wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
And in my winter, sing;

When nightingales, when sweetest bards
Confine their charming song,
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet write I must; a * Lady sues;
How shameful her request!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the best!

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

The ghost of grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you;

Too well he knows the twisting strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd:

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart as yours to melt.

* Mrs. M.

But what can heart, or head, suggest?
 What sad experience say?
 Through truths austere, to peace we work
 Our rugged, gloomy way:
 What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
 Who know not, needs must mourn;
 But Thought, bright daughter of the skies!
 Can tears to triumph turn.
 Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
 Impenetrable shield,
 When, sent by fate, we meet our foes,
 In sore affliction's field;
 It plucks the frightful mask from ill,
 Forbids pale fear to hide,
 Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
 Which turns affection's tide.
 Affection frail! train'd up by sense,
 From reason's channel strays:
 And whilst it blindly points at peace,
 Our peace to pain betrays.
 Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
 From daily-dying flowers,
 To nourish rich immortal blooms,
 In amaranthine bowers;
 Whence throngs, in extasy, look down
 On what once shock'd their sight:
 And thank the terrors of the past
 For ages of delight.
 All withers here; who most possess
 Are losers by their gain,
 Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
 Life's idle All is vain:
 Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream;
 Did not its course offend,
 But murmur cease; life, then, would seem
 Still vainer, from its end.
 How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
 Have nothing to lament!
 With the poor aims this world affords
 Deplorably content!
 Had got the Greek his world mistook,
 His wish had been most wise;
 To be content with but one world,
 Like him, we should despise.
 Of earth's revenue would you state
 A full account, and fair?
 We hope; and hope; and hope; then cast
 The total up-----

Despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
 Embrace the lot assign'd;
 Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
 Its stroke severe, most kind.
 But in lap'd nature, rooted deep,
 Blind error domineers;
 And on fools errands, in the dark,
 Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
 Our pleasures overprize;
 These oft persuade us to be weak;
 Those urge us to be wise.
 From virtue's rugged path to right
 By pleasure are we brought
 To flowery fields of wrong, and there
 Pain chides us for our fault:
 Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
 If folly is withstood;
 And says, time pays an easy price,
 For our eternal good,
 In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
 And in delusion great,
 What an oeconomist is man
 To spend his whole estate,
 And beggar an eternity!
 For which as he was born,
 More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
 As feathers he should scorn.
 Say not, your loss in triumph leads
 Religion's feeble strife;
 Joys future amply reimburse
 Joys bankrupts of this life.
 But not deferr'd your joy so long,
 It bears an early date;
 Affliction's ready pay in hand,
 Befriends our present state;
 What are the tears, which trickle down
 Her melancholy face,
 Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
 They purchase lasting peace.
 Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
 Impetuous passion tames,
 And keeps insatiate, keen desire
 From launching in extremes.
 Through time's dark womb, our judgment
 right,
 If our dim eye was thrown,
 Clear should we see, the will divine
 Has but forestall'd our own;
 At variance with our future wish,
 Self-fever'd we complain;
 If so, the wounded, not the wound,
 Must answer for the pain:
 The day shall come, and swift of wing,
 Though you may think it slow,
 When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
 You 'll enter frowns of woe.
 For mark the path of Providence;
 This course it has pursued
 "Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
 "Of sound, important good:"
 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
 By strong and endless ties:
 And every sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise:
 'Twill sound severe---Yet rest assur'd
 I'm studious of your peace;
 Though I should dare to give you joy---
 Yes, joy of his decease:

An hour shall come (you question this)
 An hour, when you shall blest,
 Beyond the brightest beams of life,
 Dark days of your distress.

Hear then without surprize a truth,
 A daughter-truth to this,
 Swift turns of fortune often tie
 A bleeding heart to bliss:

Esteem you this a paradox?
 My sacred motto read;
 A glorious truth! divinely sung
 By one, whose heart had bled;

To resignation swift he flew,
 In her a friend he found,
 A friend, which blest him with a smile
 When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
 But what is painful too;
 By travel, and to travel born,
 Our sabbaths are but few:

To real joy we work our way,
 Encountering many a shock,
 Ere found what truly charms; as found
 A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
 Appointment for our sins,
 That mother blessing (not so call'd),
 True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
 By stings of life unvest;
 First rose some quarrel with this world,
 Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent pangs,
 The pangs of happy birth;
 Pangs, by which only can be born
 True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
 Or through time's records run;
 And say, what is a man unstruck?
 It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung --
 My bold pretence is try'd;
 When vain man boasts, Heaven puts to proof
 The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, Madam! your support.---
 How exquisite the smart;
 How critically tim'd the * news
 Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke; I feel:
 If worth like thine, is born,
 O long-below'd! I bless the blow,
 And triumph, whilst I mourn.

* While the Author was writing This, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardson's death, who was then printing the former part of the Poem.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdued
 By reason's empire shown;
 Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,
 Continues by our own;

And when continued past its point,
 Indulg'd in length of time,
 Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,
 Corrupts into a crime:

And shall I, criminally mean,
 Myself and subject wrong?
 No; my example shall support
 The subject of my song.

Madam! I grant your loss is great;
 Nor little is your gain;
 Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
 It richly pays your pain;

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end;
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a Friend.

But such a friend! and sigh no more?
 'Tis prudent; but severe:
 Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop,
 All sorrow---with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth,
 I should not vainly strive,
 But with soft balm your pain assuage,
 Had he been still alive;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,
 In my distress of thought,
 Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page
 And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our passions' secret springs
 Was his peculiar care;
 And deep his happy genius div'd
 In bosoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
 All art beyond, imparts,
 To him presented at his birth,
 The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
 His gentle, smooth address;
 His tender hand to touch the wound
 In throbbing of distress;

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
 With Esculapian art:
 Know, love sometimes, mistaken love!
 Plays disaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
 Can soul from soul divide
 They correspond from distant worlds,
 Though transports are deny'd:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
 Is not your love severe?
 O! stop that crystal source of woe;
 Nor wound him with a tear.

As tho' above human bliss
 Receive increase of joy;
 May not a stroke from human woe,
 In part their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left :--to what ?
 Your, now, paternal care,
 Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
 It will discern him there ;

In features, not of form alone,
 But these, I trust, of mind ;
 Auspicious to the public weal,
 And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd ;
 Revolve his martial woe ;
 And let those prophecy your joy
 From such a father's son :

Is consolation what you seek ?
 Fan, then, his martial fire ;
 And animate to flame the sparks
 Bequeath'd him by his sire :

As nothing great is born in haste,
 Wise nature's time allow ;
 His father's laurels may descend,
 And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam ! be surpris'd to hear
 That laurels may be due
 Not more to heroes of the field,
 (Proud boasters !) than to you :

Tender as is the female frame,
 Like that brave man you mourn,
 You are a soldier, and to fight
 Superior battles born ;

Beneath a banner nobler far
 Than ever was unfurl'd
 In fields of blood ; a banner bright !
 High wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
 An universal light ;
 Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
 On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
 Can mount our glory higher,
 Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
 When those we love expire ?

Go forth a moral Amazon ;
 Arm'd with undaunted thought ;
 The battle won, though costing dear,
 You 'll think it cheaply bought ;

The passive hero, who sits down
 Unactive, and can smile
 Beneath affliction's galling load,
 Out-acts a Caesar's toil :

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
 Inferior praise afford ;
 Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
 More glorious than the sword,

Nor can the thunders of huzzas
 From shouting nations, cause
 Such sweet delight, as from your heart
 Soft whispers of applause :

The dear decas'd so fam'd in arms,
 With what delight he 'll view
 His triumphs on the main outdone,
 Thus conquer'd, twice, by you,

Share his delight ; take heed to shun
 Of bosoms most diseas'd
 That odd distemper, an abus'd
 Reluctance to be pleas'd :

Some seem in love with sorrow's charms,
 And that foul fiend embrace :
 This temper let me justly brand,
 And stamp it with disgrace :

Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
 Thou second-born of hell !
 Against heaven's endless mercies pour'd
 How dar'st thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapours bred
 And nurs'd by want of thought,
 And to the door of frenzy's self
 By perseverance brought,

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
 From brutal eyes have ran ;
 Smiles, incommunicable smiles ;
 Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round
 Th' illumin'd human face ;
 And light in sons of honest joy
 Some beams of Moses' face ;

Is Resignation's lesson hard ?
 Examine, we shall find
 That duty gives up little more
 Than anguish of the mind ;

Resign ; and all the load of life
 That moment you remove,
 Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
 Devolve on one above ;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
 On his almighty hand,
 Softens our duty to relief,
 To blessing a command.

For joy what cause ? how every sense
 Is courted from above
 The year around, with presents rich,
 The growth of endless love ?

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
 Forget the wonders done,
 And terminate, wrapp'd up in sense,
 Their prospect at the sun ;

From that, their final point of view,
 From that their radiant goal,
 On travel infinite of thought,
 Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
 And earth's involving gloom,
 To range at last its vast domain,
 And talk with worlds to come :

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
 Life's idle moments run ;
 And, doing nothing for themselves,
 Imagine nothing done,

Fatal mistake ! their fate goes on,
 Their dread account proceeds,
 And their not-doing is set down
 Amongst their darkest deeds ;

Though man sits still, and takes his ease;
 God is at work on man;
 No means, no moment unemploy'd,
 To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
 To fashion his own fate;
 Man a mere bungler in the trade,
 Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
 Indulgent Father! plead;
 Of all the wretches we deplore,
 Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
 Of love divine the child;
 Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
 Has o'er it fondly smil'd:

Now, and through periods distant far,
 Long ere the world began,
 Heaven is; and has in travel been,
 Its birth the good of man;

Man holds in constant service bound
 The blustering winds and seas;
 Nor suns disdain to travel hard
 Their master, man, to please:

To final good the worst events
 Through secret channels run;
 Finish for man their destin'd course,
 As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
 Has often smote, and smites
 My mind, as demonstration strong;
 That heaven in man delights:

What's known to man of things unseen,
 Of future worlds, or fates?
 So much, nor more, than what to man's
 Sublime affairs relates;

What's Revelation then? a list,
 An inventory just
 Of that poor insect's goods, so late
 Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice!
 To render joy sincere,
 Has this no weight? our joy is felt
 Beyond this narrow sphere;

Would we in heaven new heaven create
 And double its delight?
 A smiling world, when heaven looks down,
 How pleasing in its sight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
 To hear its joyful lays;
 As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
 Its aromatic praise:

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
 Of heaven's avenging rod?
 When we presume to counteract
 A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
 His rod an armistice wand;
 If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
 Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that, it swallows up what'er
 Earth's vain magicians bring,
 Whose baffled arts would boast below
 Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
 Of blessings from thy hand!
 To banish sorrow, and be blest,
 Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
 Of bliss, shall we complain?
 The man, who dares to be a wretch,
 Deserves still greater pain,

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
 The sunshine of the soul;
 Our best encomium on the Power
 Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:
 Be gone, ignoble grief!
 'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
 Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
 And his due distance know;
 Transport's the language of the skies,
 Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
 Is joy and virtue too;
 Thus, whilst good present we possess
 More precious we pursue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
 The more have we to come;
 Joy, like our money, interest bears,
 Which daily swells the sum.

"But how to smile; to stem the tide
 "Of nature in our veins;
 "Is it not hard to weep in joy?
 "What then to smile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
 And struggles through a storm;
 Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
 And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our sex,
 A sex, by nature, bold;
 What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
 Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress?
 And check the rising sigh?
 Yet farther opiate to your pain
 I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
 Ideas of delight,
 Look through the medium of a friend,
 To set your notions right:

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
 Its object dark appears;
 True friendship, like a rising sun,
 The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optick to the mind
 With sorrow clouded o'er;
 And gives it strength of sight to see
 Redress un'een before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air:

A * Friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your distress;

That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these;

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heaven:

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king:
Despotic body reigns:

Have you † ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor Envy! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdued;
And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace:

The peace, which Resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess;
'Tis disbeliev'd by murmuring minds,
They must conclude it less;

The loss, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind?
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd:

While man by that, of every grace,
And virtue, is possess'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast;

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy;
And suffer, with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

* † Mrs. Montagu.

From small experience this I speak;
O! grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye powers
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme!

A theme themselves! A theme, how rare!
The charms, which they display,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array:

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die:
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:

But as those * ladies works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day:

So burst, full ripe, distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;
And from the purple grape unpress'd
Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain;
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wisdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or, genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon shield,—or, power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful shone,
And many a blockhead (easy change?)
Turn'd, instantly, to stone.

Our authors male, as, then, did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden-tree,
Hedge'd-in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addition! with thee
The sun is set; how I rejoice
This sifter lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state;
His lessen'd light, and languid powers,
I show, whilst I relate.

* Mrs. Montagu. Mrs. Carter.

RESIGNATION.

PART II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns!
"In ruffling seasons to be calm,
"And smile, when fortune frowns."

Heaven's choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past enquire,
What the most formidable fate?
"To have our own desire."

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
you wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
With ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown?

No longer impotent, and frail,
Ourselves above we rise:
We scarce believe ourselves below!
We trespass on the skies!

The Lord, the soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and seas;

Beyond us, what can Angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as-----we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
This, the sublime of man!

Beyond the boast of pagan song
My sacred subject shines!
And for a soil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the sun surveys, subdued,
"But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the Resign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law;
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heaven the rest;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own,
What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest'd Martyr's souls
Ascended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? one whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate:

His threatening foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!---at fourscore
My sole ally, thou!

Haste, then, O Resignation! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe, and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile:

O! for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death:

What sight, Heaven's azure arch beneath,
Has most of Heaven to boast?
The man resign'd; at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.

At death's arrival they shall smile
Who, not in life o'er gay,
Serious, and frequent thought send out
To meet him on his way:

My gay Coevals! (such there are)
If happiness is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death dreaded once, desire:

Gland climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise;
Shock'd, when beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturesly dies:

But am not I myself the man?
No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
What cause to blush at home?

In life's decline, when men relax
Into the sports of youth,
The second child out-fools the first,
And tempts the last of truth.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?
Here maidam! let me visit one,
My fault who, partly, shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.
And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Rementment on its foes,
In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.
How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away;
A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honor to lie hid,
Its praise to be forgot.
The wise, as flowers, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When evening damps, and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.
What though your Muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:
Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as * this?
This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss:
Your trash, with mine, at open war,
Is † obstinately bent,
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent;
With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?
Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,
We shudder whilst we praise;
A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.
Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:
Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

* *Candide.*† *Second Part.*

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature starts;
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts:
"But great your name"—To feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.
Can fame your carcase from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save?
But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame!
Nor boast your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is mix'd
A genius for the skies;
Your taste too fails; what most excels
True taste must relish most!
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast?
Sound heads salvation's * helmet seek,
Resplendent are its rays,
Let that suffice; it needs no plume,
Of sublunary praise.
May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—† "All is right,"
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight;
If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are, now, in heaven."
Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me:
Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express:
Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,
I behold passing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:
But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the center to that eye,
To which the sun is night.
As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they shine,
Chase darkness from my soul;

* *Ephes. vi. 17.* † *Which his romance ridicules*

My soul, which reads his hand as clear,
 In my minute affairs,
 As in his ample manuscript
 Of sun, and moon, and stars;
 And knows him not more bent aright,
 To wield that vast machine,
 Than to correct one erring thought
 In my small world within;
 A world, that shall survive the fall
 Of all his wonders here;
 Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
 And leave a darken'd sphere.
 Yon matter gross, how bright it shines!
 For time how great his care!
 Sure spirit and eternity
 Far richer glories share;
 Let those our hearts impress, on those
 Our contemplation dwell;
 On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
 By what I now shall tell:
 When backward with attentive mind
 Life's labyrinth I trace,
 I find him far myself beyond
 Propitious to my peace:
 Through all the crooked paths I trod
 My folly he pursued;
 My heart astray to quick return
 Importunately woo'd;
 Due Resignation home to press
 On my capricious will,
 How many rescues did I meet,
 Beneath the mask of ill!
 How many foes in ambush laid
 Beneath my soul's desire!
 The deepest penitents are made
 By what we most admire.
 Have I not sometimes (real good
 So little mortals know!)
 Mounting the summit of my wish,
 Profoundly plung'd in woe?
 I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
 My plan's defeat to bless:
 Oft I lamented an event;
 It turn'd to my success.
 By sharpen'd appetite to give
 To good intense delight,
 Through dark and deep perplexities
 He led me to the right.
 And is not this the gloomy path,
 Which you are treading now?
 The path most gloomy leads to light,
 When our proud passions bow:
 When labouring under fancy'd ill,
 My spirits to sustain,
 He kindly cur'd with sovereign draughts
 Of unimagined pain.
 Pain'd sense from fancy'd tyranny
 Alone can set us free;
 A thousand miseries we feel,
 Till sunk in misery.
 VOL. VIII.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
 Our wish we relish less;
 Success, a sort of suicide,
 Is ruin'd by success:
 Sometimes he led me near to death,
 And, pointing to the grave,
 Bid terror whisper kind advice;
 And taught the tomb to save:
 To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
 As spangles o'er us shine,
 One day he gave, and bid the next
 My soul's delight resign.
 We to ourselves, but through the means
 Of mirrors, are unknown;
 In this my fate can you descry
 No features of your own?
 And if you can, let that excuse
 These self-recording lines;
 A record, modestly forbids,
 Or to small bounds confines:
 In grief why deep ingulph'd? You see
 You suffer nothing rare;
 Uncommon grief for common fate!
 That wisdom cannot bear.
 When streams flow backward to their source,
 And humble flames descend,
 And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
 Then human sorrows end;
 But human prudence too must cease,
 When sorrows domineer,
 When fortitude has lost its fire,
 And freezes into fear:
 The pang most poignant of my life
 Now heightens my delight;
 I see a fair creation rise
 From chaos, and old night.
 From what seem'd horror, and despair,
 The richest harvest rose;
 And gave me in the nod divine
 An absolute repose.
 Of all the plunders of mankind,
 More gross, or frequent, none,
 Than in their grief and joy misplac'd,
 Eternally are shown.
 But whither points all this parade?
 It says, that near you lies
 A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
 Which you should greatly prize:
 Of self-perusal, science rare!
 Few know the mighty gain;
 Learn'd Prelates, self-unread, may read
 Their Bibles o'er in vain:
 Self-knowledge, which from heaven itself
 (So sages tell us) came
 What is it, but a daughter fair
 Of my maternal theme?
 Unletter'd and untravel'd men
 An oracle might find,
 Would they consult their own contents,
 The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll meet
 A revelation new,
 A revelation personal;
 Which none can read but you.
 There will you clearly read reveal'd
 In your enlighten'd thought,
 By mercies manifold, through life,
 To fresh remembrance brought,
 A mighty Being! and in Him
 A complicated friend,
 A father, brother, spouse; no dread
 Of death, divorce, or end:
 Who such a matchless friend embrace,
 And lodge him in their heart,
 Full well, from agonies exempt,
 With other friends may part:
 As when o'erloaded branches bear
 Large clusters big with wine,
 We scarce regret one falling leaf
 From the luxuriant vine.
 My short advice to you may sound
 Obscure or somewhat odd,
 Though 'tis the best that man can give,—
 "Ev'n be content with God."
 Through love he gave you the decess'd,
 Through greater took him hence;
 This reason fully could evince,
 Though murmur'd at by sense.
 This friend, far past the kindest kind,
 Is past the greatest great;
 His greatness let me touch in points
 Not foreign to your state;
 His eye, this instant, reads your heart;
 A truth less obvious hear;
 This instant its most secret thoughts
 Are sounding in his ear:
 Dispute you this? Oh! stand in awe,
 And cease your sorrow; know,
 That tears now trickling down, He saw
 Ten thousand years ago;
 And twice ten thousand hence, if you
 Your temper reconcile
 To reason's bound, will he behold
 Your prudence with a smile;
 A smile, which through eternity
 Diffuses so bright rays,
 The dimmest daisies e'en guilt,
 If guilt, at last, obeys:
 Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
 When such a sovereign reigns)
 Your guilt diminish; peace pursue;
 How glorious peace in pains!
 Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,
 Think how unhappy they,
 Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
 Which guilt should wash away;
 Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
 Whence burst those dismal sighs?
 They from the throbbing breast of one
 (Strange truth!) most happy rise;

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
 Enjoy a larger share
 Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
 Of God's impartial care;
 Anxious for each, as if on each
 His care for all was thrown;
 For all his care as absolute,
 As all had been but one,
 And is He then so near! so kind!—
 How little then, and great,
 That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
 At wonders in his fate;
 His fate, who yesterday did crawl
 A worm from darkness deep,
 And shall, with brother-worms, beneath
 A turf, to-morrow sleep;
 How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
 His mighty Master's call,
 The whole creation for mean man
 Is doom'd a boon too small:
 Too small the whole creation deem'd
 For emmits in the dust!
 Account amazing! yet most true;
 My song is bold, yet just:
 Man born for infinite, in whom
 Nor period can destroy
 The power, in exquisite extremes,
 To suffer, or enjoy;
 Give him earth's empire (if no more)
 He's beggar'd, and undone!
 Imprison'd in unbounded space!
 Benighted by the sun!
 For what the sun's meridian's blaze
 To the most feeble ray
 Which glimmers from the distant dawn,
 Of uncreated day?
 'Tis not the Poet's rapture feign'd
 Swells here, the vain to please;
 The mind most sober kindles most
 At truths sublime as these;
 They warm e'en me.—I dare not say,
 Divine ambition strove
 Not to bless only, but confound,
 Nay, fright us with its love;
 And yet so frightful what, or kind,
 As that the rending rock,
 The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
 So formidable spoke?
 And are we darker than that sun?
 Than rocks more hard, and blind?
 We are?—if not to such a God
 In agonies resign'd.
 Yes, e'en in agonies forbear
 To doubt almighty love;
 Whate'er endears eternity,
 Is mercy from above;
 What most embitters time, that most
 Eternity endears,
 And thus, by plunging in distress,
 Exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain head ! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise :

Ambrosial banquet ! rich in wines
Nectarous to the soul !
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl !

Fountain profuse of every bliss !
Good-will immense prevails ;
Man's line can't fathom its profound ;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more ;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea !
One sand, how wide the shore !

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity !
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown !
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in æther thrown !

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more ?—
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence less ;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into distress ;

Say, what is Resignation ? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood ;
And wisdom grasping, with an hand
Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In Thee who dare not trust ;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the dust ;

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by Thee is done,
No less absurd, than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough ?

What, though I'm swallow'd in the deep ?
Though mountains o'er me roar !
Jehovah reigns ! as Jonah safe,
I'm landed, and adore :

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form ;
Roar, waves ; rage, winds ! I know, that Thou
Can'st save me by a storm.

From Thee immortal spirits born,
To Thee, their fountain, flow.
If wife ; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below :

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To Thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire ;

To Thee aspiring they exult,
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies ;

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And generous sense of past,
To Thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast ;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim ; pronounce us all
Distracted, or resign'd ;

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame ;
Deep shame ! dare I complain,
When (wondrous Truth !) in heaven itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain ?

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul ?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
Can indignation raise ?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise ;

And when to praise the man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view ;
A cloud dishonours both ; but man's
The blacker of the two :

For oh ! Ingratitude how black !
With mult profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like generous wine ;
Praise, more divine than prayer ;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven ;
Praise is already there.

Let plausible Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint ;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint ;

Makes the man bless'd, as man can be ;
Life's labours renders light ;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night ;

'Tis nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace ;

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 't will impart ;
Know, Madam ! when your heart 's in heaven,
" All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raise ?
Deny'd divine support,
All virtue dies ; support divine
The wise with ardour court :

When

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
 'Tis mounted on his wing,
 Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains
 Sure audience of its King :

The labouring soul from fore distress
 That blest'd expedient frees ;
 I see you far advanc'd in peace ;
 I see you on your knees :

How on that posture has the beam
 Divine for ever shone !
 An humble heart, God's * other seat !
 The rival of his throne :

And stoops Omnipotence so low !
 And condescends to dwell,
 Eternity's inhabitant,
 Well pleas'd, in such a cell ?

Such honour how shall we repay ?
 How treat our guest divine ?
 The sacrifice supreme be slain !
 Let self-will die : Resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease ;
 Now let the cause be shown,
 Whence rises, and will ever rise,
 The dismal human groan :

What our sole fountain of distress ?
 Strong passion for this scene ;
 That trifles make important, things
 Of mighty moment mean :

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
 On our polluted soul's,
 Our hearts and interests fly as far
 Asunder, as the poles ;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
 Unknown their royal race,
 With abject aims, and sordid joys,
 Our grandeur we disgrace ;

O ! for an Archimedes new,
 Of moral powers possess'd,
 The world to move, and quite expel
 That traitor from the breast.

No small advantage may be reap'd
 From thought whence we descend ;
 From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
 Our origin, and end :

From far above the rising sun
 To this dim scene we came ;
 And may, if wise, for ever bask,
 In great Jehovah's beam :

Let that bright beam on Reason rous'd
 In awful lustre rise,
 Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
 And all disquiet dies.

Earth's glories too their splendour lose,
 Those phantoms charm no more ;
 Empire's a feather for a fool,
 And Indian mines are poor :

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
 The monarch and his slave ;
 Not wait enlighten'd minds to learn
 That lesson from the grave :

* *Isaiab*, lvi. 15.

A George the Third would then be low
 As Lewis in renown,
 Could he not boast of glory more
 Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
 As human glory can ;
 When, though the King is truly great,
 Still greater is the Man ;

The man is dead, where virtue fails ;
 And though the Monarch proud
 In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
 Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom ! where art thou ? None on earth,
 Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
 But what, O death ! through thy approach,
 Is wiser every hour ;

Approach how swift, how unconfin'd !
 Worms feast on viands rare,
 Those little epicures have kings
 To grace their bill of fare :

From kings what resignation due
 To that almighty will,
 Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
 Can throne them higher still ?

Who truly great ? The good and brave,
 The masters of a mind
 The will divine to do resolv'd,
 To suffer it resign'd.

Madam ! if that may give it weight,
 The trifle you receive
 Is dated from a solemn scene,
 The border of the grave ;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
 Eternity's dread power,
 As bursting on it through the thin
 Partition of an hour ;

Hear this, Voltaire ! but this from me,
 Runs hazard of your frown ;
 However, spare it ; ere you die
 Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself forbear
 My notions to chastise,
 Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
 Should blame Voltaire the wife :

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
 Now, makes us disagree ;
 When a far louder trumpet sounds,
 Voltaire will close with me :

How shocking is that modesty,
 Which keeps some honest men
 From urging what their hearts suggest,
 When brav'd by folly's pen

Assaulting truths, of which in all
 Is sown the sacred seed !
 Our constitution's orthodox,
 And closes with our creed :

What then are they, whose proud conceits
 Superior wisdom boast ?
 Wretches, who fight their own belief,
 And labour to be lost !

Though

Though Vice, by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey!

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lyes

From fancy's forge: gay fancy smiles
At reason plain, and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

Voltaire! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow!
Knowing, it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

There are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine, your genius, or your state,
No * castle is my lot:

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And, what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones;

Hear you that sound? Alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *Finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate;

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
Far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
Who sunk it in good sense;
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blest Eternity;
O! may'st thou thou never, never lose
That more than ‡ golden key!

Whate'er may seem too rough excuse,
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my soul I wish you well;
As yet we must not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive?

What have we left? How mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave!
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take your leave:

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton

‡ Alluding to Prussia.

Happier, than happiest life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici*, on his shield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O! how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six!

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully resign'd,
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues;
'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will;

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim;
How very far superior they
In number, and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb:

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ;
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy;

But sing no more—no more I sing
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir:

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High, as the footstool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound;

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
 "Above, beneath the sun,
 "Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
 "Jehovah's will be done."
 'Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
 Self-will with Satan fell;
 And must from earth be banish'd too,
 Or earth's another hell;
 Madam! self-will inflicts your pains:
 Self-will's the deadly foe
 Which deepens all the dismal shades,
 And points the shafts of woe:
 Your debt to nature fully paid,
 Now virtue claims her due:
 But virtue's cause I need not plead,
 'Tis safe; I write to You:
 You know, that virtue's basis lies
 In ever judging right;
 And wiping error's clouds away,
 Which dim the mental sight:
 Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
 From storm that safe resort;
 We are still tossing out at sea,
 Our admiral in port.
 Was death deny'd, this world, a scene
 How dismal and forlorn?
 To death we owe, that 'tis to man
 A blessing to be born;
 When every other blessing fails,
 Or sapp'd by slow decay,
 Or, storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
 Is swiftly whirl'd away;
 How happy! that no storm, or time,
 Of death can rob the just!
 None pluck from their unaching heads
 Soft pillows in the dust!
 Well-pleas'd to bear heaven's darkest frown,
 Your utmost power employ;
 'Tis noble chemistry to turn
 Necessity to joy.
 What'e'er the colour of my fate,
 My fate shall be my choice:
 Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
 To praise and to rejoice;
 What ample cause! triumphant hope!
 O rich eternity!
 I start not at a world in flames,
 Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.
 And thou! its great inhabitant?
 How glorious dost thou shine!
 And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
 A beam of joy divine!
 The void of joy (with some concern
 The truth severe I tell)
 Is an impenitent in guilt,
 A fool or infidel:
 Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
 From joyless murmur free;
 Or, let us know, which character
 Shall crown you of the three,

Resign, resign: this lesson none
 Too deeply can instill;
 A crown has been resign'd by more,
 Than have resign'd the will;
 Though will resign'd the meanest makes
 Superior in renown,
 And richer in celestial eyes,
 Than him who wears a crown;
 Hence, in the bosom cold of age,
 It kindled a strange aim,
 To shine in song; and bid me boast
 The grandeur of my theme;
 But oh! how far presumption falls
 Its lofty theme below!
 Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
 And numbers cease to flow.
 First! greatest! best! grant what I wrote
 For others, ne'er may rise
 To brand the writer; thou alone
 Can'st make our wisdom wise;
 And how unwise! how deep in guilt!
 How infamous the fault!
 "A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
 "Indeed, beneath the taught!"
 Means most infallible to make
 The world an infidel;
 And, with instructions most divine,
 To pave a path to hell;
 O! for a clean and ardent heart,
 O! for a soul on fire,
 Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
 Where angels string the lyre;
 How cold is man? to him how hard
 (Hard, what most easy seems)
 "To set a just esteem on that,
 "Which yet he—most esteems."
 What shall we say, when boundless bliss
 Is offer'd to mankind,
 And, to that offer when a race
 Of rationals is blind?
 Of human nature ne'er too high
 Are our ideas wrought;
 Of human merit ne'er too low
 Depress'd the daring thought.

ON
 THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

INSCRIBED

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.
 SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE
 LORDS JUSTICES.

MDCCLXIV.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought
 To ease the fullness of my grateful thought,
 My fame at once, and duty to pursue,
 And please the public, by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,

Have spread your country's glory with own;
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, sir, the great esteem and honour due,
I chose that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere.
And when no motives could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I sing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell;
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever New!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.
Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvases to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the south resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain,
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's prayer.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!

Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings a shelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,

Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see, the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight? does proud Augusta rise

New to behold, and awfully surprize!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it disappears,
Who dry'd the widow's, and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distressed,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever fought, it was a queen that gave,
Misfortune lost her name, her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke, from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast,
A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!
A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire:
Wisely to spend, is the great art of gain;
And one relief'd transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refresh'd the dry,
Shall rise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah! to that unknown and distant date;
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate;
Here random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna—safe arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus

Thus end maturest honours of the crown !
This is the last conclusion of renown !

So when with idle skill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube; he sees, with eager
joy,

The trembling bubble, in its rising small;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb !
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow !
Yes, this advantage; from our deep distress
We learn how much in George the Gods can
bless.

Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown :
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the
main.

With prayer we smooth the billows for thy fleet ;
With ardent wishes fill thy swelling fleet ;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending blest'd the Gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and com-
pose,

Join those whom interest joins, and chace our
foes ?

Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame ?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit without a blush the British crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great sir, now first, at this late
hour,

In Britain's favour, you exert your power ;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine ;
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid :
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share ; but may not we have leave to boast
That we contemplate, and enjoy it most ?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known !)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne !
For England's church her latest accents strain'd ;
And freedom with his dying hand retain'd,

No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom
boast,

And seas divide thee from the British coast ?
The crown's impatient to enclose thy head :
Why stay thy feet ? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience through the world shall tell
That king's a Briton, who can govern well !

THE

I N S T A L M E N T,

TO

THE RIGHT MON. SIR ROB. WALPOLE,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER.

MDCCXVI.

WITH invocations some their breasts in-
flame ;

I need no Muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd sons of praise !
Our morning stars ! our boast in former days !
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings dis-
play,

Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop, and attend : by one, the knee be bound ;
One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around ;
By that, the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd ;
This, clasp the diamond-girdle round his waist ;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread ;
Wife Burleigh plant the pumage on his head ;
And Edward own since first he fix'd the race,
None priest fair glory with a swifter pace.

When fate would call some mighty genius
forth

To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil ;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd
course ;

That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain, see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant star ;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall glide
Thy vessel safe, through fortune's roughest tide.

If peace still smiles, by this shall commerce
steer

A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere ;
And, gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.

If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which rising from the
Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunswick's wrath; is
sent

To claim the seas, and awe the continent.
This shall direct it, where the bolt to throw;
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the Muse shall kindle, and as fire:
My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee
Refresh the dry domains of poetry.
My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair:
Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoriz'd my Muse;
Chaste be her conduct, and sublimely her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men:
This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise, what wise men should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own:
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,
And rooted deep; one means must set them free
Patron! and patriot! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor those retain, when winter chills the year;
The generous Orange, favourite of the sun,
With vigorous charms can through the seasons run;
Defies the storm with her tenacious green;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen:
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring;
And amidst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gild'd by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise;
His guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
Lest fall no honours, but securely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, though rustling factions press;
By wisdom deeply rooted in success;
One glory shed, a brighter is display'd *;
And the charm'd Muses shelter in his shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste truth indites, old time shall read.

"Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
Which, soon, beat high for arts, and public
* good;

"Whose glory great, but natural appears,
"The genuine growth of services and years;
"No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
"And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
"One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
"One born to serve us, and yet born to please:
"Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
"The prince may trust, and yet the people praise:
"His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
"His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.
Vol. VIII.

3 E

"His council guides, his temper cheers our isle,
"And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to
smile."

Joy then to Britain, blest with such a son,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly conscious meets the smiles of fate.
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, or affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.

Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court desert, who fame despise.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's sail?
And what applause, but her propitious gale?
When swell'd with that, the fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore,
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy; or by fortune's tide:
For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, descends.
Custom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down;
And high desert embraces fair renown:
Though rival'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling, in justice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majesty bestow'd
On worth like that whence first the peerage
flow'd:

From frowns of fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are most Gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them, by rewarding well.
Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn
aright,

Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise;
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more: for in this dread suspense of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate

Weigh

Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunswick, for the great event,
Brunswick, of kings, the terror, or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

AN
EPISTLE.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. GEO. LORD LANSDOWNE.

"—Parnassia laurus
"Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbra."

VIRG.

M D C C X I I.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone,
While suppliant Kings in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;

Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string;
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who knows no want of Cæsar, finding you;
The Muse's friend is pleas'd the Muse should press

Through circling crowds, and labour for access,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of Arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell discord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasures chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste;
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now (so soon as Britain's blessings seen,
When such as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every Monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell:
Through milder tracks he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed, the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly flows;

The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;
All nature seems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life; in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle cease,
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed;

In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful Bollingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miss his Lansdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate) in Bourbon's stately dome;

The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well pleas'd on one,
Who makes him less regret his darling son;
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpose the raging main:
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From confidèrs pass'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cause of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword,
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard tame?

Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, compleats the friends.

A thousand happy consequences flow
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow);
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole;
The British merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons sees only skies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the merey of the sea and wind;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.

Sweet

Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Mean while, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And power a curse, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else we may dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the rocks of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone;
Wife Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne too shall build, and every sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
Th' almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdued to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary blifs;
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendour of an earthly throne;
Conquests! whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades! whom war has swept away,
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day:
Now boast your deaths; to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war enquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:
On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main);
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Left it an insult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, the ir-
blood

Perhaps preserv'd, who starve, or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with
rage.

On heaven without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray, nor in one breath
Ask Mercy for ourselves, for others Death.

But O! I view with transport arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the second place;
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardors sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last;
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling
string,
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?
The Muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast;
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike Poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus shut, her *To Pæans* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear
(A thousand various forms become the fair;)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crouded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce:
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks:
The hero's preference deep impression makes;
The scenes his soul and body reunite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an Author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours, which, in man's despight,
Possess him with a passion for the right?
With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her power?

The

The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lye.

Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal;
Till thoroughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue, whom to fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lansdowne's friend, has Britain
known?

Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome,
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance;
There too has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste;
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast:
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less;
What though we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The Drama glories in the British Muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our strength can make the great plain action
shine:

They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh: we weep: the *Gallie* doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law,
The fate of Caesar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallie taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arrai* with gay flowers of love:
We know Heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Caesar, in a human plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heaven design'd.

To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakespeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty made,
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise;
On Nature's sorer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakespeare something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another sound,
Both in his page with master-strokes abound;
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France.

Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will
run

In great descendants, Shakespeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress,
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespeare rise unblest'd with Talbot's
smile,
Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren
isle:

But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the Will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muses glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an Author with your praise:
Praise wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
But censure's self will please, my lord, from
you;

Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the Poet's pride;
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded, when best understood.

* An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who con-
quered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

YOUNG.

The

The Muses write for glory not for gold,
 'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
 The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
 To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves;
 The Muse, which from her Lansdowne fears no
 wrong,

Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
 Should this great theme allure me farther still,
 And I presume to use your patience ill,
 The world would plead my cause, and none but
 you

Will take disgust at what I now pursue;
 Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I'll
 choose

A theme that's able to exalt my Muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville
 name,

Without a spark of his immortal flame?
 Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend,
 Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
 Whether we choose to love or to admire,
 You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
 And such familiar glories spread around,
 As more incline the stander-by to raise
 His value for himself, than you to praise.
 Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
 Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
 So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
 'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your
 mien,

You to be happy want not to be seen;
 Though priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
 Nor court an approbation but your own:
 In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
 In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please;
 You, were all blind, would still deserve applause;
 The world's your glory's witness, not its cause;
 That lies beyond the limits of the day,
 Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence;
 A gift, which Nature rarely does dispense;
 Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
 Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
 You wish not those, who shew your name respect.
 So little worth, as might excuse neglect;
 Nor are in pain lest merit you should know;
 Nor thum the well-deserver as a foe;
 A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
 To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good; that told so well
 Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
 When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
 That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
 And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought
 Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

When you, my lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
 No crowds around for pleasure, or for state,
 You are not cast upon a stranger land,
 And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;
 Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
 In toys to shun the discipline of thought;
 But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
 You choose companions from all human race;

Converse with those the deluge swept away,
 Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much in form, as give consent
 To those ideas your own thoughts present;
 Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
 Is finding cause to like yourself the more:
 In Grecian fages you are only taught
 With more respect to value your own thought;
 Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
 Those precepts we behold alive in you:
 Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
 It makes that history they meant for rules.
 What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
 Within your breast, and list you to the skies,
 When in each learned page that you unfold,
 You find some part of your own conduct told!

So pleas'd, and so surpris'd, Æneas stood,
 And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
 When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
 His story shining forth in all its pride;
 Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
 The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who's confin'd
 In converse, and reflection on mankind:
 Your soul, which understands her charter well,
 Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
 Ranges Eternity without the leave
 Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
 When these high cares your weary thoughts dis-
 miss,

In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
 And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
 Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand,
 Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand*.

Behold the glories of your life complete!
 Still at a slow, and permanently great;
 New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
 And yet your greatest is, that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and raised you to the seat
 Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
 Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
 Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's
 name,

Though you in modesty the title wear,
 Your name shall be the title of your heir;
 Farther than ermin make his glory known,
 And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
 From thrones the beam of high distinction springs;
 The soul's endowment from the King of kings,
 Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
 Produce ten Granville's in five thousand years;
 Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
 Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
 But O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
 To him that great prerogative resign,
 Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher;
 His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
 A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
 That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame,
 That I grow thus familiar with your name,

* See his *Lordship's* Tragedy intitled "Heroic Love."

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice :
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than of blood ;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's ;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun, to bend his course *.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air ;
Salutes each passing breeze with head inclin'd ;
The pliant branches dance in every wind :
But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are you bless'd in such a matchless friend !
Alas ! with me the joys of friendship end ;
O Harrison ! I must, I will complain ;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain ;
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more ?—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but ah ! to thee alone,
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn ;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate ;
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late :
'Twas pass, his cheek was cold, that tuneful
tongue,

Which his charmed with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his
pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again :
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and
power,

But more to load that most unhappy hour ?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind ;
That, not in health, or life itself confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls
roll,

My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul ;
Then with a groan—support me, O ! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear †.

* His Lordship's Nephew, who took Orders.

YOUNG.

† The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, Fellow of New-College, Oxon.—YOUNG.—[See a more particular account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."]]

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief ;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O ! may you never lose so dear a friend !
May nothing interrupt your happy hours ;
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers :
Nor yet disdain those blessings to adorn ;
To make the Muse immortal, you was born.
Sing ; and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark ;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung :
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted lord,

TWO

EPISTLES

TO

MR. POPE.

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

MDCCLXXX.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the
future wood,

Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets ; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall ;
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight ;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo ! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where speculation roosted near the sky ;
Letters, Essays, Sock, Buskin, Satire, Song,
And all the Garret thunders on the throng !

O Pope ! I burst ; nor can, nor will, refrain ;
I'll write ; let others, in their turn, complain :
Truce, truce, ye Vandals ! my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer ;
I've beard myself to death ; and, plagu'd each
hour,

Shan't I return the vengeance in my power ?
For who can write the true absurd like me ?—
Thy pardon, Codrus ! who, I mean, but thee ?

Pope ! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file ;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred ;
They had not *his*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys ;
With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows ;
The man that makes a character, makes foes :
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting :

But

But as by depredations wafps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
The quiet Quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes suc-
ceeds;

For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut:
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every broken craft a writer's made:
Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful *isle*! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they
please;

Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immortal kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our Authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone!
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain!) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an Hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; some, some 'because 'tis
wet;

Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? He wants twenty
pound:

His belly, not his brains, this impulse give:
He'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make
them just;

Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who by labour would distrust his friends?

Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess:
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning
knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the
whole

And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *demon* say,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I'll meet thee youth, at White's:" the youth
replies.

"I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice;
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every snare:
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German
shake!

Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's
reign.

Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can steal*) celestial fire.

O! the just contrast! O! that 's beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with
fire;

They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;

I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress?
Though there 's but one of the dull works he
wrote,

There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street;
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run soufe against his chaps; who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not read, you *feel* your ecstasies.

Will they persist? 'Tis madness; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—"O, that 's already done."
Most, as by leaves, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes;
O frail conclusion; the reverie is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:

Treat

Treat them, ye judges ! with an honest scorn ;
And weed the cockle from the generous corn :
There's true good-nature in your disrespect ;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect ;
For immortality, if hardships plead ;
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulstels to conceive him dull ?

'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms
to bed,

Those in his hand, and glory in his head :
'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night !
But, rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream :
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain *advertisements* the town o'er-spread ;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who *preps* for fame, but small recruits will raise ;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, " Sir, I'm your friend ; all fears dis-
miss ;

" Your glory, and my own, shall live by this ;
" Your power is fixt, your fame through time
convey'd.

" And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."

A Statesman has his answer in a trice ;

" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;

" What man can pay for this ?"—Away he turns :

His work is folded, and his bosom burns :

His patron he will patronize no more ;

But rushes like a tempest out of door.

Loth is the patriot, and extinct his name !

Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;

For A, his magic pen evokes an O,

And turns the tide of Europe on the foe :

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff ;

But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off :

Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar ;

But, when once publish'd, they are heard no
more.

Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your
awe.

Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are
such ?

No ; every party 's tainted by their touch.

Infected persons fly each public place ;

And none, or enemies alone, embrace :

To the soul fiend their every passion 's sold :

They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold :

What image of their fury can we form ?

Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.

Rest they in peace ? If you are pleas'd to buy,

To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly :
Write they with rage ? The tempest quickly
flags ;

A state-Ulysses tames them with his bags ;

Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew !
For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead ;
Whilst far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout :

But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away !

With golden forceps, these, another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes :

The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base ;
Nor can the *greatest* powers enough *disgrace*,
Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their
cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong ?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue ?
Yes ; if well brib'd, for virtue's self they fight ;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the
right :

Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets ;
From the same hand how various is the page !
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage !
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare ;
Say, is this lunacy ?—I with it were.

If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write !

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit !
Now such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense ;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame ;
Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene*
Invites the town to sup at Drury-lane ;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower ;
He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, may lick, the feet of those he stung ;
What knot can bind him, his evasion such ?
One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make :
The Snake reigns most, Snakes, Pliny says, are
bred,

When the *brain* 's perish'd in a human head.

Ye grovelling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat
things,

Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and slings !
Thrown from the Tree of Knowledge, like you,
curst

To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.

What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true ?

It did in Elkenah", why not in you ?

Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,

For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hilt at last,

Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape :

* *Settle, the city poet.*

Such

Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your Prototype; and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal
breath.

As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt,
The transient vestments of these frugal men,
Hastens to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through
spite;

And, though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can with them worse.
So fare the page, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and sense.

From *these*, their politics our Quindnuncs seek;
And Saturday's the learning of the week:
These labouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er
so dull;

And hem at every thump upon your scull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lye,
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity*!
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights*!
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.

As, when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded
state

Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the
Muses' *seat*?

Where, mortal, or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
Has not a † Royal Patron wisely strove
To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her-harmonious shell,
And given new tongues to those who spoke so
well?

† King George A

VOL. VIII.

Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An Author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, *dilectores* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you
read?

'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurel'd shade,
What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
To think *that early we must think at last*.

Immortal wits, *even dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of gold, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold,
'Tis arrant *simony* to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes; your crimes are double-
dy'd.

What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists*, in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the
same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man thocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought!
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless through judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame;
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ;
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflexion more:
More had the antients writ, they more had
taught;
Which shews some work is left for modern
thought.

This weigh'd perfection know; and, know
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its swift success ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise,
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay.

Is just and wise; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife pain;
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek;
What man can be immortal in a week?

Excuse no fault; though beautiful, 't will
harm;
One fault thocks more than twenty beauties charm.

Our age demands correction: Addison
And you this commendable butt have done.
Now writers sing, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part be sound.

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest.
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare;
The part you burn, smells sweet before the throne,
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, though you can do it well:
Men may too oft, though not too much, excel.
A few good works gain fame, more sink their
price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do boldly what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause:
It shews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
Full have that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the
man;

'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the lost plume gives witness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan;
Genius and morals be with you the man:
Defaults in those alone should give offence!
Who strikes the person, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I'm not so much his friend:
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I had no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of *humour*, the devil roguish's list.

Can others write like you? Your talk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from
life;

When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperient'd children of threescore.

True

True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
And if they nightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd its fame, or ever can;
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse;
Clear be the style, the very sound of voice;
Easy the conduct, simple the design,
Striking the moral, and the soul divine;
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your
Creed:

Thus virtue's seeds, at once, and laurels, grow;
Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despot;
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours, to the pen?
From able writers rise to worthy men.

"Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would
restrain?"

"Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the
vain?"

"Who damns our trash, with so much trash re-
plete?"

"As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at
meat?"

Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge exclaims overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we fug.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe,
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor
foe;

False fame must wither, and the true will grow;
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my own pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless
pain,

To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain;
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign;
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire Cadius rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills, when sons of dulness write.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE
RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY MR. DODDINGTON.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

"Qua censeat Amiculus, ut si

"Cecus iter monstrare velit."

Hor.

THOUGH strength of genius, by experience
taught,
Gives thee to sound the depths of human
thought,

To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the secret springs, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
And win attention by sincere good-will;
For friendship, sometimes, want of parts supplies,
The heart may furnish what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er swelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his source, he drains a thousand
springs,

Nor scorns the tribute each small rivulet brings.

So thou shalt, hence, absorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canst not like, excuse,
Since no mean interest shall profane the Muse,
No malice, wrapt in truth's disguise, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the show (though little understood),
He only seeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
And gratitude still springs, where bounty sows;
That every grant sincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But those who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring
crowd,

Which cramm'd, yet craving still, their gates
besiege,

'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.

This of my conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
To give to fair ascent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, lose the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;

Still

Still ask, but ne'er consult their own defects,
And measure by their interest, not their parts :
From this mistake so many men we see,
But ill become the thing they wish'd to be ;
Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favour in the great man's
eyes ;

All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects ;
Such none can please, but who reforms their
hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them
parts.

As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favour at too dear a rate ;
When merit pines, while clamour is prefer'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd ;
When no distinction, where distinction's due,
Marks from the many the superior few ;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last—because they must ;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys ?

The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection
guides ;

Knows when to stop with grace, and when ad-
vance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance ;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.

When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the
crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud ;
Through such a tumult, 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask ;
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to bestow ;
From thence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts ;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius
flings,

They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun ;
'Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate ;
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men r
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.

Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence !
When every favour is a fresh offence,
By which superior power is still imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their
pride.

Slight is the hate, neglect or hardships breed ;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.

"Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall
we trust ?"

Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and just ;
The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave ;
No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.

The man who contradicts the public voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man, that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends ;
And since no art can make a counterpoise,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin.

Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that task be hard ;
Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half thy friend.

Him, no mean views, or haste to rise, shall
sway,

Thy choice to fully, or thy trust betray :
Ambition, here, shall at due distance stand ;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand ;
Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view those failings with a lover's eye ;
Though small his genius, let him do his best,
Our wishes and belief supply the rest.

Let others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought or sold ;
Fierce opposition he, unmov'd, shall face,
Modest in favour, daring in disgrace,
To share thy adverse fate alone, pretend ;
In power, a servant ; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good :
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd ;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.

If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace ;
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king, through thee ;
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the
blow ;

While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline ;
(Illustrious doom !) the great, when thus dis-
plac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.

No doubt, to genius some reward is due,
(Excluding that, were satirizing you ;)
But, yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance
cast,

Let probity be first, and parts the last.
On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit ;
When party rage shall droop through length of
days,

And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now !

Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split;
By that inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but superfluous part;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING
EPISTLE.

"— *Sopites suspirat ignes*." VIRG.

FROM man's too curious and impatient sight,
The future, heaven involves in thickest night,
Credit grey hairs: though freedom much we
boast,
Some least perform, what they determine most,
What sudden changes our resolves betray?
To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shews its weakness. Whom shall men be-
lieve,
When constantly themselves, themselves deceive.

Long had I bid my once-lov'd Muse adieu;
You warm old age; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse! how great your force of
mind!
What power of words! what skill in dark man-
kind!

Polite the conduct; generous the design;
And beauty files, and strength sustains, each line.
Thus Mars and Venus are, once more, beset,
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
Is, haughty genius taught to know its place;
And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to
bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence;
'Tis like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

But whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
The Genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And slowly take possession of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That loaths my pride; all glory in the pen
Which has done honor to the race of men.

But this have others done; a like applause
An ancient and a modern Horace draws.

Boissau.

But they to glory by degrees arose,
Meridian lustre you, at once disclose.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
To write so well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O, for some God my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: 'ev'n foes your fame confess;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so compleat a song.

A golden period shall from you commence:
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The Muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shewn
For you; 'tis Britain's interest, not your own.
For lofty stations are but golden snares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his sight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you most, commend no more.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee—
My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present
thee mine.

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO
DOCTOR YOUNG.

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
"A Poetical Epistle from the late Lord Mel-
combe to the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the
Author of the Night Thoughts," was published in
4to, 1776.

Take

Take the Muse's latest spark*,
 Ere we drop into the dark;
 He, who parts and virtue gave;
 Bad Thee look beyond the grave;
 Genius fears, and Virtue guides;
 Above, the love of God presides.
 There's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
 Let the gloomy path be trod:
 Why stand shivering on the shore?
 Why not boldly venture o'er?
 Where unerring Virtue guides,
 Let us have the winds and tides:
 Safe, through seas of doubts and fears,
 Rides the bark which Virtue steers.

SE A-PIECE:

CONTAINING

- I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
- II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

MY Muse, a bird of passage, flies
 From frozen clime to milder skies;
 From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
 A beam of favour, here deny'd;
 Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
 Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

† To dive full deep in ancient days,
 The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
 And monarch's aggrandize,—the glory, Thine;
 Thine is the drama, how renown'd!
 Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to sound;
 But let *Ation's* sea-strung harp be Mine:

But where's his *dolphin*? Know'st thou,
 where?—
 May that be found in Thee, *Voltaire*!
 Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
 How will thy name illustrious raise
 My sinking song! Mere mortal lays,
 So patroniz'd, are rescued from the grave.

“Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?
 “What stranger stray'd from yonder isle!
 No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
 On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
 With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
 Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle
 rhymes?

* See *Mr. Cus's* Life of Young.

† *Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.*

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
 Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
 Nor could thy modesty do less,
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song?

But such debates long since are flown;
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:
 How shortly shall we Both forget,
 To thee my patron I my debt,
 And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key.

The present, in oblivion cast,
 Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns and favours of the great;
 High flush'd success, and pale defeat;
 The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:—
 Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
 Life's little drama done, the curtain falls:—
 Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
 Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
 Time groans his last! Eternal loudly calls!

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
 Far other counsels and desires,
 Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
 What scenes we see!—Exalted aim?
 With ardours new, our spirits flame;
 Ambition blest! with more than *lance's* crown'd.

A SE A-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

IN lofty sounds let those delight
 Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
 And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:
 'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend,
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.
 From whence arise these loud alarms?
 Why gleams the south with brandish'd arms?
 War, bath'd in blood, from curst ambition
 springs:
 Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
 Perhaps their ardours may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Haste the huge oaks, or shadeless forest leaves;
The mountain pines assume new forms,
Spread canvass-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She nods again: the labouring earth
Disclofes a tremendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling battlements
roar.

V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an instant will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance: know, ye
powers!
In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful senate lowers.

VI.

In her grand council the surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of intolent attempts, a warm disdain;
From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then they
blaze!
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd matter's soul of fire.

VIII.

Then suries rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, & its of Jove,
While all serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurts from her disembowel'd womb;
Chain'd glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and mails;
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks
behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal ocean yields;
There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is
spent,
Whole glory blooms: how pale; how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame?
How her storms languish on the continent!

House of Lords,

XI.

From the dread front of ancient war
Lest terror frown'd; her scythed car,
Her cased elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terror to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their
flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals' storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye dawning throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * and first take rapid flight,
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the north his roar,
Mix groans and death's, one phial pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made:
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE
ENGAGEMENT.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords: O power divine!
If blest by Thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From cozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs; awake;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

* Alluding to Virgil's Description of Thunder.
The

III.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain;
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV.

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—
"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
"Our guide in counsel, and our strength in
"fight!
"Now war's important die is thrown,
"If left the day to man alone,
"How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

V.

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
"And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
"For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appease;
"A wrath, more formidable far
"Than angry nature's wasteful war,
"The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

"From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
"To thee, at nature's helm on high!
"Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
"To thee for succour we resort;
"Thy favour is our only port;
"Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

VII.

"O thou, to whom the lions roar,
"And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
"Thy throne our hurris of cannon loud invoke:
"Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
"Or send it back and bid it fall
"On those, from whose proud deck the thunder
"broke.

VIII.

"Britain in vain extends her care
"To climes * remote, for aids in war;
"Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
"There 's one alliance, one alone,
"Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
"And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

"Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee;
"We learn obedience from the sea;
"With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws
"fulfil:
"Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
"To rouse, or hush the martial storm;
"And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

"Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,
"Or quench the glories of a crown;
"Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine, from death to
"free;
"To turn aside his level'd dart,
"Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
"There we cast anchor, we confide in Thee.

* *Russia.*

XI.

"Thou, who hast taught the north to roar,
"And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
"Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
"Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
"Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze;
"And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

XII.

"The right alone is bold and strong;
"Black, hovering clouds appal the wrong
"With dread of vengeance; nature's awful fire!
"Less than one moment shouldst Thou frown
"Where is puissance and renown?
"Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds ex-
"pire.

XIII.

"Let George the just chastise the vain:
"Thou, who durst curb the rebel main,
"To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
"Bid George repel a bolder tide,
"The boundless swell of Gallic pride;
"And check ambition's overwhelming wave.

XIV.

"And when (all milder means withstood)
"Ambition, tam'd by loss of blood,
"Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
"Let peace descend, and shouting greet,
"With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
"How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brings
"The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of
"kings."

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A NAVAL LYRICK:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF
PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar. As a fixt star is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself; more proper than any for an Englishman; and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province, than in the sublime; our two famous *Epic Poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had fewest rivals.

† *Aurora Borealis.*

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* interest, or *possible* glory of his country, than before; or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any farther reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the *whole*; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in *subjects* and *designs* of our own. Nothing is so *unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original, and he must be so too, who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy, and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an *unbroken* Ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However, I have broken this Ode into strains, each of which may be considered as a separate Ode if you please. And if the variety and fullness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The Ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of Ode; this I speak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE MERCHANT

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE

BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατῆσαι πάντοθεν δούλοισιν

εν ἑνὶ πρόσεδοι

νῆσον ἐκκλίσσας τὰν

δι κορυμνῶν.

PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The *Proposition*. An address to the vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. A Pindaric boast.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar;
The God defends; and transports warm my soul.
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II.

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song—Fam'd Isle! no less,
By nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming sea, disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an Isle, in happiness!

III.

Though Fate and Time have dash'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my soul! salute the *Pin*,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the *bar* that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My soul! to thee, *the* spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an eternal clime,
O send her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

VI.

Or teach this flag, like *that* to fear,
Which Gods of old and Heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise—
The sea she scorns; and, now, shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound,
I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

VII.

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who shackle prose, and boast of absent Gods;
Who murder thought; and numbers maim,
Who write Pindaric cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic Odes.

VIII.

Ye *lucky* Sons of Genius rise!
Of genuine title to the skies;
Ye founts of Learning! and ye *min*ts of Fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast,
As when full-ripened teems the vine,
The generous bursts of willing wine
Distil nectarous from the grape unpress'd.

STRAIN

* The vessel that brought over the King.

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all Nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory hers. Her effects in old Britain.

I.

"OUR Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What shining forms surround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud strain
See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance;
And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
And, now, am present to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the sun!—O thou divine,
Blest Industry! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

IV.

From thee, mast, cable, anchor, oar,
From thee the cannon and his roar;
On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire
grows;
O golden Fruit! oak well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove:
All Jove can give, the naval oak bestows.

V.

What cannot Industry complete?
When Pouick war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As soon they fall; as soon they rise;
One moon, a forest, and the next, a fleet.

VI.

Is sloth indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damps the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

VII.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wanted force;
Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

VIII.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?
Recall her to her native air;
Here, was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd
long:
And ever shall she flourish here:
What though she languish'd? 'twas but fear,
She's sound of heart; her constitution strong.

IX.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor, poth from shore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And see, she's rous'd, absolv'd from fears,
Her brow, in cloudless azure, rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
Again, she travels with the sun,
Again, she draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth
and fame!

XI.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea,
Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

XII.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedge foreheads lift and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do
more?

XIII.

Cold Russia costly furs from far,
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab sweet
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant Nile! What tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours
for thee?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season blending on thy shores!

XV.

All these one British harvest make!
The servant Ocean for thy sake
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wasted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown:
A large revenue, and a large expense,
When hearts for others welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence!

XVII.

Glow then my breast! abound my store!
This, and this boldly I implore:
Their want and *apathy* let Stoicks boast:
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
'Tis vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow-soul'd, or the profuse,
The truly great find morals in the mine;

XIX.

Happy the man! who large of heart,
Has learnt the rare illustrious art
Of being rich: stores *flatter* us, or they cloy;
From gold, if more than *cheats* skill,
Extract not what is *brighter* still:
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

XX.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos shines, when others' joys are done:
As lofty turrets, by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

XXI.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No *fordid* son of thine shall dare
Offend the donot of thy wealth and peace;
Who *not* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nation! commerce and increase.

XXII.

How various Nature! turgid grain
Here *holding* floats the golden plain;
There, *weave* weave silken webs: *here*, glowing
Lay forth their purple to the sun,
Beneath the soil, *there* harvests run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the mine.

XXIII.

What's various Nature? Art divine
Man's soil to soften and refine:
Heaven different growths to different lands
Imparts;
That all may stand in need of all;
And interest draw around the ball.
A set to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *supreme*, to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ:
Ev'n *appetite* supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around
The wond'ring *foreigner* confound!
How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast;
As her proud *scepter'd* sons survey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast!

XXVI.

The unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees *here*, by subjects of a British king:
How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange!
And send the streams of plenty from their springs.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils she in *trade*? or bleeds in honest wars?
Her keel each yielding *sea* enthral,
Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
Her pilot into service lifts the stars.

XXVIII.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike Reason, gave us All.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Blest Reason! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghosts, by trembling at thy light,
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A God is nought but Reason Infinite.

XXX.

The man of Reason is a God
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod:
Sole Agent beneath the shining sphere,
Others are *passive*, are *impell'd*;
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd;
As accident is pleas'd to *domineer*.

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *arise*? or crowns *inflame*?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs;
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charms,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away!
What's *lasting* only does *exist*. Know *This*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, Commerce, Freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

XXXIII.

How *foreign* these, though *west* in view !
Go, look your *whole* existence through ;
Thence, form your *rule* : thence fix your estimate,
For so the Gods : but as the gains,
How great the *toil* ! 'Twill cost more pains,
To vanquish *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *Reason* ! the *first* palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to shine.
By thee, *Trade*'s swarming throng, gay *Freedom*'s
smile,
Arms, in War of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *Arts* flowing down,
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our *isle*.

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from Commerce. Why Britains should pursue in *What* wealth includes. An *Historical* digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain ;
By Commerce wasted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run ;
Arts, the rich traffick of the soul !
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with Learning's brighter sun.

XII.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, gold !
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons hold,
Inur'd to winds and seas ! lest Gods repent :
The Gods that thrond you in the wave,
And, as the *trident*'s emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent :

XIII.

And awes with wealth ; for wealth is power !
When Jove descends a golden shower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one—
Views emulate, outshine old Tyre ;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *frisk* ! every deck ; a *throne* !

XIV.

She sat an empress ! aw'd the flood !
Her *stable* column Ocean trod ;
She call'd the *nations*, and she call'd the *seas*,
By Both obey'd : the Syrian sings ;
The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;
Fogarmagh's steed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar ;
High Lebanon her mast ; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host ; Arabia feeds ;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads ;
Arvad sends mariners ; the Persian, arms,

VI.

The world's last limit bounds her fame ;
The *golden city* was her name !
Those stars on earth, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot : extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast ;
Here the far nobler harvest of the seas.

VII.

O merchant land ! as Eden fair !
Ancient of Empires ! Nature's care !
The strength of Ocean !—head of Plenty, Springs !
The pride of Isles ! in *war* : never'd !
Mother of *crafts* ! lov'd ! courted ! fear'd !
Pilot of kingdoms ! and support of kings !

VIII.

Great mart of nations !—But she fell :
Her pamper'd sons revolt ! rebel !
Against his favourite isle loud roars the main !
The tempest howls ! her sculptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf*'s refuge ; *dragon*'s home !
The land, one altar ! a whole people, slain !

IX.

The destin'd day puts on her frown ;
The sable bow is coming down ;
She's on her march from yon Almighty throne :
The sword and storm are in her hand ;
She trumpets shrill her dread command :
Dark be the light of earth ! the boast, unknown !

X.

For, oh ! her sins are red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood ;
The Queen of Trade is *tough* ! once wise and
just,
Now, venal is her council's tongue :
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *dross*, her blossom into *dust* !

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe
Her sordid *noble* sinks ! her *mighty*, bow !
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret*'s sprightly sound ?
Is it for *this*, her great-ones toss the brow ?

XII.

What burning fueds 'twixt brothers reign !
To nuptials cold, how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right ?
The *spurious* lord it o'er the land !
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish *all* her might :

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
Her merchant sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary head,
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests in guilt abound ;
Hence, the world's cedar all her honors sheds.

What

XIV.

What death of truth! what thirst of gold!
 Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
 What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!
 What public boasts! what private views!
 What desert temples! crowded stews!
 What women!—prais'd but to rowl an eye!

XV.

O! soul of heart, her fairest dames
 Decline the sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
 Alas! there is, who sees them there;
 There is, who flatters not the fair,
 When symbols tinkle, and the virgin chaunts.

XVI.

He sees, and thunders!—Now, in vain!
 The courser paws, and foams the rein;
 And chariots stream along the printed soil:
 In vain! Her high, presumptuous air
 In gorgeous vestments rich and rare,
 O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's
 toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
 Green, scarlet, azure, thine, in vain!
 In vain! their golden heads her turlets rear;
 In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
 Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain! wines flow in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
 Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store;
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense vain, she boasts,
 Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
 The nations hiss! her glory ends!
 To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
 Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas, from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her ivory deck, embrold'rd sail,
 And mast of cedar nought avail,
 Or pilot learn'd! She sinks, nor sinks alone,
 Her Gods sink with her! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan!

XXI.

What though so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right?
 All flags about her sea-dominion greet
 What though the longer war'd than Troy?
 At length her foes that she destroy
 Whose conquest fail'd, as far as fail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings she cloth'd in purple shake
 Their awful brows: "O soul mistake!
 "O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is she,
 "Who said—with my own art and arm,
 "In the world's wealth I wrap me warm!"
 "And swell'd at heart, vain Empress of the Sea!

XXIII.

"This, This is she, who meanly soar'd:
 "Alas! how low, to be ador'd,
 "And stile herself a God!—Through stormy wats
 "This Eagle-lift her thunder bore,
 "High-fed her young with human gore;
 "And would have built her nest among the stars.

XXIV.

"But ah, frail man! how impotent
 "To stand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
 "To turn aside the great Creator's aim!
 "Shall Island-kings with Him contend,
 "Who makes the Poles beneath him bend?
 "And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?

XXV.

"Earth, Æther, Empyrean bow,
 "When from the brazen mountain's brow
 "The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
 "Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 "Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
 "And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

"Ah! wretched life, once call'd the great!
 "Ah! wretched life, and wise too late!
 "The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
 "Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 "And freedom lost, the realms deride,
 "Ador'd thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout:

XXVII.

"To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 "Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
 "'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates:
 "How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
 "Wide waste, and night, and horror frown,
 "Where Empire flum'd in gold, and balanc'd
 "States."

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An inference from this history, *Address to Britain.*
 More proper to her than other Nations. How
 far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What sup-
 ports our endeavours. The unconsider'd bene-
 fits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue
 trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Bri-
 tain's grandeur from her situation. The winds,
 the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac
 Newton's praise. Britain compared with other
 States. The Leviathan described. Britain's
 site, and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals
 her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise
 Trade as mean. *Concluded for it.* Trade's glory.
 The late Czar, Salomon. A surprising in-
 stance of magnificence. The merchant's dig-
 nity. Compared with men of letters.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are soul or pure,
 Our fortunes wither or endure:
 Nations may thrive, or perish by the wave,
 What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
 A people's crimes felicit down!
 Ocean's the womb of riches, and the grave.

This

II.
This Truth, O Britain! ponder well;
 Virtues should rise, as Fortunes swell:
 What is large property?—The sign of good,
 Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
 Another's treasure we possess,
 And charge the Gods with favours misbestow'd.

III.
 This council suits Britannia's Isle,
 High-flush'd with wealth, and Freedom's
 smile:
 To vassals prison'd in the Continent,
 Who starve, at home, on meagre toil,
 And suck to death their mother soil,
 'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

IV.
 Fell Tyrants strike beyond the bone,
 And wound the soul; bow Genius down,
 Lay Virtue waste! for worth or arts, who strain,
 To throw them at a monster's foot?
 'Tis property supports pursuit.
 Freedom gives cloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.
 She pours the thought, and forms the style,
 She makes the blood and spirits boil;
 I feel her now! and muse, and rise, and rave
 In Theban song: O Muse, not thine,
 Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine:
 The man that can think greatly, is no slave.

VI.
 Others may traffick if they please
 Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
 Is born for trade; to plough her field, the wave:
 And reap the growth of every coast:
 A speck of land! but let her boast,
 Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.
 Britain! behold the world's wide face;
 Nor cover'd half with solid space,
 Three parts are fluid; empire of the sea!
 And why? for Commerce. Ocean streams
 For that, through all his various names:
 And, if for Commerce, Ocean flows for Thee.

VIII.
 Britain, like some great potentate
 Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
 Shuts out the nations! Would a Prince draw
 nigh?
 He passes her strong guards, the waves;
 Of servant winds admission craves,
 Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX.
 There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
 Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
 Rough Boreas bursting from the pole: all urge;
 And urge for her, their various toil:
 The Caspian; the broad Baltic boil,
 And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

X.
 There are her friends, a marshal'd train:
 A golden host! and azure plain!
 By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
 They may retreat, but not from her;
 The star that quits this hemisphere
 Must quit the skies, to want a British fleet.

XI.
 Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
 For her, Orion's glory burn;
 The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
 The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
 Near the deep chambers of the South,
 The raging Dog that fires the midnight skies.

XII.
 These nations Newton made his own
 All intimate with him alone.
 His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
 To the vast volume's closing star;
 Decypher'd every character:
 His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

XIII.
 Let the proud brothers of the land
 Smile at our rock and barren strand,
 Not such the sea: let Folie's ancient line
 Vast tracts and ample beings vaunt;
 The camel low, small elephant—
 O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.
 Leviathan! whom Nature's strife
 Brought forth, her largest piece of life;
 He sleeps an isle! his sports the billows warm!
 Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
 Invades the skies; the stars are out:
 He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

XV.
 Th' Atlantic surge around our shore
 German and Caledonian roar;
 Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.
 Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
 "The seas are ours."—The monarch said—
 The floods their hands; their hands the nations,
 clasp.

XVI.
 Whence is a rival, then, to rise?
 Can he be found beneath the skies?
 No, there, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
 The powers of earth, by rival aim
 Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
 And prove their distance most, as they draw
 near.

XVII.
 Proud Venice sits amid the waves;
 Her foot ambitious Ocean lavet:
 Art's noblest boast! but O what wondrous odds
 'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle!
 'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
 Britannia is a Venice built by Gods.

XVIII.
 Let Holland triumph o'er her foes;
 But not o'er friends by whom the rose;
 The child of Britain! And shall she contend?
 It were no less than parricide:
 What wonders rise from out the tide!
 Her *Higb and Mighty* to the rudder bend.

XIX.
 And are there, then, of lofty brow,
 Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
 So far beneath the state of noble birth?
 Alas! these chiefs but little know
 Commerce how high, *themselves* how low;
 The sons of *Nobles* are the sons of *trade*.

XX.

And what have earth's mean sons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm purpse.
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
High Commerce from the Gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate, to make the nations smile.

XXI.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty brow
To trade.—To toil he turns his glorious hands
That arm, which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge axe, or hammer, wield;
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

XXII.

O shame to *subjects*! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
O Time is poor: what age boasts such a sight?
Ye *drones*! adore the man divine—
No; Virtue still as mean decline,
Call Russians barbarous, and yourselves polite.

XXIII.

He too of Judah, great, as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandize:
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an *war*!
That Merchant * linking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *sands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in *blessing*, those in *pain*,
At slaughter swell, and shout, while nations groan:
With purple Monarchs, Merchants vie;
If great to *spend*, what, to *supply*?
Priests pray for blessings; Merchants pour them down.

XXVI.

Kings, Merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* soft *airs* above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range;
Planets are Merchants; take, return,
Lustre and heat; by *traffick* burn;
The whole Creation is one vast Exchange.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What say the sons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, swelling in their *cells*?
In *open* life, in *change* of scene,
Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, Arts, and *solid* Wisdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, Art's mechanic, Nature's stores
Well-weighs; to *starry* Science soars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)
The *scites*, tongues, interests, of the ball;
Who studies Trade, he studies all;
Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd Men.

* *Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death.*

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline *war*; but boldly assert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and surprising *deeds*. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miser's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *false* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* represented.

I.

HOW shall I farther rouse the soul?
How sloth's lascivious reign control
By verse with undistinguish'd ardour wrought?
How every breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan swan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *spirit* pour, like vernal showers,
My *verse* shall burst out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from *war*;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain a *comet*, or a *star*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne* † a voice through time renowned.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal showers,
To cheer the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The bloom call'd forth sees azure skies display'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to sing,
Industrious *bees* ply every wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

VI.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He shines in vain! her isle's an isle indeed,
A spot too small to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

* *The King's speech.*

† *Trade*

VII.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all;
Trade's all herself; hers, hers, the ball;
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp the student's ease!
Twas trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The puny oar. Behold it rise
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordial from his naval art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid the Afric Merchant grasp the ball,

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which his Majesty first deign'd to dwell;
The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the sun, through gold unweigh'd,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth should groan,
Beneath yon load: created sure, not made!
Servant and rival of the skies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher rise:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—Humble Trade.

X.

Were hadst thou been, if left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tug'd the barge,
Had caught at pleasure on the flow'ry green!
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

XI.

As by rapine men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom;
Expend it nobly; he that lets it rust,
Which, passing numerous hands, would shine;
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

XII.

Trade barbarous lands can polish fair;
Make earth well worth the wise man's care;
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets;
Can make one house of human race;
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
Her's, every sun; and India, Iqvia meets.

XIII.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine;
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws;
Exalts ev'n Freedom's glorious cause—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine!

XIV.

You lend each other mutual aid;
Why is heaven's smile, in wealth, convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleasure, desir'd, is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree:
Pleasure enjoy'd, the reward of an hour.

St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax YOUNG.

XVI.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirit, and untunes the frame:
True joy, the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole;
Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! Religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are;
To know false coin from true; to sweep the gain;
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field, or fund:
Commerce gives gold, Religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join, then, Religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind
Sea-sovereign isle! proud war decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who couldst subdue mankind!

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by night; the stars are thine,
Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain, and to bestow,
While ages last! in trade burn out the sun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
Let Forbifiers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an orb.

XXI.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than heaven to frame
That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
An universe! her rivers, seas!
Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
Heaven's fairest birth! and, but for thee, in vain!

XXII.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble search! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why despair?
New worlds are due to such a godlike care.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That Trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
By great Eliza do not swear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare:
And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
Full be thy fame, as swelling sails,
Constant, as tides, thy mind; as masts, elate;
Thy justice, an unerring beam
To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy numerous race, sure anchor of her state!

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that
of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra.
What the constellations are. Argo. The whale.
The Dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra.
Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured.
The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to
the Emperor. The Spanish armada. How Bri-
tain should speak her resentment. What gives
power. What navies do in war. The Tartar.
Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the
world. What the history of the world is. The
genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace
the merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin.
Merchants ambassadors. The British voyage.
Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

I.

BRITANNIA'S state what bounds confine!
(Of rising thought O golden mine!
Mountains, Alps, streams, gulphs, oceans, set no
bound;
She fancies till she strikes the star;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave rebound.

II.

Small isle! For Cæsars, for the son
Of Jove, who burst from Macedonia,
For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from fable thone:
They rose to Gods, in half thy sphere confin'd.

III.

Here, no demand for faucy's wing;
Plain truth's illustrious: as I sing;
O hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay!
Your starry lyre has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the planets round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

IV.

The skies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The naval fame of Heroes old;
As in a mirror shew th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by Gods, are writ in stars,
And noble verse, that shall endure as long.

V.

The skies are records of the main,
Thence Argo listens to my strain;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he hears, and views;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays;
How smiles Arion's friend * with partial beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smile subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames;

* The Dolphin.

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VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane;
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below the Balance, Georgel from
Thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughter Virgo learns to shine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights!
How could the wife man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! ye practise shameful arts!
Your own retain, false others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the British Fair.

IX.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be fustled at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—"O'er the main
"To share her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty power! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the main! Ye kings renowned!
Britannia's centre, and your bound:
Austrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening sun can shine,
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

XI.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's? Too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill, not so kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own,
Who refused an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider'st, that the kind are brave;
Ill dost thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin, as was that to save.

XIII.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted inspiration's vain?
Yet what if my prediction should prove true?
Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire. Thine
As one rejected, what, if one subdue?

XIV.

What naval scene adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate;
Inspires her councils, and records her prayer?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On sinking thrones, the tempest falls,
When her august assembled senates tear.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so bold!
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.
* The Spanish armada in the Hen's of Lords,

3 H

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a flood
Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
On each of counsel gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

XVII.

Nay, *her's* the sword! For Fleets have wings;
Like lightning fly to distant kings:
Like Gods descend at once on trembling states:
Is war proclaim'd? Our wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, *Aëolus*,
Sends forth his pin'd *old* people, thus,
On rapid errands as they fly, they roar,
And carry *suble* clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall! and thrones adore!

XIX.

The Fools of Nature ever strike
On bare *oussels*; and loath, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
Of human *welfare* and *revenge*,
Trade's the big *heart*; bright empire, but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?—
Trade gild their titles, pour'd their state;
While Africa's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from trade;
That *meanest* product on their soil,
Their people sell: one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
Africa's a glaring Monument:
Mid *citron* forests and *pomegranate* groves
(Cur'd, in a paradise!) the pines;
O'er generous glebe, o'er golden mines
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native royes:

XXII.

Not so thine, China, blooming-wide;
Thy numerous fleets might bridge the wide;
Thy products would exhaust both India's mines;
Shut be that gate of trade! Or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.—
Ungrateful song! Her growth *inspires* thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! To these, and such as these,
The river broad, and foaming seas
Which *sever* lands to mortals *left* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* skill or might:
Those *sever'd* parts of earth unite:
Trade's the full *pulse*, that sends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O! could one *engrossing* hand
The various streams of Trade command,
That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe!
That awful Power the world would have.
Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects; and his Will, their law.

* *Coffer.*

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
From Commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their shame, their rise, their
fall,
Time's whole plain *chronicle* is all
One bright *encomium*, undesign'd, on Trade.

XXVI.

Trade springs from Peace, and Wealth from
Trade,
And Power from Wealth! of Power is made
The God on Earth: hail, then, the dove of Peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

XXVII.

Then perish War!—Detested War!
Shalt thou make Gods? light Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's summer clear!
His *harvest*! harvest round the year!
For Peace with laurel every *mañ* be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon found, each sailor shout!
For Peace let every *sacred* ship be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the Patriarch Nature's ruins brav'd:
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The Gods made Human race, a Pilot, sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred too the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame*;
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave
law;
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants Embassadors! and Thrones in awe.

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times;
The march of stars; the births of climes;
Summer and Winter theirs; their land and sea,
Theirs are the seasons, months, and years;
And each a different garland wears—
O that my song could add Eternity!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage! glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the
stars:

XXXIII.

If to my subject rose my soul,
Your fame should last while oceans roll:

* In Queen Elizabeth's Reign.

When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies.

XXXIV.

Ye Sirens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng;
Ye Winds in concert breathe around;
Ye navies! to the concert bound
From Pole to Pole! To Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

*The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of
Eternity. What Britain's arts should be,
Whence slavery.*

I.
BRITAIN! thus blest, thy blessing know;
Or bliss, in vain! the Gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
They most may lose, who most possess;
Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy shore.

II.
Nor be too fond of life, at best,
Her cheer full, not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects
gives;
Prospects immortal; that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perished fortune to live.

III.
O for Eternity! a scene!
To fair adventurers serene?
O! on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with Gods! What transports roll;
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subjects crown!

IV.
Adore the Gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe war's fiery God;
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.
Glorious, while Heaven-born Freedom lasts,
Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts;
For what is Tyranny? A monstrous birth,
From Luxury, by bribes carets'd,
By glowing power in shades compress'd,
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning
earth.

THE CLOSE.

*This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable
to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung
by All.*

I.
THEE, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
Who owe the nought, thus snatch from shore,

The shore of Prose, where thou hast slumber'd
long;

And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of Time, to sure renown;
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme,
Why, then, unsung? My simple aim
To dress plain sense, and give the generous blood;
Not sport imaginations vain,
But lift, with yon ethereal train,
The shining Muse, to serve the public good.

III.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
The springs are open'd in my lays
Olympic heroes ghosts around me throng,
And think their glory sung anew;
Till chiefs of equal fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far surpass, as useful cares
Transcend diversion light and glory vain;
The breath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed, to him belong
The charioteers, not empires' golden rein.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise
That would to glowing Ætna rise
(Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
Seldom to man the Gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
In life, or song, how rare the true Sublime!

V.

VI.
None, British-born, will sure disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Though not with genius with *some* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muse!) the lay may last
Thus twin'd around the British Mast,
The British Mast, with nobler laurels bound!

VII.

Weak icy curls round naval oak,
And smiles at wind and storm unbroke;
By strength not hers sublime: thus, proud to
sail,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain;
And lives, and echoes through the plain,
While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye groveling Sons of Verse
Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
And feel the Muse with impotent desire;
Ye sacrilegious! who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

"Ye Sirens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
"Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
"Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng!
"Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
"Ye Naves! to the concert bound
"From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
"Britain to Heaven; from Heaven descends my
song,

THOMSON'S POEMS.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT

THE subject proposed. Described to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher, with digressions arising from the subject. It influences inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man, concluding with a digression from the cold and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness,
And from the bosom of yon drooping cloud,
While music wakes around, veild in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford! fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints, when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where sturly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his rusian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightful; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulph'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life, and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them
thin,

Fleecey and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.
Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfind,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays,
O'er the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luffy steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd
plough
Lies in the furrow, lofsen'd from the frost;
There, unrelucting, to the harness'd yoke

They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and Adonis lays the
glebe.

White through the neighbouring fields the sower
stalks
With measur'd step, and lib'ral throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, de-
scend!

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *varus* Mæro sung
To wide-imperial Rome; in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compar'd your insect
tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire; ruin'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disclaiming little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous Britons! venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land; the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs;
And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,

Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance to the fighting gales;
Where the deer rattle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concordal. At once array'd,
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Boried in smoke, and sleepy and noisome damps,
Off let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
From the bout-bath, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of daisy, or ascend
Some eminence, Augustan, in thy plains,
And see the country far diffus'd around,
One boundless bluish, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and laid beneath
The pale perfum'd yellow Autumn spleen,
Is brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting-gale.
Rife not, and scatter from his hoard wings
The clammy mildew, or, day-blowing, breathes
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring, through all her foliage
Shrinks, to find his kindred in the
Joyless and dead, a wide desolated waste,
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies wait,
Keen in the poison'd breeze, and wasteful eat;
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager ways. A feeble race! yet dost
The sacred sons of vengeance, on whose course
Comitive famine waits, and kills the year;
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaffs
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls;
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick their up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds busily fears.
Be patient, I swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repuls'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, furcharg'd with
That o'er the vast Atlantic's hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blazes
And, cheerless, drown the wide unrip'd year.
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the offensive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds, with vernal showers diltent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky; and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
To a perfect calm, that not a breath

Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The encurling flocks, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-implore eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense
The plump people break their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, basking praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves,
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy first anticipates their growth,
And, while the milky nutritive distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores; and well-flower'd
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,
Till in the western sky the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fash
Of broken clouds gay-shifting to his beams.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the flood, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems,
Melt, brightly, and green, the landscape laughs
Beside around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs;
Mean time, refracted from yon' eastern cloud,
Betriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton! the dissolving clouds
Form, frosting on the sun, thy snowy prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed,
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds;
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth,
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of Botanist to number up their tribes;
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search, or thro' the forest, rank
With what the dull inciprious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow. [rock,
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierces
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unaltered in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The fuggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away,
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Mean time the song went round, and dance and
sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss, sav'd the sweet pain.
That, inly thrilling, but exalts a more,
Nor yet injurious act nor surly deed
Was known among those happy souls of Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd smiling on
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his best rays; and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.
This whole, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw; his horrid heart
Was meek'n'd, and he join'd his sullen joy:
For unse held the whole in perfect peace
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied hearts the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance: Such were those prime of days.

But now those white, unblemish'd manners,
Whence the fabled poets took their Golden Age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and Reason, half ex-
Or impotent, or else approving fees
The foul disorder, senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power,
Each Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart,
Or, sunk to sordid int'rest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours,
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling,
The partial thought, a lifeless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good,
Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Goward Deceit, and ruffian Violence
At last, extinct each social feeling fell,
And joyless Inhumanity pervades,
And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
Is deem'd vindictive; to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came;
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast,
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows, and Summer shot
His pestilential heats; Great Spring, before
Green'd all the year, and fruits and blossoms
blush'd,

In social sweetness; on the self-same bough,
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor
storms
Were taught to blow in hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky; and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not relaxing on the springs of life;
But now of turbid elements the sports
From clear to cloudy tof'd, from hot to cold,
And dry, to moist, with inward eating changes
One dropping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun,
And yet the wholesome herd neglected dies,
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of Art, 'tis copious blest:
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her
milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They, too, are temper'd
high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast :
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep, while from her lap 350
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs
And fruits as num'rous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth ; shall he, fair
Form ! [Heaven,
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed ; but ye, ye

Flocks !
What have ye done ? ye peaceful People ! what
To merit death ? ye, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold ? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal !
In what has he offended ? he, whose toil
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest, shall he bleed, 365
And, struggling, groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest ; but 'tis enough, 370
In this late age, advent'rous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage :
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state [strain,
That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd
stream

Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ficed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm. 385
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the sunny race,
Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair :
Chie should the Western breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds.
High to the front, this day, amid the hills 395
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the
brooks ;

The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large. 400
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly, 405
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood

They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook ;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank ; 410
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce binds your pliant rod, 415
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw : but should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook, 421
Behoves you then to ply you finest art,
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear : 425
At last, while haply o'er the shaded fan
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With fullen plunges : at once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the steltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode, 431
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ; 436
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize. 439
Thus pass the temperate hours ; but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering
clouds,

E'en shooting listless languor thro' the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale :
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk, 446
With all the lowly children of the shade ;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon' spreading ash,
Hung o'er the sleep ; whence, borne on liquid
wing,

The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,
High in the beetling cliff, his airy builds : 450
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song :
Or catch thyself the landscape, gilding swift 455
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye :
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
Consus'd of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every gust of passion into peace,
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon' breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth : But who can paint
Like Nature ? Can Imagination boast, 465
Amid its gay creation, huss-like her's ?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows ? If Fancy, then, 470
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,

Ab! what shall Language do? ah! where find
words
Ting'd with so many colours, and whose power,
To life approaching, may persuade my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales;
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whose
hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song
Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and
sweet,

These looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason
mix'd,

Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread

The morning-dews; and gather, in their prime,
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace the braided
hair.

And thy low'd bosom, that improves their
sweets, 490

See where the winding vale its lavish stores
Irriguous spreads. See how the lily drinks
The latest rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank

In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk 495
Where the breeze blows from yon' extended
field

Of blossom'd beans: Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than, lib'ral, thence
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd
soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious talk the fervent bees, 505
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the soft air, the busy notions fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft with bolder wing they soaring dare 510
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme
grows,

And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried
eye 515

Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
Now meets the bending sky; the river now

Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon' mingled wilderness of flowers, 525

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;

The daisy, primrose, violet, daintly blue;
And Polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wallflower, staid with iron brow;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shady,
Anemones; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red, 535

Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the rather-dust,

The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charn'd eye, the exulting florid marks,
With sever pride, the wonders of his hand, 540

No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's murky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,

Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance: nor Narcissus fair, 446
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;

Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of beings! universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I lend the knee: to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who with a master-hand 556

Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,

Draw the live aether, and imbibe the dew: 560
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.

At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the roots;
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innumerable colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascends 570
My pasting Muse! and hark! how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim,
Lend me your song, ye Nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running soul of Melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce, 575
From the first note the hollow cuckoo songs,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, The passion of the groves.

When first the soul of Love is sent abroad
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580
Harmonious soizes, the gay troops begin,

In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long forgotten train,
At first faint-warbling; but no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide, 585

Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows,
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the Messenger of Morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly; he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy measure, o'er the heads

Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innumerable songsters, in the freshing shade 605
Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous: the jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert, while the rock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis Love creates the melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of Love;
That e'en to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches: hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love 615
Can dictate, and in courtship to their maths
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach, 625
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts, 630
That Nature's great command may be obey'd;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few;
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave:
But most in woodland solitudes delight, 641
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long
day,

When by kind duty fix'd Among the roots 645
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build the hanging house
Intent: and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw, till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

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As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight, 660
Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her
blows,

Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden slits 665
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpless family, demanding food 670
With constant clamour. O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young, 675
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins, E'en to a gentle pair,
By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar
breast,

In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft' as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting Love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd, 685
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing
Should some rude foot their woody haunts
molest,

Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirling thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the
head

Of wandering swain the white-wing'd plover
wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excursion, skims the level lawn 694
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck
hence

O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless
waste

The heath-hen, flutters; pious fraud! to lead
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundless air.

Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its bright'ning lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes 705
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the
beach.

O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught
song,

Spare the soft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
It on your bosom Innocence can win,
Music engage, or Piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd

To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft' when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725
 But now the feather'd youth their former
 bounds,

Ardent, disdain, and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky.
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the
 woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the
 boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse, till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. Tho' surging air receives
 Its plummy burden, and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead, 745
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
 'Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire:
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire, which in peace 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook; who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amuse, there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardent flames as on he walks;

Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
 The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-falling swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his oser-ist,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock
 spreads

His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below rush furious into flame
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-ferch'd, the raging passion feels:

Of pasture sick, and negligent of food, 791
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot: or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense:
 And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gored in every knotty trunk:

Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
 Their eyes flash fury: to the hollowed earth, 801
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling
 reed,

With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
 Nor heeds the rein, nor bears the sounding
 thong;

Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains,
 flies;

And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then steep-descending cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They bounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.

Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
 How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding wattle, in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves: but this the
 theme

I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun:
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Of various calence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee 834
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly
race

Invites them forth: when swift, the signal
given,

They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill, the rampart once
Of iron War, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain, ever bled, 840

Lost in eternal broil; ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden
heads,

And o'er our labours Liberty and Law
Impartial watch, the wonder of a world! 845

What is this mighty Breath, ye Sages! say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their
breasts

These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all, 850

And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work; with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855

But tho' conceal'd to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears,
Chief, lovely Spring! in thee, and thy soft
scenes,

The smiling God is seen, while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty, which exalts 860

The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume;
And sing th' insusive force of Spring on Man; 865

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.

Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870

Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye fordid Sons of Earth,
Hard and unfeeling of another's woe,

Or only lavish to yourselves: away!
But come, ye generous Minds! in whose wide
thought,

Of all his works, creative bounty burns 876
With warmest beam, and on your open front
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want; nor till invok'd
Can restless Goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd! 881

Like silent-working Heaven, uprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good,
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad! for you the teeming
clouds

Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world,
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head,
Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd Health exalts

The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of
kings

To purchase. Pure serenity space
Induces thought, and contemplation still: 895

By swift degrees the Love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom, till at last sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,

We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world! 900

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,

Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park thou
strayest,

Thy British Temple; there along the dale 906
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy
rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing waters ply,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees, 910

You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts;
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless
hand,

And pensive listen to the various voice 914
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of
rills,

That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft
You wander thro' the philosophic world, 920

Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.

And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time;
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925

And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive:

Or, turning thence thy view, these graver
thoughts

The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attund: then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love, 935

And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;

And as it pours its copious treasures forth
In varied converse, softening every theme, 940

You, frequent pausing, torn, and from her
eyes,

Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy;

Unutterable happiness! which Love 945
Alone bestows; and on a favour'd few,
Mean time you again the height, from whose fair
brow

The bursting prospect spreads immense around,
And, snatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and
lawn,

And verdant field, and dark'ning heath between;
And villages embosom'd soft in trees, 951
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams;
Wide stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The hospitable Genius lingers still, 955
To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills, [clouds
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round:
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of
youth;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves 965
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye Fair! 970
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,
But full of guile; let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,
Where woodbines haunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love; 980
Of the smooth glance beware: for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours:
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace,
Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid, while mufe flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears 996
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honour
still,

And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes arousd
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected Fortune flies, and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs, 1005
'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd sun
Loses his light; the reply-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines, and yon' bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct, and she alone 1010

Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dullness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,

Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015

Th' unfinish'd period falls: while borne away

On swelling thought his wasted spirit flies

To the vain bosom of his distant fair,

And leaves the semblance of a lower fix'd

In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,

Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs,

To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,

Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,

Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk

Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost; 1026

Indulging all to love; or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze

With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030

Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon

Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,

Enlightened by degrees, and in her train

Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,

Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035

With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve

To mingle woes with his; or, while the world,

And all the sons of Care, lie hush'd in sleep,

Associates with the midnight shadows drear,

And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040

His idly-tortur'd heart into the page

Meant for the moving messenger of love,

Where rapture burns on rapture, every line

With rising frenzy fir'd; but if on bed

Delirious slung, sleep from his pillow flies: 1045

All night he tosses, nor the balmy power

In any posture finds; till the grey Morn

Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,

Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,

Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050

Still interrupted by distracted dreams,

That o'er the sick imagination rise,

And in black colours paint the mimic scene.

Off' with th' enchantress of his soul he talks,

Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or, if retir'd 1055

To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,

Far from the dull impertinence of Man,

Just as he, credulous, his endless cares

Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,

Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not

how,

Thro' forests huge, and long-untravell'd heaths,

With desolation brown, he wanders waste, 1062

In night and tempest wrapt, or shrinks, aghast,

Back from the bending precipice, or wades

The turbid stream below, and strives to reach

The farther shore, where, succourless and sad,

She with extended arms his aid implores,

But strives in vain; borne by the outrageous flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,

Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,

Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart

Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,

'Tis then delightful misery no more,

But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's Paradise. Ye fairy Prospects, then,
 Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
 Farewell! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night 1081
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah, then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire; 1086
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul malignant fits,
 And frightens Love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours
 Afresh her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1099
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the
 veins,
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;
 For e'en the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm
 youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds 1105
 Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care,
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.
 But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate 1111
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
 blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love,
 Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
 Ineffable; and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
 will,
 With boundless confidence; for nought but
 love 1121

Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the furs they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form, 1131
 While those whom love cements in holy faith
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all! 1135
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven. 1141
 Mean time, a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows, and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom. 1146
 Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while ye look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All-various Nature pressing on the heart:
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, usefull life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads: 1166
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An Introductory reflexion on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheepshearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groups of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The firm over, a serene afternoon. Boating. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM bright'ning fields of æther fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's
depth:

He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the
gloom,

And on the dark-green grafs, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortals seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the youthful graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In feldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O, Doddington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away.
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful. Such th' all-perfect Hand!

That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are
fir'd,

And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd
step,

Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in
apace,

And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue through the dusk, the smoking currents
shine;

And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes

The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?

For is there aught in sleep can charm the wife?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!

Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilden'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain

Longer than Nature craves: when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,

Aflant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Ereux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!

Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bource
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk

Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs

Were brute unlovely mafs, inert and dead, 106
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit! from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,

Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming

car, 120
High-noon, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains;
Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
And, soften'd into joy, the surly Storms. 125
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy

touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd;
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.

Effulgent hence the veiny marble shines; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd
War

Gleams on the day; the noble works of Peace
Hence blefs mankind, and generous Commerce
binds

The round of nations in a golden chain..
Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid æther, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150
The purple streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns:
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first he gives it to the southern gale, 154
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,

In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
Wildly through all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him! 175
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, o'erflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise, 186
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
E'en in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celestial Thee resound, 190
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurfive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party colour'd hands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth
seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending
sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires:
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the
sky,

With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can un pitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom
reign,

Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning talk, the swain
retreats; 220
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around

The cheerful cottage, then expelling food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms 226
Shelt'ring embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embow-
er'd,

All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 231
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain

To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Waken'd by his warm ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once, 246
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different
tribes!

People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the
stream,

Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green wood
glade

Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amuse'd, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 256
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every lateat herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young, yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house, 261
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their sight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oit, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With pow'rless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
C'erlooking all his waving snarls around,
Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the russet stow his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering

And shriker sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor unenlightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon:

Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual from these what numerous kinds
descend,

Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous
mass

Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a
way,

Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf 296
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
Within its winding citadel the stone

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp 301

Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 303
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,

With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,

Though one transparent vacancy it seems 310
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape

The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315

He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with
noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320

Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
Or swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,

Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye, 329
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of
things;

Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen

The mighty chain of beings lessening down
From infinite Perfection to the brink 335
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!

From which astonish'd thought recoiling turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power

Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
As on our smiling eyes his servant son.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand
ways,

Upward and downward, thwarting and con-
volved,

The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-
wing'd,

Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of
day. 345

Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass

An idle summer life in fortune's shine,

A season's glister! Thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;

Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes. 350

Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;

The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,

Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,

Blown by prevailing fairs, the ruddy maid, 355

Half-naked, swelling on the fight, and all

Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.

Even sloping age is here; and infant-hands

Trail the long rakes, or with the fragrant load

Overcharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360

Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,

That throws refreshful round a rural smell:

Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,

And drive the dusky wave along the mead, 366

The ruffled hay-cock rises thick behind,

In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,

Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice

Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,

They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog

Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook

Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,

And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375

Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,

The clamour much, of men, and boys, and

dogs,

Ere the soft fearful people to the flood

Commit their woolly fides. And oft the swain,

On some impatient seizing, hurls them in: 380

Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,

Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,

And panting labour to the farthest shore.

Repeated this, still deep the well-wash'd fleece

Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt

The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;

Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow

Slow move the harmless race; where, as they

spread

Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,

July disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390

Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints

The country fill; and toss'd from rock to rock,

Incessant bleatings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks

Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd, 395

Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,

The shepherds sit, and what the sounding shears.

The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,

With all her gay-drest maids attending round.

One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400

Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays

Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-
king;

While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405

Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,

Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,

To stamp their master's cypher ready stand;

Others th' unwilling wether drag along;

And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410

Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.

Behold where bound, and of its robes bereft,

By needy man, that all-depending lord,

How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!

What softness in its melancholy face, 415

What dumb complaining innocence appears!

Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife

Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;

No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,

Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420

Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,

Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees

Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands

Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425

The treasures of the sun without his rage:

Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,

Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder

hence

Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en

now,

Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;

Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the

world.

'Tis raging noon; and vertical the sun

Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.

O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye 435

Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all

From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze,

In vain the fight, dejected, to the ground

Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams

And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root

Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440

And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,

Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.

Echo no more returns the cheerful sound

Of sharpening scythe; the mower sinking, heaps

O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfume'd:

And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard

Through the dumb mead. Discreetful nature

pants.

The very streams look languid from afar;

Or thro' the unshelter'd glade, impatient seem

To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!

And on my throbbing temples potent thus

Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,

And still another fervent flood succeeds,

Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455

And restless turn, and look around for night:

Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.

Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side

Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,

Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460

Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,

And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatish'd and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets,
Hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves as he floats along the herbage's brink. 475
Cool through the nerves your pleasing comfort
glides;
The heart beats glad; the flesh expanded eye
And ear resound their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd
limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various grouse the herds and flocks compose;
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank 486
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
This circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
Which in compos'd he shakes; and from his
sides
The troublous insects lashies with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-i-wain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sus-
tain'd; 495
Here laid his scrip, with whelmsome viands fill'd;
There, list'ning every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fatten on the herd,
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam, 506
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the
plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While from their labouring breasts a hollow
mean
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
O'er in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field ef-
fus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye, 510
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his
thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the
wave. 515
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth

Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth,
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step
Solemn and slow the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring
breath

Ecstatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent; to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whippers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd
soul,

For future trials fated to prepare: 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd I feel 540
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, me-
thinks,

A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
"From the same Parent-Power our beings drew;
"The same our Lord, and laws, and great pur-
suit.

"Once some of us, like thee, through stormy
life,
"Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
"Where purity and peace immerge charms.
"Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
"Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy folly and discordant vice,
"Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
"Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
"When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
"And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd
hill,

"The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
"A privilege bestow'd by us alone
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
"Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! though rais'd above 565
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene; 570
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense

* A young lady, well known to the author, who
died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1739.

Inspir'd; where moral wisdom mildly shone
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidden pride. 575
But, Oh thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
Believe the Muse; the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapt, 585
I stray, regardless whither, till the sound
Of a near fall of water, every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought; swift shrink-
ing back,

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all, 591
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country
round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whit'ning by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
And from the loud-responding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Assault the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest coos, 615
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds 620
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head 625
By flowering umbrage shaded, where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant-woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid Zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him
sends,

Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
The general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a tainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty
crown'd

And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons pass; 645
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with
mines,

That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.

Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods 654
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to hea-
ven

Their thorny stems, and broad around them
throw

Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands, that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats 661
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the
green, 665

Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds 669
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the
maze,

Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the coeca's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its fresh'ning wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboasted worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best anana, thou the pride 685
Of vegetable life, beyond what'er

The poets imag'd in the golden age!
Quick let me strip thee of thy tustly coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains im-
menfe

Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads

Add vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride;
Plays o'er the fields, and flowers with sudden
hand 695

Exuberant spring; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall;
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas: 705
On whose luxurious herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in painted mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies: 711
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-raisd in solemn theatre around, 720
Leans the huge elephant, wist of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd;
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth;
And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project; thrice happy! could he scape their
guils;

Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his tow'ry grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray, 731
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's
hand;

That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
The plumbly nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in * song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-sus'd songstress thrills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky;

* The Ill-popotamui, or river-horse.

† In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds,
though more beautiful in their plumage, are ob-
served to be less melodious than ours.

And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 730
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.

Thou art no Russian, who, beneath the mask
Of social commerce, com'st to rob their wealth;
No holy Fury thou, blaspheming Heaven, 735
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil
wounds,

To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead; bright with exalted flow-
ers; 740

From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander
gay,

Though palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 745
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawnly tops;

Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise; 750
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and
flocks

Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul; there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 755

And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
From disembow'd earth the virgin gold;

And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove;
Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 760

A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of
noon,

The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round, 766
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.

For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll. 770

Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,

With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 775
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by confiding winds together dash'd,

The Thunder holds his black tremendous
throne:

From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings
rage;

Till, in the furious elemental war 800
Dissolv'd the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these hid from the bounded
reach

Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual
pomp,

Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojan's sunny realm,
Pure-swelling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Njads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
That with unfading verdure smile around,
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive-majesty along: 815
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his
maze,

Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sands; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave. 821
His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract 825
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous
Ind

Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar;
From *Ménam's orient stream, that nightly
shines

With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower;
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.

Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives 835
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,

At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurld
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends

The mighty *Orrellana. Scarce the Muse 840
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of
course,

Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming
wilde,

And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The feat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd

By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860

* The river that runs through Siam, on whose
banks a vast multitude of those insects, called fire-
flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads.
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool
draught,

The ambrosial food, rich gums and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects, what
Their silky prides, and vegetable robes?

Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
Where dwell the gentlest children of the sun?

What all that Africa's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the soft'ning arts of Peace, 875
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;

The god-like wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers 879
Command the world; the Light that leads to
Heaven;

Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:

These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seem o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 886
And, with oppressive ray, the roscat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse; to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life, 890
The heart-need tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity; these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which e'en imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds; and while, with threat'ning
tongue,

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce 915
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the dusty isles

That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerable glare around their flaggy king, 925
Majestic, flanking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts,
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd, 935
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone 940
Amid this world of death. Day, after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below,
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round æther mixes with the wave, 945
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the
clouds:
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,
And hifs continual thro' the tedious night, 950
Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
When for them she must bend the fervid knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast:
Or from the black-red æther, bursting broad,
Salutes the sudden whirlwind. Straight the
sands,
Common'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970
Nearer and nearer still they darkning come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise,
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
Beneath descending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in
vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
Cheys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girds the globe,

The circling Typhon *, whirl'd from point to
point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells,
Of no regard save to the skilful eye:
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail; then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the 'whelming
tide,

Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
With such mad seas the daring Gama ‡ fought
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold: for then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade; the Genius then 1006
Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard, at last,
The Lusitanian Prince*, who, Heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1011
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of the storms,
His jaws horrid arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the
scent 1015
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and
death,

Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
And from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
Demands his share of prey; demands them-
selves.

The stormy Fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight their mangled
limbs

Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from
woods,

Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms
or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance,
at first, no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa,
by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East-Indies.

* Don Henry, third son to John I. king of Por-
tugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new
countries and the chief source of all the modern
improvements in navigation.

In vapours rank and blue, corruption wrapt,
Whose glomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce, then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease, 1035
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man:
Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd 1040
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon! saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant-weakness funk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye,
No more with ardour bright; you heard the
groans 1046

Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard nightly plung'd amid the swollen waves
The frequent corse, while on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
Silent, to ask whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods†,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields, 1056
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape; man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a close incubent cloud of death, 1060
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze, and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world:
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd 1071
The cheerful haunt of men; unless escap'd
From the doom'd house where matchless Horror
reigns,

Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten wretch,
With phrensy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to
heaven 1075

Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The swollen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself.
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie, 1081
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care; the circling sky.
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090

* These are the causes supposed to be the first
origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book
on that subject.

And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted
year;

Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage, 1095
The infuriate hill, that shoots the pillar'd
flame;

And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that restless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph, 1100
But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muse;
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold! slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods, and, growing, gains
The full possession of the sky, furchur'd 1105
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
Where sleep the mineral generations drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame 1110
Pollute the sky; and in yon' baleful cloud
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment, till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull found
Dread thro' the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the
flood,

And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
Prone to the lowest vale the aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the frowning heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsok, 1125
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis lightning fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud, 1130
And following sower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest grows; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightning flash a larger curve, and more
The noise adounds, till over-head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze: 1140
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-vent, the
clouds 1145

Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame un-
quench'd,

The unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering
pine 1150

Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd
below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless
look

They were alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull, 1155
And ox half rais'd. Struck on the eastled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud 1161
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs: and Snowden's
peak, 1165

Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load,
Far seen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled
thought

And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
And his the radiance of the Hen day.

They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence and undiscerning Truth.

'Twas friendship, heightened by the mutual wish,
Th'enchanted hope, and sympathetic glow, 1181
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self,
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care untroubled; till, in evil hour, 1190
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
While with each other blest, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd 1195
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199
In Heaven, repres'd her fear; it grew, and
shook

Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offence,
"And inward storm! He who yon's skies in-
volves

"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
"That wates at midnight, or th' undreaded
hour

"Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to
thine.

"Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
"To clasp perfection! From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous
maid. 1216

But who can paint the lover as he stood
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb 1220
The well-dissembled mourners stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells; and o'er the world expands 1225
A purer azure. Thro' the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230

Invests the fields; and Nature smiles, reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-hibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most favour'd; who with voice articulates 1236
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?

Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sent of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly
youth

Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal
depth

A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands, 1245
Gazing th' inverted landscape; half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge, and thro' the obedient wave, 1250
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path,
While from his polish'd sides a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats:
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightning
flood,

Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260
By the bold swimmer, in the swift lapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Kiss into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender to subdue the wave,
Even from the body's purity the mind 1265
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes,
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,

Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs;
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze,
that play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Mufidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275

She felt his flame: but deep within her breast,
In bashful coy refs, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280

Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
And if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine:
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Mufidora sought:

Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, robb'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290

Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:

A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295

Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in virtue say,
Say, ye Severeft, what would you have done?

Mean time this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300

The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous
limbs,

To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside

The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou, as from the snowy leg
And slender foot th' inverted silk she drew;

As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone, 1310
And thro' the parting robe th' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless

gaze

In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315

In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd the flood, shrunk from her-
self,

With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?

Then to the flood she rush'd: the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd,
And every beauty soft'ning, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed;

As shines the lily through the crystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325

Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows,
While thus the wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming looks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,

Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330
Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,

Vol. VIII.

As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd

The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling, from the
shade

With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank

With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my
Fair!

" Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340
" Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
" To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
" And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,

As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345

So stands the statue * that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and array'd 1350

In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd:
But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,

Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame, void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's fame,
By modesty exalted; e'en a sense

Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length a tender calm 1360

Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul,
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,

Which soon her Damon read with weeping joy:
" Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses
mean,

" By fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
" Alas! not favour'd less, be still, as now,

" Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth 1371

And vital lustre: that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
Heaven,

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375

Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves

To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul,

To whose exulting eye a fairer world, 1385
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms, whose minds are richly
fraught

With philosophic stores, superior light,
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of Interest deem romance, 1390

* The Venus of Melici.

Now call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day;
 Now to the verdant portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
 By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the fire
 Of love, approving, heats, and calls it Good.
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes, Wherefore should we chuse?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;
 Now to the Sister-hills † that skirt her plain; 1410
 To lofty Harrow now; and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows:
 There let the seated eye unwearied stray; 1416
 Luxurious there rove thro' pendent woods,
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embow'ring walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart, 1421
 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twitnam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God ‡; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terraced height, and Escher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mose, 1430
 From courts and senates, Pelham finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond what'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
 On which the power of Cultivation lies, 1435
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
 spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays! 1440
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks unconfin'd, e'en to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparring hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountain flocks
 Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides
 Below the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
 Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
 And Property assures it to the swain.

Heard and unwearied in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
 And Trade and Joy in every busy street
 Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dully hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts 1461
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
 Relinquish the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465
 Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous
 youth,

By hardship snaw'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go, and first
 Or on the lifted plain or stormy sea.
 Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans 1470
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius and substantial learning high;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet, like the muttering thunder, when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.
 Thy sons of glory many! Alfred! thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine; whose hallowed name the Virtues saint,
 And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine;
 Names dear to Fame! the first who deep-impres'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her Genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a gen'rous, tho' mistaken, zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
 Like Cato firm, like Arifides just, 1490
 Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wife, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
 The num'rous worthies of the Maiden reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd:
 Raleigh! the scourge of Spain! whose breast with
 all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd: 1500
 Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe,
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world,
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass, 1510
 The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious land!
 Wife, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxons,
 shining or splendour.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

‡ In his 1st speech.

To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew 1521
The grave where Ruffel lies, whose temper'd
blood,

With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign,
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Callius *, fearless bled,
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful Sages and in noble Bards, 1531

Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535

And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course; him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul 1540
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.

The great deliverer he! who, from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words' and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth, 1545
Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,

Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous Ashley† thine, the friend of man,
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye. 1551
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.

Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works 1556
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke?
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame 1561

In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse 1566
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?

A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime. 1570
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who like a copious river pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
Chaucer, whose native manners painting verse,

Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften as thy Daughters I,
Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own, 1580
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look restless piercing to the soul, 1591
And by the soul inform'd, when, dress in love,
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol: white Peace and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as the moves along, 1610
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal, 1615
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds,
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train, 1621
In all their pomp attend his setting throne:
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs 1625
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void, 1630
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
A sigh of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have
cheer'd

A drooping family of modest worth:

3 L 2

* Algernon Sidney.

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew,
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder slow extinguish'd clouds,
All æther soft'ning, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air,
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth, then that of deeper dye 1650
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To clothe the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn,
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care [1650
Of Nature nought disdains; thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Lies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail; 1665
The beauty whom perhaps his wife's heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented, where 1671
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various gaine and revelry, to pass
The summer-night, as village-stories tell:
But far about they wander from the grave 1675
Of him whom his ungente fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tower
Is also shun'd, whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the
dark

A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and
streams, [1690

And rocks, and mountains-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary Vision turns, where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise, 1695
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart 1700
In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring
crowds

Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,

That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immensity of space 1705
Returning, with accelerated course
The rushing comet to the sun descends,
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd
Whose godlike mind Philosophy exalts, [few,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which, mount-
ing, spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While from his far excursion thro' the wilds
Of barren æther, faithful to his time, 1720
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs 1725
Thro' which his long ellipses winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, serene Philosophy! with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my
song, 1730

Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than Summer-noon, and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul
New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735
Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by
She sprung aloft, with elevated pride, [thee,
Above the tangle mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-
wing'd,

The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd;
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to him, 1745
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense 1750
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die, the treasure of mankind! 1755
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In quest of prey, and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art 1760
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765

Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence and guile, 1770
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by
thee,

Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all, 1775
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Fly the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth 1781
Poorly confin'd, the radiant trafts on high
Are her exalted range, intent to gaze
Creation thro', and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
Of the sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward
view

Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye, and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear, 1790
Compound, divide, or into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract, where first begins 1795
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills eternal Providence, fits deep;
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits, 1800
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow.
A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections
in praise of industry, raised by that view.
Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A harvest storm.
Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous
account of Fox-hunting. A view of an orchard.
Wail-fruits. A vineyard. A description
of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn;
whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of
fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered,
that now shift their habitation. The prodigious
number of them that cover the northern and
Western Isles of Scotland; hence a view of the
country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading

woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light.
Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds
a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts
up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the
country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes
with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten
sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry
frost

Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth, and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she, too, pants for public virtue; she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent
will,

Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous
days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence
shook 25

Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm, while broad and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head. 31

Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 36

Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
The clouds fly different, and the sudden fun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along:
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life:
Raifer of human kind! by Nature cast
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various feeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite, but idle all.
Still unexerted in th' unconscious breast
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,

Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
 Agbaff, and comfortless, when the bleak North,
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away:
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 E'en desolate in crowds; and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along!
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded, pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blait; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent Wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity, 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
 And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a public, to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the patriot Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
 That tolling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.
 Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protect'd, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew num'rous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the City rear'd,
 In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head,
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands 115
 drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-firaming, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big warehouse built, 119
 Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded
 street

With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames!
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long win'try forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the belying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk
 Steep'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary 125
 wings;

While deep the various voice of fervent Toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd
 with oak,

To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
 Its ample roof, and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas
 smooth,

With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd. 140

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145

His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 With him Summer were an arid waste,
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky, 151
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand
 In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate, 155
 By nameless gentle offices, her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the luffy sheaves,
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks; builds up the shocks,
 And, conscious, glancing oft' on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick. 166
 Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,

The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you, 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of Fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:

For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180
She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; untaught and
pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace 201
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods,
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
With smiling Patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected blushes, from his gaze.
He saw her charming; but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field; 235
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
"By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
"And more than vulgar Goodness, seem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace 243
"Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
"Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind

"Recalls that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
"Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
"And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 245
"Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
"Far from those scenes which knew their better
days,
"His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
"Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
"Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak 255
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and
bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once. 260
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains? 265
"She whom my restless gratitude has sought
"So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
"The soften'd image of my noble friend;
"Alive his every look, his every feature,
"More elegantly touch'd, sweeter than Spring,
"Thou sole surviving blossom from the root 270
"That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
"In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
"The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
"In such beauty spread, and blown so fair, 275
"Tho' poverty's cold mind, and crushing rain,
"Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
"O let me now into a richer soil
"Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and
showers
"Diffuse their warmest, largest influence, 280
"And of my garden be the pride and joy!
"Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
"Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
"Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
"The father of a county, thus to pick 285
"The very refuse of those harvest fields,
"Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
"Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
hand,
"But ill apply'd to such a rugged task:
"The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are thine,
"If to the various blessings which thy house 291
"Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
"That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd
away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate :
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright
 gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours ; 305
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.
 Defeating oft' the labours of the year, 311
 The sultry South collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn : 315
 But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world :
 Strain'd to the root the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves ;
 High beat, the circling mountains eddy in
 From the bare wild the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage, 325
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force,
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste : and sometimes, too, a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over-head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and
 still
 The deluge deepens, till the fields around
 Lie sunk and flatted in the fordid wave. 335
 Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
 Red from the hills innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
 The river lift, before whose rushing tide
 Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains,
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had
 spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpleis, beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of claimant children dear. Ye Matters ! then 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful
 pride ;
 And, oh ! be mindful of that sparing board 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle and your sense
 rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.
 Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's
 joy,
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,

Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game ;
 How in his mid-career the spaniel, struck
 Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey.
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful every
 way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
 Nor on the furies of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
 O'erakes their sounding pinions, and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering
 wing,
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide dis-
 pers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the
 wind.
 These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song, 380
 Then most delighted when the social fees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her.
 This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night
 long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the
 waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes ! our wanton
 rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400
 Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone
 feat
 Retir'd ; the rusky fen, the ragged furze ;
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath, the stubble
 chapt ;
 The thistly lawn, the thick-entangled broom ; 405
 Of the same friendly hue the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook :
 Vain is her best precaution, thro' she sits, 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she bears the coming storm :

But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, the springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of Game is up at once : 420
The pack full opening, various ; the shrill
horn
Refounded from the hills : the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's
shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425
The stag, too, singled from the herd, where
long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the
shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by
fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight. 430
Against the breeze he darts, that way the
more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
Deception short ! tho' faster than the winds
Blown o'er the keen air'd mountains by the
North
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the
glades, 435
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, 'circling thro' his every shift. 440
He sweeps the forest off, and, sobbing fees
The glades mild opening to the golden day,
Where in kind contest with his butting
friends
He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Off in the full-descending flood he tries 445
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
Off seeks the herd ; the watchful herd
alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall we do ? his once-so-vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
Inspire the course, but fainting, breathless
toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled
face ;
He groans in anguish, while the growling
pack, 455
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with
gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase, behold, despising
flight, 460
The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the pretended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof,
Slunk from the cavern and the troubled
wood.
See the grim wolf ! on him his shaggy foe 465

Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die ;
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons !
then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold ;
Him from his craggy winding haunts un-
earth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the
hedge 475
High-bound resiffles ; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way : into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echos tost ;
Then scale the mountains to their woody
tops,
Rush down the dangerous steep, and o'er the
lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
Pour all your speed into the rapid game ;
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase,
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the
pack ;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred
mouths
Relentless torn : O, glorious he, beyond
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's
fur, 495
Depending decent from the roof, and, spread
Round the drear walls, with antique figures
fierce,
The stag's large front ; he then is loudest
heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide :
The tankards foam ; and the strong table
groans
Beneath the smoking firloin, stretch'd im-
mease
From side to side, in which, with desperate
knife, 505
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour ; or amain
Into the pasty plung'd at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal
round,
A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515

Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her pining shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years: and now his honest front
 Flames in the light resplendent, not afraid
 E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of
 smoke, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick
 dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving
 misers
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.
 At last these puling illnesses laid 530
 Aside, frequent and dull, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest brimming bowls 535
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the saddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual will, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses,
 bounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 541
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous
 heart:
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul, 545
 And opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curses, go
 round,
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd
 hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again.
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the
 deep 550
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs
 falls,
 So, gradual, sinks their mirth. Their feeble
 tongues,
 Unable to make up the cumbersome word,
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin
 eyes
 Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
 Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
 Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses and bottle, pipes and gazetteers,
 As if the table e'en itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene: and wide below 560
 Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steepers them drench'd in potent sleep till
 morn.
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing
 steed; 575
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush,
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man. 585
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet
 fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress! 590
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth
 step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their
 race 600
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to
 make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life;
 This be the female dignity and praise!
 Ye Swains! now hasten to the hazel bank,
 Where down yon' dale the wildly winding
 brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close
 array, 611
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
 Ye Virgins! come: for you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for
 you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade, 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost
 bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree,
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning hulk;
 A glossy flower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair; 620
 Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wife,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
 Hence from the busy joy-reounding fields,
 In cheerful error let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,

The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetnefs swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt. 635
Such falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the luty-handed Year,
Innumeros, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen 640
Dwells in their gelid pores; and active,
points

The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue :
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer, too,
Phillips! Pomona's bard; the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645
With British freedom, sing the British song;
How, from Silurian vats high sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to
cheer

The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The suns shed equal o'er the meeken'd day,
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Doddington! thy feat, serene and plain,
Where simple Nature reigns, and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with
wood,

Here rich with harvest, and there white with
flocks!

Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660
New beauties rise with each revolving day,
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring
finds

New plants to quicken and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all, the Muses' feat,
Where in the secret bower and winding walk, 665
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay;
Here wand'ring oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence, 670
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled
deep,

My pleasing theme continual prompts my
thought,

Presents the downy peach, the shining plum, 675
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs o'er her clusters glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Tura we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent sun elated, high
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,

Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain
climbs,

Profuse, and drinks among the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze
Low bend the weighty boughs; the clusters clear
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the Autumnal
prime, 695

Exulting rove, and speak the vintage night.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country
floats

And foams unbounded with the mazy flood,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy; 700
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow tasted Burgundy, and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign,

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
And high between contending kingdom rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary; thence expanding far, 715
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain;
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd
orb

He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last, 725
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard) 730
Light uncollected thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way, nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains
play,

And their unfailling wealth the rivers draw. 740
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way
The waters with the sandy stratum rise,

Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten as they soak along ;
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs,
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main it boils again
 Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this
 vain

Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
 They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rusty dells, 761
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand, that chara'd their course fo
 long ?

Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765
 Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean, too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770

Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs
 That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading Genius ! given to man 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,

O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view :
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
 The huge incumbrance of horrid woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds !
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus, pouring many a stream.

O, from the sounding summits of the North, 785
 The Doon hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Rus
 Believe the stony girdle* of the world ; 791

And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The many caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,

And of the bending Mountains of the Moon ! †
 O'ertripping all these giant-sons of earth, 801

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains
Veliki Cameropy, that is, The great fiery girdle,
because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround
 almost all Monomotapa.

Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thund'ring round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose ;
 I see the rivers in their infant beds ! 806
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts,
 That while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste. 816
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
 Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And, swelling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling fun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains that, to rain condens'd,
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the far-divided earth 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
 The swallow people, and, toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats, rejoicing once
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where, unpiere'd by frost, the cavern
 sweats, 841

Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back ; for, thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The work-assembly meets, for many a day
 Consulting deep and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky :
 And now their route design'd, their leaders
 chafe,

Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous
 wings, 855

And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figur'd flight ascends, and, rising high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;

Who can recount what transigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise? 866
Infinite wings! till all the plume dark air,
And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.
Here the plain, harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive, of many hues, 870
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his various food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
Of Luxury: and here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main
Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
Breathing the foul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood 886
Waik'd lovely from the Tweed, (pure parent-
stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric
reed,
With, sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook,)
To where the north inflated tempest foams 890
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
Of unsubmitting spirit, wife and brave,
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state; 900
Too much, in vain! hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful
toil;
As from their own clear North, in radiant
streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.
Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected Industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain,
And teach the labouring hind the sweets of
toil?
How by the finest art the native robe 915
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering sunny swarms 920
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our
shores;
How all-enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail from every growing port,

Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus in soul united as in name, 925
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep!
Yes, there are such. And full on thee,
Argyle!
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
Of sulphurous War, on Teniers' dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of Peace inwreathes thy
brow;
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mixt in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes! too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind;
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has the known a friend like thee.
But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wari-declining green 951
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown
walks,
And give the Season in its latest view.
Mean time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded æther, whose least wave 965
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softned force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the
time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature
charm,
To steal themselves from the degen'rate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing Passions into peace, 966
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruffet mead,
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is
heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades, 976
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering fit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save scattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye, 981
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,

Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
In cessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft' startling such as, audious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 999
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sub, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle
bleat.

Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery
race

Their sunny robes resign: even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the paked tree,
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the
Power

Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild-dejected air, 1005
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, de-
clare,

O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far 1010
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief
Of human race, the large ambitious wish
To make them blest: the sigh for suffering
Worth 1020

Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve:
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th' awakened thro' for virtue and for fame;
The sympathies of love and friendship dear, 1026
With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me, then, to vast embowering
shades,

To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms, 1030
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along,
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much! Then lead, ye
Powers!

That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036
Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees,
O lead me to the wide extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe! 1040

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

Not Persian Cyrus, on Ionia's shore,
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By Genius fr'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious Art, that in the strife
All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
And there, O Pitt! thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that temple † where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last
smiles

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I
walk,

The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
Will, from thy standard taste, refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth 1050
Of Nature, or the unimpassion'd shades
Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall drag the Tragic scene, instruct her, thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts;
Of honest Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham! thou thy verdant files 1070
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
In 'ulging Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
When keen, once more, within their bounds to
press

Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise com-
mand,

Thy temper'd ardeur, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day,
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky, 1081
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters
ooze,

Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Clutter the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the
moon,

Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, unbrageous dales de-
scend,

And caverns deep, as optic tube descends, 1091
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop;
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,

† The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But, when half blotted from the sky, her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven,
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white, 1105
Oft, in this season, silent from the North
A blaze of meteors shoots: enfweeping first
The low skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
All ether courting in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
The appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire,
Till the long lines of full-extended war,
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of hea-
ven.

As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake
sunk,

Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress:
Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
The unalterable hour: e'en Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
Not to the man of philosophic eye,
And suspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance, beautiful and new.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching
gloom,

Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all Beauty void;
Distinction lost: and gay Variety 1140
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of Light to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge; 1145
Nor visited by one directive ray
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue
The wildfire scatters round, or, gather'd, trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss, 1151
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph;
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await, 1156
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
Moxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,

The meteor fits, and shows the narrow path 1160
That, winding, leads thro' pits of death, or
else

Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning
shines

Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day. 1165
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And, hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that
pit 1170

Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd
Beneath the cloud of guilt concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people in their waxy cells
Sat tending public carts, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor, rejoic'd 1175
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious
stores.

Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust. 1181
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?

For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one funny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190
Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?

See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo! was thy fate,) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and
high,

Infinite splendour! wide investing all,
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thrond,
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd:
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of Mirth, 1220

Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks, and where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wreath twines.
Age, too, shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think

That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round. 1232

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd, 1235
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate

Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give, 1241

Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppresses him not?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life 1245
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table leaps
With luxury and death? what tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice? nor sunk in beds,

Off' of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
To disappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,

Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies 1261
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,

And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear. 1270

Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unfulfill'd Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy

Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun,
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct, and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery; let these

Infuse the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right;
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,

Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state;
While he from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states 1301
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305
Admiring sees her in her every shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what the liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,

Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours 1311
He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.

In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
Or Helios cool, reads what the Muse of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung,
Or what she dictates writes; and oit', an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field, 1321
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.

Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss; 1325
The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,

Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for Wisdom. With swift wing

O'er land and sea Imagination roams;
Or Truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Flates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335
Or in his breast heroic Virtue burns.

The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth

The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still and smiling kind. 1345
This is the life which those who fret in guilt
And guilty cities never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with
Man!

Oh, Nature! all sufficient! over all! 1350
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven! thy rolling wonder there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Snew me; their motions, periods, and their
laws,

Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and, higher still, the mind, 1360
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift:
These ever-open to my ravi'd eye,
A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal, if the blood, 1365
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee! 1371

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to its natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The snows descending from the Alps and Appennines. A wintry-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my
theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
Congenial Horrors, hail! with frequent foot 6
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,

VOL. VIII.

When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure, 10
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst,
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the South 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and
smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her Song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year;
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer blaze to rise; 21
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
To swell her note with all the rushing winds, 25
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and, burning strong.
Nor vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
A steady spirit, regularly free:
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what Envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heav'n, the sun
Scarce spreads thro' æther the desisted day. 45
Faint are his gleams; and ineffe'dual foot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern
sky,

And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns,
Nor is the night unwith'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time in sable-cincture shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom, oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discour'd
flocks,

Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,

And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling
brook

And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the Father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains,
obscure,

Drive thro' the mingling fies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the
woods,

That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds 77

Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven so

Each to his home retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.

The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminant in the contiguous shade. 86

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind

Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks, 91
And much he laughs, nor reckes the storm that

blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent
swell'd,

And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:

Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far,

Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 100
Calm, sluggish, silent; till, again constrain'd

Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid
stream;

There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders
thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sings. 110
Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow

With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful Beings! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,

To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
In what far-distant region of the sky,

Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb

Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks 120
Begin to rush around. The reeling clouds

Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Black, in the leaden-colour'd East, the moon

Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,

The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray,

Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.

Snatch'd in short eddies plays the withered leaf,
And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 131

With broaden'd nostrils, to the sky up turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135

The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,

The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long

They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.

Affiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high

Wheels from the deep, and screams along the
land.

Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild
wing

The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide

And blind commotion heaves; while from the
shore,

Ate into caverns, by the restless wave, 150
And forest-ruffling mountains, comes a voice

That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air

Down in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust

Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night, that sits immense around,
Laid into foam, the fierce conflicting brine

Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds

In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their stations drive,

Wild as the winds, across the howling waste 165
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave

Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head:

Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
Of full exerted heaven they wing their course,

And dart on distant coasts, if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating

round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns:
The mountain thunders, and its sturdy sons

Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,

And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain,
Dash'd down and scatter'd, by the tearing
wind's

Affiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipatèd grove 185

The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
And on the cottage, thatch'd, or lordly roof,

Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.

Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, thro' all the borthen'd air
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant
sighs,

That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds, com-
mix'd

With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky. 196
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at
once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.

Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all at ease.

Where now, ye lying Vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train! 210

Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of Light and Life! thou Good Su-
preme!

O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
pure;

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
The keener tempests rise; and, fuming dun
From all the livid East, or piercing North,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd. 225
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower de-
scends.

At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow
melts

Along the mazy-current. Low the woods. 235
Bow their hoar head: and ere the languid sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-
ox 240

Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then de-
mands

The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of hea-
ven,

Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon

Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
The red-breast, sacred to the house-hold gods;

Wifely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates; and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the
floor,

Eyes all the smiling family asstance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and
dogs

And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 260
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening
earth,

With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dis-
pers'd,

Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.
Now, Shepherds! to your helpless charge be
kind;

Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens, 266
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing
East,

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, 271
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms, till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own looie revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes 280
Of horrid prospect, flag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow, 291
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, un-
known,

What water of the still unfrozen spring,

In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, 305
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, 320
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern
blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy
mirth,

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain:

How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed, 330
By shameful variance betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
Of misery! sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the fard'd hut
Of cheerless Poverty! how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse, 340
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of
life,

They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse!
Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation
join'd,

How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress! how many stand 345
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish! Thought fond
man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life, 350
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band*
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive
search'd

* The Gael Committee, in the year 1729.

Into the horrors of the gloomy gael? 361
Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans,
Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger
burn,

And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
While in the land of Liberty, the land 365
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open Freedom, like tyrants rag'd,
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving
mouth,

Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed,
E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep, 370
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.

O great design! if executed well, 376
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal,
Ye fons of Mercy! yet resume the search,
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hand Oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give. 381
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
And lengthen simple justice into trade,)
How glorious were the day that saw these broke!
And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees, 391
Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaut, and
grim!

Assambling wolves in raging troops descend, 395
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the ficed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast;
The Godlike face of Man avails him nought.
E'en Beauty, force divine! at whose bright
glance

The gen'rous lion stands in soften'd gaze, 406
Here bleeds a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded body from the grave, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they
howl.

Among those hilly regions, where, embrac'd
In peaceful vales, the happy Grifons dwell, 415
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From sleep to sleep, loud thundering, down they
come,

A wintry waste in dire commotion all, 419
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains

And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,

Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin 'whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,

In the wild depths of Winter, while without 426

The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat

Between the groaning forest and the shore

Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,

A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene,

Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430

To cheer the gloom. Then, studious, let me sit,

And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;

Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,

As gods beneficent, who blest mankind

With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.

Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside 436

The long-liv'd volume, and, deep musing, hail

The sacred shades that, slowly rising, pass

Before my wandering eyes. First Socrates,

Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440

Against the rage of tyrants single stood,

Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,

That voice of God within th' attentive mind,

Obeys, fearless, or in life or death;

Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind: 445

Solon the next, who built his commonweal

On Equity's wide base; by tender laws

A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,

Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,

Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450

And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,

The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.

Lycurgus, then, who bow'd beneath the force

Of strictest discipline, severely wise,

All human passions. Following him, I see, 455

As at Thermopylae he glorious fell,

The firm devoted Chief*, who prov'd, by deeds,

The hardest lesson which the other taught.

Then Aristides lifts his honest front,

Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice

Of Freedom gave the honest name of Just; 461

In pure majestic poverty rever'd;

Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal

Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's† fame.

Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears 465

Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,

Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad

The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend

Of every worth and every splendid art;

Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth. 470

Then the last worthies of declining Greece,

Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,

Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,

Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,

Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled. 475

And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair‡,

Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,

Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.

He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,

And left a mass of fordid lees behind, 480

Phocion the Good, in public life severe,

To virtue still inexorably firm;

But when, beneath his low industrious roof,

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his brow,

Not Friendship foster was, nor Love more kind.

And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons, 486

The generous victim to that vain attempt

To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw

E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.

The two Achaian heroes cloie the train; 490

Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul

Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece;

And he her darling, as her latest hope,

The gallant Philopemen, who to arms

Turn'd the luxurious pomphe could not cure; 495

Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain,

Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!

A race of heroes, in those virtuous times

Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame

Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd. 501

Her better founder first, the light of Rome,

Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.

Servius the King, who laid the solid base

On which o'er earth the vast Republic spread. 505

Then the great Consuls venerable rise.

The public Father † who the private quell'd,

As on the dread tribunal sternly sat.

He whom his thankless country could not lose,

Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510

Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold!

And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.

Thy willing victim §, Carthage, bursting

loose

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,

From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith 515

Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.

Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,

Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,

And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade

With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520

Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while

Retrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.

Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.

And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,

Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd, 525

Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse

Demand: but who can count the stars of hea-

ven?

Who sing their influence on this lower world?

Behold who yonder comes! in sober state, 530

Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun—

'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan Swain!

Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,

Parent of song! and equal by his side

The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they

walk,

Darkling, full up the middle sleep to fame. 536

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch

Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd

Transported Athens with the moral scene;

Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting

lyre.

First of your kind! society divine! 541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

‡ Marcus Junius Brutus. § Regular.

And mount by soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend, 550
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling
pride,

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng; 556
Ah, why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd
store

Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name? 565
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade, with softest light, thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search if Nature's boundless
frame

Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from the eternal Mind, 577
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds,
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves
on

In higher order, fitted and impell'd
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage Historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of
time;

Shew us how empire grew, declin'd and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns,
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, e'en superior to ambition, we 600
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide

Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest
stream

Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity.
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapers 610
Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise,
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself; 615
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean time the village rouses up the fire,
While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The hiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep; 625
The leap, the flap, the haul: and, shoo! to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Flows indistinct. The sons of Riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf 635
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortunes, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The pop, light fluttering spreads his mealy
wings. 645

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet
stalks;

Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belyidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely fear
Seals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse 650
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises, fly, the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the
scenes

Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil * shew'd.
O thou! whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd, 655
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire 660

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written
by Sir Richard Steele.

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life, permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield! to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
Indulge her fond ambition in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place.)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind;
To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
Rejects the allurements of corrupted power; 670
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects:
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening Senate, ardent, crowd 680
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears;
Thou to afflicting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts, call'd from the
heart,
Th' obedient Passions on thy voice attend; 696
And e'en reluctant Party feels a while
Thy gracious power, as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now
strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse;
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
Frosty, succeed, and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constraining seeds and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves
In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy Fire; and luculent along 710
The purer rivers flow; their fullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, Frost! and whence are thy
keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret, all-involving Power, 715
Whom e'en th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,

An icy gale, oft' shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rusles no more, but to the sedge bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river grows below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise, while at his evening watch
The village-dog deters the nightly thief:
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eyes unjoyous. Then appears 746
The various labour of the silent Night;
Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair, 750
Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave,
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
Incrusted hard, and founding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest, 761
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
The long resounding course. Mean time, to
raise 775
The maaly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome
day,
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785

Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
Worse than the season desolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid zone,
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Bar'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805

And cheerless towns, far-distant, never blest'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay*,
With news of human-kind: yet there life glows;
Yet, cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet, 811
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts, 815
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows: and, scarce his
head

Rais'd o'er the happy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumb'ring, sullen, in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny forest half-absorb'd,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sower as the storms increase, 830
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak com-
plaint,

Hardens his heart against assailing want.
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
That see Bootes urge his tardy wain, 835
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus† pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Frolic swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde ‡, with dreadful
sweep

Resilient rusting o'er th' enfeebled South, 841
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland; wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;

* The old name for China.

† The North-west wind. ‡ The wandering
Scythian clans.

They ask no more than simple Nature gives; 845
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' th' restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
Their rein-deer form their riches: these their
tents,

Their robes, their beds, and all their homely
wealth,

Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups,
Obsequious at their call the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse 856

Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860

And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
E'en in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs. 865

With'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve,

Till seen at large for gay rejoicing months, 870
Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.

In that glad season, from the lakes and floods
Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 875
And fring'd with roses, Tenglio† rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,

They, chearful-loaded, to their tents repair,
Where, all day long in useful care employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd 881

From legal plunder and rapacious power;
In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
The seeds of Vice; whose spotless swains ne'er
knew

Injurious deed, nor blasted by the breath 885
Of faithless Love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
Where, sailing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight,
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—"From this height we had opportunity several times to see these vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Halties, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountain. We had been frighted with series of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than bears."

† The same author observes,—"I was surprised to see, upon the banks of this river, (the Tenglie,) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

Beholds new seas beneath another sky *.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court, 895
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his
snows,

With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky, 905
And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps, or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd, 911
Wide-rund the deep, and shake the solid Pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist

The binding fury, but in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more; a bleak expanse,
Slugg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they 920
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun!
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate †, 925
As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the passage fought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.

In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues: to the cordage glu'd
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935
Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing
stream

Rolls the wild Obi, live the last of men;
And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
Doze the gross race: nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tendernefs they know, nor aught of life 945
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till Morn, at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight bright'ning o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

* The other hemisphere.

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth
to discover the North-east Passage.

What cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding Man! Wide-stretching from these
shores,

A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of Monarchs! he 955
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd, 960
Thro' long successive ages, to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till
then,

A mighty shadow of unreal power: 965
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities rise amid the illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
Th' astonish'd Enxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here

The frantic Alexander of the North, 980
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade; 985
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted
point,
Blow hollow- blustering from the South. Sub-
dued,

The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
Spotted the mountains shine, loose fleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once, 995
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those fullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty North,
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep; at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, to's'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy ice, 1006
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besedge them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010

S O

The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, leviathan,
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest
 glooms,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies! 1026
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
 strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
 thoughts,

Left between good and ill, that shew'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating Word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme, 1045
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power. 1051
 And Wisdom oft' arraign'd; see now the cause
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd
 And dy'd neglected; why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul; 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought
 To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of Superstition's scourge; why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye Good distressed!
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide hush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat resplendent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year; 10
 And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll,
 Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast. 20
 Mysterious round! what skill, what force
 divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade, 25
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 That as they still succeed they ravish still.
 But wandering oft', with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
 That ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres, 30
 Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring!
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
 Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
 Nature, attend! join every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join, and ardent raise
 One general song! To Him, ye vocal Gales!
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
 breathes:
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And Ye! whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom ye
 rage.
 His praise, ye Brooks! attune, ye trembling Rills!
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound! 50
 Ye softer Floods! th' lead the humid maze
 Along the vale: and thou, majestic Main!
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
 flowers,
 In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.
 Ye Forests! bend; ye Harvests! wave to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven! as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye Constellations! while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre, 65
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write, with every beam, his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Beat out afresh, ye Hills! ye mossy Rocks!
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye Vallies! raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsundering kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye Woodlands! all! awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise,
 Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn. In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled Men! to the deep organ join.
 The long-resounding voice, oft' breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base, 86
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if ye rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove, 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray 95
 Rustles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
 Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full!
 And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
 When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there with new powers 110
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon' orbs, and all their sons,
 From seeming evil still educating good,
 And better thence again, and better still, 115
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable;
 Come then, expressive Silence! muse His praise.

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles?

Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
 Post mihi non famuli pœna committit a luctis.
 Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
 Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
 Sed mihi forte datum— VIRG.

AS on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
 Of her degenerate sons the faded fame
 Deep in her anxious heart revolving sad,
 Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
 That hoarse and hollow from the bleak surge blew;
 Loose flow'd her tresses, rent her azure robe. 6
 Hung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
 She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay;
 Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
 Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main. 10
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
 Her dove-like wing; and War, tho' greatly rous'd,
 Yet mourns her fetter'd hands; while thus the
 Queen

Of Nations spoke, and what she said the Muse
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse. 15

E'en not yon' sail, that from the sky-mixt wave
 Dawns on the sight, and waits the Royal Youth,*
 A freight of future glory to my shore;
 E'en not the flattering view of golden days,
 And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20
 Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
 Thro' late revolving time can sooth my rage,
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting Spaniard dares
 Insest the trading flood, full of vain war,
 Despise my navies, and my merchants seize, 25
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
 The world of waters wild, made by the toil
 And liberal blood of glorious ages mine;
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
 Whence this unwonted patience? this weak
 doubt? 30

This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
 This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
 To generous Britons never known before?
 And sail'd my fleets, for this, on Indian tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering winds? 35
 The mockery of war! while hot Disease,
 And Sloth disemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
 For action ardent, and amid the deep,
 Inglorious sunk them in a watery grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rolling flood, 40
 Far from their friends and country unaveng'd,
 And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin: her sons asham'd
 Thus idly to review their native shore;
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45
 One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
 The violated merchant comes along,
 That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious
 gale

* Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

He drew and sweat beneath Equator suns,
 By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon 50
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
 Were once the British Lion heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
 In their own well-asserted element,
 Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main? 55
 Who told him that the big incumbent war
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling
 ports

In smoky ruin? and his guilty stores,
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
 Yet unator'd, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60
 Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?

There was a time (oh let my languid sons
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
 When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge; like a whole hea-
 ven 65

Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze.
 Gaily the splendid armament along
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
 As sunk the sun o'er all the flaming Vast;
 Tail, gorgeous, and elate, drunk with the dream
 Of easy conquest; while their bloated War, 71
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
 Of ages held in its capacious womb:

But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
 My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy Few! 75
 With tempest black the goodly scene deform'd,
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of Fate
 Relentless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
 And seiz'd in horrid gasp, or shatter'd wide 80
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
 Then, too, from ev'ry promontory chill,
 Rank fen, and cavern, where the wild wave works,
 I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
 Round th' glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
 The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelfe
 And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
 Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian fies.

Such were the dawns of my watry reign; 90
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 E'en in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake
 Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
 Let every humble state, let Europe say,
 Sustain'd and balanc'd by my naval arm. 95
 Ah! what must those immortal spirits think
 Of your poor shifts? those, for their country's good,
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
 No mean submission, but commanded peace?
 Ah! how with indignation must they burn! 100
 (If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts)
 With shame, with grief, to see their feeble sons
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas
 For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils
 glow'd,

And their veins bled, thro' many a toiling age!
 Oh! first of human blessings, and supreme! 106
 Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspecting faith; while honest Toil 110

THOMSON'S POEMS.

Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle barbarous Rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling, distills into the vernal glebe; 115
Instead of mangled carcases, sad-teen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the
field;

When only staining flares, the crooked knife,
And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges; Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports; 125
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly

gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns; 130
And, every vigour from the work of death
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings,
And him the smiling mother to her train: 135
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants: and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight
wave; 140
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, sings of him.
Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day,
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace, 145
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for
thee?
What painful patience? what incessant care?
What mixt anxiety? what sleepless toil?
Even from the rash, protected, what reproach? 150
For he thy value knows, thy friendship, he,
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war! when ruffian Force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd state. 155
Even the good patient man, whom Reason rules,
Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check th' astonished sons
Of Violence confounds; firm as his cause
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad, 160
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And as he charges thro' the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.
And what, my thoughtless Sons! should fire you
more, 165
Than when your well earn'd Empire of the Deep
The least beginning injury receives?
What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees

The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd? 171
For, oh! it most imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye. 175
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still; let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there. 180
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seiz'd, and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! oh! great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to restore; 186
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wisdom; this 190
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state alone where Liberty should live
In these late times, this evening of mankind, 195
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage, are no
more!

The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this these rocks around your coast were
thrown;
For this your oaks peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this your hearts
Swell with a fullen courage, growing still 201
As danger grows; and strength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt, 205
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand;
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquests, whence huge empires rose and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to
shore.

Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slackened quite and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf 215
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land, 220
Should this bright stream, the least infected,
point

Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead, 225
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his
rocks
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide flash 230
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain,

(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the
sky;)

E'en not that prime of earth, where harvests
crowd

On unstill'd harvests all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd, 235

Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void, than, of her trade depriv'd,

Britons! your boasted isle: her princes sunk,
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust,

Unner'd her force, her spirits vanish'd quite,
With rapid wing her riches fled away, 241

Her unrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was, her merchants scatter'd wide,

Her hollow shops shut up, and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages and roads,

The cheerful voice of labour heard no more. 246
Oh! let not, then, waste luxury impair

That manly soul of toil, which strings your
nerves,

And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh! let not the soft penetrating plague 250

Creep on the free-born mind, and, working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd

want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart

Of Liberty, the high conception blast,
The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn 255

Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good erasing from the mind;

While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all

Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast, 260
Induc'd at last, by scarce perceiv'd degrees,

Snapping the very frame of government
And life, a total dissolution comes;

Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes, 265

The human being almost quite extinct,
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.

Oh! shun that gulf; that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away

From you, ye heaven-belov'd! May Liberty, 270
The light of life! the sun of human-kind!

Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow
flame,

E'en where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!

While slavish southern climates beam in vain. 275
And may a public spirit from the Throne,

Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,

Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice, 280

And the rough sons of lowliest Labour smile;
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West

Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholy shores, 285
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint

Pour weak. The country claims our active aid;
That let us roam, and where we find a spark

Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now, my sons, the sons of Freedom! meet 291

In awful senate: thither let us fly,
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue

In fearless truth, myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.

This said, her fleeting form and airy train 295
Sunk in the gale, and nought but rugged rocks

Rush'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave,

LIBERTY, A POEM.

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following Poem under your protection, I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them to the distinction of your favour: and who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author, and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince and of the patriot united; and overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory of both kings and people; to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty from the first ages, down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness, if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it, I have my best reward; particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

Sir, Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient and most devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ANCIENT & MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

PART I.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a poetical Vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears characterised as British Liberty, to verse 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory, to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its walls, mountains, culture, cities, people; the difference appearing strongest in the capital city, Rome, to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, to ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophised, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tiber, Tusculum, and Naples, to ver. 287. That once fine and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the Coast of Baia, how changed, to ver. 321. This desolation of

Italy applied to Britain, to ver. 344. Address to the goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce, from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitutes the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain, whose happiness arising from Freedom and a limited Monarchy she marks, to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O My lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muse gay-rov'd the glad Hesperian
round,

And drew the inspiring breath of ancient arts,
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing her darling subject to thy shade. 5
And does the mystic veil from mortal beam
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
And all thy father's candid spirit shone?
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard; 10
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My strain; be there absorb'd the private tear.

Musing I lay, warm from the sacred walks 15
Where at each step Imagination burns;
While scatter'd wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument! once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finish'd modern pomp can boast. 20
Snatch'd by these wonders, to that world where
thought

Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dress;
When straight, methought, the fair majestic
Power

Of Liberty appear'd; not, as of old, 26
Extended in her hand the cap and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life;
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30
Sublime of port, loose o'er her shoulders flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island-goddes now; and her high care
The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight, 35
And as she mov'd to speak, th' awaken'd Muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began.

Mine are these wonders, all thou seest is mine;
But, ah! how chang'd! the falling, poor re-
mains

Of what exalted once the Ausonian shore.
Look back thro' time, and, rising from the gloom,
Mark the dread scene that paints whate'er I say.

The great Republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thousand states, 46
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her satees aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high;
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons, 51
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Behold, the country cheering, villas rise
In lively prospect, by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song:
In Umbria's cloving vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;
On Paër's viney coast, where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore,
And suns unclouded line thro' purest air; 60
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome,
Far shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar and Tiber's olive shade,
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow,
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maffy, firm, diverging every way, 70
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads,
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings,
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth, Rome in her glory see; 75
Behold her demi-gods, in senate met,
All head to counsel, and all heart to act;
The Commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd and bold,
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80
To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her forum see, warm, popular and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two
Sires, *

As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85
See Justice judging there in human shape!
Hark! how with Freedom's voice it thunders
high,

Or in soft murmurs sink to Tully's tongue.

Her Tribes, her Census, see; her generous
troops,

Whose pay was glory, and their best reward 90
Free for their country and for Me to die,
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along.
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair Forms of Beauty's eldest born,
And of a people cast in Virtue's mold;
While Sculpture lives around, and Asian hills 100
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome;
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind,
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art, 105
Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.

Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, revers'd.
Who but, these far-fam'd ruins to behold, 110
Proofs of a people whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd

* *L. J. Brutus and Virginus.*

With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy Land! 115
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?

Are these the vales that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these
On whose high-blooming sides My sons, of old,
I bred to glory? these despoiled towns, 120
Where, mean and fordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?

Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
Oppression! come, and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens 125
Turn'd by thy fury. From the cheerful bounds
She raz'd th'enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough,
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe:

'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy dear champaign flies:
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey, 135
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;

And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gate,
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns. 140

Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste,
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.
Such thy dire plains, thou Self-destroyer! see
To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuse,
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad
plaint

To rise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun
Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150

Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round
Each harvest pines, the livid, lean produce
Of heartless Labour; while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand,
Better to sink in both the woes of life, 155

Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160

To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cæcuban nor Falernian more

Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl. 165
Unseconded by Art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.

Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines:
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song, 171
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor half thy triumph this: cast from brute
fields

Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye,
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn; 175
The grace and virtue of exterior life;

No clean Convenience reigns; e'en Sleep itself,

Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd;
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of chearful Hurry, Commerce many-tongu'd,
And Art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent employ'd Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope; 185
Hope, the glad ray glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madness all to them!
By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches, and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195
See where God's altar, nursing Murder, stands
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let Rome, the mighty City! speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200
Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tiber, thro' the desert plain
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unfoli'd pomp,
Mark how the temple glares, and, artful drest,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train. 206
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnificent jail,
Proud Want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210
Of Misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city-bounds the desert see:
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs
Indecent spread, beneath whose fretted gold 215
It once exulting flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by Me; to public good
Inexorably firm; just, generous, brave;
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life;
Elate with glory, and heroic soul 220
Known to the vulgar breast; behold them now
A thin despairing number, all-subdu'd,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd, and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, Oppression! are, and such were Mine.

Even with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain
show
Deluded thousands starve, all age begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd flocks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken, let My ruins vie.
These roads, that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines, imbib'd,
Each parent ray; these massy columns hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore; one granite all
These obelisks high-towering to the sky, 240

VOL. VII.

Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this Sacred Way
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast; 246
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, Mine;
And Mine that fair designs which Raphael's soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.

What would you say, ye Conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head?
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear,
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of Fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The Queen of Nations rose, possessor of all
Which Nature, Art and Glory, could bestow!
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains
Void of their cities, unadorn'd your hills, 264
Ungrac'd your lakes, your ports to ships unknown,
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams,
These could you know? these could you love
again!

Thy Tiber, Horace! could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song, while thro' the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale, 271
In many a tortur'd stream, you nus'd along?

Yon' wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,
Could, Tully! you your Tusculum believe?
And could you deem yon' naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,
Your Fœmian shore, once the delight of earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores?
How chang'd how vacant, Virgil! wide around,
Would now your Naples seem? disaster'd less 281
By black Vesuvius, thundering o'er the coast
His midnight earthquakes and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage; that inward gnaws,
A native foe; a foreign tears without. 285

First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began,
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd,
And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies
There Baia sees no more the joyous throng,
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise; 295
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend;
No mighty moles, the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300
An almost total-desolation sits.

A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where, when soft furs and tepid winter's rose,

3 P

Rejoicing

Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze; 305
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife: Her youthful form, robust,
E'en Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent;
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310
A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.

Hence, Britain! learn, My best-establish'd
last,

And, more than Greece or Rome, My steady
reign;

The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow,
And where My jealous unsubmitting soul, 320
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of human-kind, what, when depriv'd of Me,
How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes,
Whose sun-enliven'd æther wakes the soul
To higher powers, in spite of happy soils,
That, but by Labour's slightest aid impell'd,
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown,
If there desponding fail the common arts 330
And sustenance of life, could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to full spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find?
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?

Here paus'd the goddess; by the pause assur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer. 340

"Oh! first, and most benevolent of powers!
Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
To shield mankind, to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race;
Teach me, thy lowliest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.
As thee alone she serves, her patron, thou,
And great inspirer, be! then will the joy 350
Thy narrow life her lot, and private shade;
And when her venal voice she barters vile,
Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her
more,

"By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."

Then, condescending kind, the heavenly power
Return'd.—"What here, suggested by the scene,
I slight unfold, record and sing at home, 361
In that blest isle where (so we spirits move)
With one quick effort of My will I am:
There Truth, unlicens'd, walks, and dares
accost

"E'en kings themselves, the monarchs of the
Free! 365

"Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race
O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice;
And there to finish what his fires began,
A prince behold! for Me who burns sincere,
E'en with a subject's zeal. He my great
work 370

"Will, parent-like, sustain, and added give
The touch the Graces and the Muses owe:
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast,
And ancient arts he emulous revolves;
His pride to let the smiling heart abroad, 375
Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the
man;

"To please his pleasure, bounty his delight;
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."
Hail, glorious theme! But how, alas! shall
verse,

From the crude stores of mortal language drawn,
How, faint and tedious, sing what, piercing
deep,

The goddess flash'd at once upon my soul?
For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods
Is harmony itself, to every ear
Familiar, known like light to every eye, 385
Mean time disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after scene the human drama spread,
And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.

Oh Thou! to whom the Muses owe their
flame, 390

Who bidd'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrene flow, with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and
clear,

Oh! gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song, 395
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

G R E E C E.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

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of

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THUS spoke the goddess of the fearless eye,
And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose.
First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,

In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd,
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field. 6
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'er'spread, 10
The father senate met. There justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.
The simpler arts were all their simpler wants. 15
Had urg'd to light; but instant, these supply'd,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim,
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The Mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine. 21

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion or the robber wolf!
For then young sportive Life was void of toil, 25
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd;
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd,
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primeval Peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain
Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood

First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 35
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose,
Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth smild beneath my beam; the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low, till then, in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;

But now, to sing heroic deeds, the swell'd 45
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook,
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabled ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies. 50

While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And kings as well as people proud obey'd;
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
By poets, sages, legislators sought,
The school of polish'd life and human-kind: 55
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her Civil Sister leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind,
Then tyrant Power the righteous scourge un-

loos'd;
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60
Instead of useful works, like Nature's great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land,
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood

is mine,
" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeciev'd,
His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt:
Felt that, without My fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain:
Nought could retard me; nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia, first for letters fam'd. 75
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,
Of arts prime source and guardian! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep,
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd,
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore

The silver Jordan laves: before Me lay
The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight.

Hail, Nature's utmost boast! unrival'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that Genius can inspire,
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main, 90
Ionian or Ægean, temper'd kind:
Light airy soils, a country rich and gay,
Broke into hills, with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvests, joyous vales:
Mountains and streams where verse spontaneous
flow'd; 95

Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of
gods,

And still the mountains and the streams of song,
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and My restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves,
To where the deep-adorn'd Cyclade hills 105
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Lybian main.
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,

Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one; the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city, which no shape
Of pain could conquer, or of pleasure charm.
Iycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state,
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
Each power so checking and supporting each,
That firm for ages, and unmov'd it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party rage. 120
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption

there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil, yet there the calm abode 125
Of Wisdom, Virtue, philosophic Ease,
Of manly Sense and Wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
There, too, by rooting thence still treacherous
Self,

The public and the private grew the same: 130
The children of the nursing Public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and e'en for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.

Of softer genius, but no less intent 135
To seize the palm of empire, Athens arose;
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health. 140

Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Iliissus and Cephissus glow'd
This hive of Science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts and animated arms.
There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd, 145
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft' on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash Democracy, unpois'd, 150
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose,
Allay'd the tempest, to the calm of laws 155
Reduc'd the settling whole, and, with the weight
Which the two Senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor, fix'd the driving state.

Nor was My forming care to these confin'd;
For emulation thro' the whole I pour'd, 160
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal; in countries cultur'd high;
In ornamented towns, where Order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair; 165
In exercise and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride;
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170
Thy costlier brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,

110 Felt every ardour burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath which sounding Pifa gave.
Hence flourish'd Greece, and hence a race of
men, 175

As gods by conscious future times ador'd,
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour, hence,
At the sam'd pass firm as an isthmus stood, 180
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd;
While in extended battle at the field
Of Marathon, My keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band an host of slaves. 185

Hence thro' the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts in vain
Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, un-
known;

And deep rapacious floods; dire-bank'd with
death; 190
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd;
Hunger and toil, Armenian snows and storms,
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage exalted Chief
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh! light and force of mind
Almost almighty, in severe extremes!

The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers' fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud—The sea! The sea!

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits, 205
Shone thick as stars the Milky Way of Greece!
And tho' gay Wit and pleasing Grace was theirs,
All the soft Modes of Elegance and Ease,
Yet was not Courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling Art, and Disquisition deep. 210

My spirit pours a vigour thro' the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains; while thro' the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,
And Father of Philosophy; the sun
From whose white blaze, emerg'd, each various
set

Took various tents, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he in every street
Dealt priceless treasure; goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole, as into truth 230
And serious deeds he smiles the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life whate'er can bless

Or

Or grace mankind, and what he taught he was:
 Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
 In different Schools: The bold poetic phrase
 Of figur'd Plato, Xenophon's pure strain,
 Like the clear brook that steals along the vale,
 Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye,
 Th' exalted Stoic pride, the Cynic sneer,
 The slow-consenting Academic doubt;
 And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
 Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
 They, ever candid, reason still oppos'd
 To reason, and, since virtue was their aim,
 Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way.
 The best. Then flood untouch'd the solid base
 Of Liberty, the liberty of mind;
 For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
 Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
 From priestly darkness sprung the enlightening
 arts

Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names
 O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer Arts!
 Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
 Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
 In these hast led the way; in these excell'd:
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.
 In thy full language, speaking mightier things,
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
 Abroad majestic stream, and rolling on
 Thro' all the winding harmony of sound,
 In it the power of Eloquence at large,
 Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul,
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook;
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd;
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
 Her unconfin'd divinity display'd,
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will,
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.

Heroic Song was thine, the fountain bard,
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
 Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight,
 Where idly Fancy durst not mix her voice,
 When reason spoke august; the fervent heart
 Or plain'd or storm'd, and in the impassion'd man,
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
 This potent school of manners, but when left
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
 Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
 And boundless cost, by thee, whose every son,
 Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
 Thine was the meaning Music of the heart;
 Not the vain thrill that, void of passion, runs,
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears,
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
 By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
 The boast of well pleas'd Nature! Sculpture
 seiz'd,
 And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
 Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again

Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
 Thy workmen left e'en Nature's self behind.
 From these far different, whose prolific hand
 Peoples a nation, they for years on years,
 By the cool touches of judicious toil,
 Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
 Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.
 There, beaming full, it shone, expressing gods;
 Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars,
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
 Minutely perfect all! each dimple sunk,
 And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd,
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
 Sprung into motion, soften'd into flesh,
 Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames
 Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
 And when Appelles, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
 The soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms,
 E'en such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
 That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
 Dash'd to the ground, and, rather than destroy
 The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her sister Art
 Correct design, where great ideas shone,
 And in the secret trace expression spoke:
 Taught her the graceful attitude, the turn,
 And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
 Or bold or easy, and cast free behind,
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
 Then the bright Muse, their eldest Sister, came,
 And bade her follow where she led the way!
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise,
 And copious action on the canvas glow;
 Gave her gay Fable, spread invention's store,
 Enlarg'd her view, taught composition high,
 And just arrangement, circling round one point,
 That starts to sight, binds and commands the
 whole.

Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
 And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
 O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and schools,
 Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
 Each mortal beauty to the ravish'd eye.
 There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
 Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
 Calm Contemplation, or assembled youth
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
 The living lesson stole into the heart
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
 These rouse to glory, while to rural life
 The softer canvas oft' repos'd the soul.
 There gaily broke the sun-illumined cloud;
 The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
 Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
 White down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd;
 The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
 The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
 Sadden'd the skies; and from the doubling gloom,

On

On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With Peace and Love, and Innocence, around,
Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock;
Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public virtues thus the smiling Arts, 365
Unblemish'd handmaids! serv'd; the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awar'ders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove; 370
Court'd by kings, and by contending states
Aslamin'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture, too, thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder Man; by thee refuld; 375
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules; that Goths of every age;
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shore, all proportion up. First unadorn'd
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
Th' Ionic then with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath;
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off 386
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aerial-rise. 390

These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece
From end to end.—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, Goddess!
where?

And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! the resum'd deep in the kindred gloom
Of superstition and of Slavery sunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400
Of imitation in their breast awake.
E'en to supply the needful arts of life
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand:
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
Or nodding column, on the desert shore, 405
To point where Corinth or where Athens stood.
A faithless land of violence and death!
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
And his wild impulse curious search restrains,
Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime. 410
Neglected Nature fails; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The sun himself seems angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the dégen'rate race,
And fires them off with pestilential rays; 415
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die, and Liberty go round. 420

Fierce was the stand ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by Me, (that often rung

With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land.)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd,
And gross o'er all unfeeling Bondage spread.
Sooner I mov'd My much reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing, when Greece with
Greece.

Embroid'd in foul contention, fought no more
For common glory and for common weal, 430
But, false to freedom, fought to quell the free;
Broke the firm bond of peace, and sacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force,
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepare the way for total overthrow. 435
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they
scorn'd,

When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta by turns, and Athens, wisely su'd;
Su'd to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King,
And by the tricks of treaties, the still waste
Of sly corruption and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform. 4

Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rild,
As the winds turn'd at every blast the seas,
And by their lifted orators, whose breath 450
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,

Rous'd them to Civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid peace—Peace! that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore, 455
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.

What could so base, so infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
Respiring Athens rear again her walls,
And the pale fury fir'd them once again 460

To crush this rival city to the dust.
For now no more the noble social soul
Of Liberty My families combin'd,
But by short views and selfish passions broke,

Dire as when friends are rankled into foes, 465
They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war;
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
Saw how the blackning storm from Thracia came.

Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,
The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory, shone supreme:
But let detesting ages from the scene

Of Greece, self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds
She felt her spirits fail, and in the dust
Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Agælaüs, and the Theban Friends,
The Macedonian Vulture mark'd his time, 480
By the dire scent of Cheronæa lur'd,

And, fierce descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.

Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
Greece! once the gay, the turbulent, the bold,
For every Grace, and Muse, and Science, born;
With

With arts of war, of government, elate ; 485
 To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best ;
 Whom I Myself could scarcely rule ; and thus
 The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
 Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
 Unless Corruption first deject the pride 490
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
 The crude attempts of Violence are vain ;
 For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
 Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
 But soon as Independence stoops the head, 495
 To vice enslav'd, and vice created wants,
 Then to some soul corrupting hand, whose waste
 These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds,
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs.
 Till the whole State, unnerv'd, in slavery sinks.

R O M E.

L I B E R T Y.

PART III.

THE CONTENTS.

AS this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which, with Sicily, constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies the spirit of Liberty and of Republics spreads over Italy, to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through these free states and cities, to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece, to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem to mark its rise and fall the peculiar purport of This. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and virtue exerted, to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home ; their glory, success, and empire, abroad, to ver. 126. Bounds of the Roman Empire geographically described, to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence, to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion, in the death of Brutus, to ver. 485. Rome under the Emperors, to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern nations, where, by insinuating into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments ; sends them in vengeance on the Roman Empire, now totally enslaved ; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during

the dark ages ; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

H E R E melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
 That painted still whate'er the goddess
 sung.
 Then I, impatient,—“ From extinguish'd Greece.
 “ To what new region stream'd the Human Day ? ”
 She, softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves, 5
 Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
 Resum'd,—Indignant, these last scenes I fled,
 And long ere then Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
 And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
 All Latium flood arous'd. Ages before, 10
 Great mother of Republics ! Greece had pour'd,
 Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around ;
 On Asia, Africa, Sicily, they stoop'd.
 But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore,
 Where from Lacinium to Etrurian vales 15
 They roll'd increasing colonies along,
 And lent materials for My Roman reign.
 With them my spirit spread, and numerous states
 And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd,
 As its parental policy and arts 20
 Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd,
 A Guardian genius o'er the public weal,
 Kept an unclosing eye ; try'd to sustain,
 O more, sublime the soul infus'd by Me ;
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
 Against the tyrant demons of the land. 26
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
 But almost all below the proud regard
 Of stony vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent, 30
 That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
 Not so the Samian Sage ; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording fame.
 For these free states his native isle forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile, 35
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
 And thro' Great Greece his gentle wisdom taught ;
 Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
 His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps 40
 Of boundless æther, where unnumber'd orbs,
 Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathless sky
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
 There he the full consenting choir beheld,
 There first discern'd the secret bands of love, 45
 The kind attraction that to central fons
 Binds circling earths, and world with world
 unites.
 Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
 Of the whole-mowing all-informing God,
 The Sun of beings ! beaming unconfin'd 50
 Light, life, and love, and ever acting power ;
 Whom naught can image, and who best approves
 The silent worship of the moral heart,
 That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the
 joy.
 Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55
 And bound his reason to the sphere of Man.
 He gave the four yet reigning virtues name :
 Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
 That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd,

Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60
 He e'en, into his tender system, took
 Whatever shares the brotherhood of life.
 He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
 From brute to man, and man to brute again,
 For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round; 65
 Thence try'd against the blood-poluted meal,
 And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
 To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
 Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
 And not a circling form, but rising whole. 70
 Amid these small Republics one arose,
 On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome!
 Fated for Me. A nobler spirit warn'd
 Her sons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
 It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
 With all their crimes; bade radiant eras rise,
 And the long honours of the Consul line.

Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
 Of Greece I vary'd, whose unmixing states,
 By the keen soul of Emulation pierc'd, 80
 Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of Arts,
 And their best empire gain'd; but to diffuse
 O'er men an empire was My purpose now;
 To let My martial Majesty abroad;
 Into the vortex of One State to draw 85
 The whole mix'd force and liberty on earth;
 To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

Already have I given, with flying touch,
 A broken view of this My amplest reign:
 Now while its first, last, period's you survey, 90
 Mark how it lab'ring rose, and rapid fell.

When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the
 world,
 And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
 The nations sloop'd around; tho' then appear'd
 Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,
 By many a jealous equal people press'd, 96
 Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then;
 Then for each Roman I an hero told,
 And every passing fun and Latian scene
 Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds, 100
 That or surpass the faith of modern times,
 Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

For then, to prove My most exalted power,
 I to the point of full perfection push'd, 105
 To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,
 The great, the reigning passion of the Free!
 That godlike passion! which the bounds of Self
 Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
 Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
 With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves;
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws 111
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live,
 From this kind sun of moral Nature flow'd
 Virtues that shine the light of human kind,
 And, ray'd thro' story, warm remotest time.
 These virtues, too, reflected to their source,
 Increas'd its flame. The social charm went
 round,

The fair idea, more attractive still,
 As more by virtue mark'd, till Romans, all
 One band of friends, unconquerable grew. 120
 Hence, when their country rais'd her plain-
 tive voice,

The voice of pleading Nature was not heard,
 And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more;
 Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
 Hence, sweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil; 125
 Patience that baffled Fortune's utmost rage;
 High minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
 When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
 The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair,
 Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd 130
 As on the vanquish'd, like descending Heaven,
 Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
 And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
 Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
 Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce:
 Hence Independence, with his little pleas'd,
 Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god,
 In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
 While he his honest roots to gold prefer'd;
 While truly rich, and by his Sabine field 140
 The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendor all
 Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd;
 Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough,
 Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
 In long majestic slow, to rule the state, 145
 With Wisdom's purest eye, or clad in steel,
 To drive the steady battle on the foe.
 Hence every passion, e'en the proudest, sloop'd
 To common-good: Camillus! thy revenge;
 Thy glory, Fabius! All submissive, hence 150
 Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule,
 The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
 Tho' conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
 Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
 To the triumphal car, soon as expir'd 155
 The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
 (A harder lesson than to command,) into the private Roman sunk the chief.
 If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they
 By whom: their country's fame they deem'd their
 own; 160

And, above envy, in the rivals train,
 Sung the loud loss by themselves deserv'd.
 Hence matchless courage: on Cremera's bank
 Hence fell the Fabii: hence the Decii dy'd;
 And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf: 165
 Hence Regulus the wavering Fathers firm'd,
 By dreadful counsel never given before;
 For Roman honour su'd, and his own doom;
 Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
 By Punic rage: on earth his manly look, 170
 Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
 By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
 His little children climbing for a kiss;
 Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering
 friends,
 A new illustrious exile! press'd along. 175
 Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
 Opposing his return, than if escap'd
 From long litigious suits he glad forsook
 The noisy town a while, and city cloud,
 To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air. 180
 Need I these high particulars recount?
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame:
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only
 fear.

Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boast of unequal'd times. 186
Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime;
A strea reign'd, and scarcely need'd laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend 190
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
All peaceful smil'd, all sav'd the passing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow,
And fair unblemish'd centuries clasp'd, 195
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue such that an unbalanc'd state,
Still between Noble and Plebeian tofs'd,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the storm. Oft' tho' the native feuds,
That from the first their constitution shook,
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew.)
Stood on the treat'ning point of Civil war
Ready to rush, yet could the lenient voice 205
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
Those sons of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by Self, so naked lay,
And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by Oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple sabbie, and at once 210
To peace recover'd the divided state.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The soothing touch, still in the love of Rome
The dread Dictator found a sure resource. 215
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the Forum in the field were friends,
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die. 220
Thus up the hill of Empire slow they toil'd,
Till the bold summit gain'd, the Thousand
States
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world. 225
Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite,
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd,
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven, 231
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing
Morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dew;
From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd, 235
To where the Tigris and Euphrates join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain,
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery North,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine, 240
Drunk by Battavian meads, to where, seven
mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha
In the black Scythian tea his torrent throws. 245
VOL. VII.

Last that beneath the burning zone behold:
See where it runs, from the deep loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the terrid waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh, 250
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues and states!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and
seas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
O'er Greece descend'd chief, with stealth di-
vine.
The Roman bounty in a flood of day,
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full assembled youth innuporous swarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat; 261
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coted Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd, the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald — "To the states of Greece
" The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore 270
" Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
" Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some
exclaim'd,
(Like one who, dreaming, between hope and fear
Is lost in anxious joy, Be that again, 276
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while severe amazement held them mute;
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to hea-
ven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills: 285
Thro' all her turrets stately Corinth shook,
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The sitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What pierc'd bliss! how keen a sense of fame
Did then, Flaminius! reach thy inmost soul!
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece!
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace. 295
Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive
hours;
And music, sparkling wine and converse warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew. — "Ye Gods!" they
cry'd, 300
"Ye guardian Gods of Greece! And are we
free?
" Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
" And is it true? How did we purchase chains?
3 Q

" At what a dire expence of kindred blood ?
 " And are they now dissolv'd ? and scarce one drop
 " For the fair first of blessings have we paid ?
 " Courage and conquest in the doubtful field,
 " When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
 " Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends
 " To turn success and conquest, rarer still ; 310
 " That the great Gods and Romans only know.
 " Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,
 " A people so magnanimous, to quit
 " Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
 " And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,
 " Redeem our States, our liberties, and laws !
 " There does ! there does ! oh ! Saviour Titus !
 Rome !"
 Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their souls,
 And in My last-reflect'd beams rejoic'd.
 As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow,
 Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids.
 Mean time the fun, beneath the green earth sunk,
 Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam,
 Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
 Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain ; 325
 To western worlds irrevocably roll'd
 Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.
 Here, interposing, I,—“ Oh, Queen of Men !
 “ Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
 “ Equal they live tho' plac'd, for common good,
 “ Various, or in subjection or command, 331
 “ And that by common choice ; alas ! the scene,
 “ With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
 “ Streams into blood, and darkens into woe.”
 Thus she pursu'd.—Near this great era, Rome
 Began to feel the swift approach of Fate, 336
 That now her vitals gain'd ; still more and more
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
 And war with chains and desolation chaug'd.
 From an unequal balance of her sons 340
 These fierce contentions sprung, and, as increas'd
 This hated inequality, more fierce
 They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd,
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk. 345
 As with the sliding rock the pile sustain'd.
 A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
 On one side swell'd aristocratic pride,
 With Usury, the villain whose fell gripe 350
 Ends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;
 And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
 Mother of vice ! while on the other crept
 A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd,
 It for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds, 355
 As the proud feeder bade, inconstant, blind ;
 Deceitful friends at need, and dup'd by foes ;
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
 Their headlong fury ; but of him depriv'd,
 Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand
 This firm Republic, that against the blast 361
 Of Opposition rose, that (like an oak,
 Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whose boughs

Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)
 By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself 365
 E'en force and spirit drew, smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
 Nought now her weighty legions could oppose.
 Her terror once on Afric's tawny shore,
 Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves ;
 And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
 Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
 For the false joys which Luxury prepares ;
 Unworthy joys ! that wasteful leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth
 And wealth acquiring powers ; while stupid Self,
 Of narrow gust and heberating sense,
 Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
 Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth,
 Security relax'd the softening state,
 And the broad eye of Government lay clos'd.
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd, 386
 And public weal no more ; but party rag'd ;
 And partial power, and license unrestrain'd,
 Let Discord thro' the deathful City loose.
 First, mild Tiberius ! on thy sacred head 390
 The Fury's vengeance fell ; the first whose blood
 Had since the Consuls stain'd contending Rome ;
 Of precedent pernicious ! With thee bled
 Three hundred Romans ; with thy brother, next,
 Three thousand more ; till into battles turn'd 395
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws.
 The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
 A scene of barter'd power or recking gore ;
 When, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,
 And ruffian Force, began to sap the mounds 400
 And majesty of laws ; if not in time
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong,
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
 Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
 Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
 Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood Revenge,
 Corruption all avow'd, and lawless Force,
 Each heightning each, alternate shook the state.
 Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
 And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
 Combin'd invarious storm, and from its base
 The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built, 415
 It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
 An ample roof ; by Virtue, too, sustain'd,
 And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
 Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand :
 But when, with sudden and enormous change,
 The first of mankind sunk into the last, 421
 As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
 This universal fabric yielded loose,
 Before Ambition still ; and thundering down,
 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425
 A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
 Must ever fall, when their victorious troops,
 In blood and rapine savage grown, can find

No land to sack and pillage but their own.

By brutal Marius and keen Sylla first 430
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes began, and this or that
(Deep drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till Rome into an human shambles turn'd, 435
Made deserts lovely — Oh! too well earn'd chains!
Devoted race! — If no true Roman then,
No Scævola, there was, to raise for Me
A vengeful hand; was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No son a witness to his hoary fire
In dust and gore desil'd? No friend, forlorn?
No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No: sad o'er all profound Dejection sat,
And nerveless Fear. The slave's asylum theirs;
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to slaughter, or partaken guilt. 450
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew,
An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
And all unhop'd the Commonwealth restor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Thro' streets yet streaming from his murderous
hand 455
Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
A grace which I to his dismissal gave.
But with him died not th' despotic soul:
Ambition saw that slooping Rome could bear
A Master, nor had virtue to be free. 461
Hence for succeeding years My troubled reign,
No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
Destruction gathered round. Still the black soul
Or oft a Cataline or Rullus swell'd 465
With fell designs, and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue,
And all the thunder of My Cato's zeal.
With these I linger'd, till the flame anew 470
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the
world.

The shameful contest sprung to whom mankind
Should yield the neck; to Pompey, who conceal'd

A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow 475
O'er daring Vice gleaming Virtue smil'd,
And who no less a vain superior seem'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain, New traitors rose.
The venal will be bought, the base have lords.
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves 480
And from Phillippi's field, from where in dust
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
Spread to the North, untam'd, a rapid wing.

What tho' the first smooth Cæsars arts caref'd,
Merit and Virtue, simulating Me? 485
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clench, and make it softer fit
On the new broken still ferocious state.
From the dark Third, succeeding, I beheld

Th' imperial monsters all — A race on earth 490
Vindictive sent. the scourge of human kind!
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world,
Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace,
And whose infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood that yet retain'd my flame, 495
To that of Pætus in the peaceful bath,
O'er Rome's affrighted streets inglorious flow.
But almost just the meanly-patient death
That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
Titus, indeed, gave one short evening gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
Of storm and horror the delight of men!
He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;
Trajan and he, with the mild Sire and Son, 505
His son of virtue! eas'd a while mankind,
And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their last effort; what Sculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole,
And mixt with Gothic forms, (the chissel's
shame.) 510
On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.

Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep
vales

Of gelid Hæmus, I pursu'd my flight,
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams: 515
A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts, black with sounding pine,
Where Nature frowns; tho' sometimes into smiles
She softens, and immediate, at the touch 520
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
But, cold compress'd, when the whole loaded heav-
en

Defends in snow, lost in one white abrupt
Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans,
sleep. 526

Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows;
And there a race of men prolific swarms,
To various pain, to little pleasure, us'd; 530
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds,
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
The nursery of nations! — These I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd,
Till from almost perpetual night they broke, 535
As it in search of day, and o'er the banks
Of yielding Empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of Freedom lay for many a wintry age, 540
And tho' My spirit work'd by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd:
Then was the night of time that parted worlds,
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aerial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So Arts, and each good Genius in My train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes and palaces arise,
A dorn'd profuse with other arts divine. 550
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
The passing poor magnificence of kings: 555
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds;
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560
But sacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals, wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp 565
The schoolboy's task, and spoil his playful hours;
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble Man!
With vigour thro' this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagina'd bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind. 570

BRITAIN.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

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her complete establishment at the Revolution.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, a-
mazed:

"Ah! Goddess, what a change! Is earth the
same?"

"Of the same kind the ruthless race the seeds?"

"And does the same fair sun and æther spread

"Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?" 5

"Lo! Beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms

"Of little pomp, Magnificence no more

"Exalts the mind, and bids the Public smile;

"While to rapacious interest Glory leaves

"Mankind, and every grace of life is gone." 10

To this the power whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an ordered world:

"Wait till the morning shines, and from the
depth

"Of Gothic darkness springs another day.

"True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste

"Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,

"But faintly trembles thro' the callous soul,

"And Grandeur, or of morals or of life,

"Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.

"E'en cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,

"And aged Life to deem the generous deeds 20

"Of youth romantic, yet in cooler thought

"Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep

"Thro' Nature's works, in profitable arts.

"And all that calm Experience can disclose. 25

"Slow guide, but sure, behold the world anew

"Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;

"And, where My spirit wakes the finer powers,

"Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious ages pass'd, while Earth, forsok 30

By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,

And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.

Contention led the van; first small of size,

But, soon dilating, to the skies she towers:

Then wide as air the livid fury spread, 35

And, high her head above the stormy clouds,

She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds

With wild formises, battlings, sounds of war:

From land to land the madd'ning trumpet blew,

And pour'd her venom thro' the heart of man. 40

Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.

Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic war,

War against human-kind; Rapine that led

Millions of raging robbers in his train;

Unflinching, barbarous Force, to whom the sword

Is reason, honour, law; the Foe of Arts 46

By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,

That claim'd their place Outrageous mix'd with

these

Another species of tyrannic rule,

Unknown before, whose cancerous shackles seiz'd

The venom'd soul; a wilder Fury, she 50

E'en o'er her elder Sister tyranniz'd;

Or if, perchance, agreed, inflam'd her rage.

Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band

Thundering—"Submit, ye Laity! ye Profane!"

"Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours: let
Kings

"Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
"If not, behold! the sacred light'ning flies!"
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering gangling words obscure, 60
Where frighted Reason never yet could dwell;
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit still descends; 65
Mother of tortures! Persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poignard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend; of faintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love!
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75
Came Idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand Monkish forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason! gross, the swallows all, 80
The most absurd believing ever most:
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be seen but visionary Monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds: 85
Banditti saints, disturbing distant lands,
And unknown Nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And art of plunder more and more avowed; 90
Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage Virtue, e'en to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of cathars;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
Dis honour'd Courage to the bravo's trade, 96
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne

At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme, 100
Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smite
The high command gone forth, Arts in My train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
With Indignation, urg'd her downward flight, 105
On Latium first we stopped, for doubtless life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah! poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals,
Huns,

Lombards, Barbarians broke from every land,
How many a Russian form hast thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brothers', husbands', fathers'
blood, 115

Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!

What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds,
And succourless and bare the poor remains 120
Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast!
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred fogs, that on thy vitals prey,
And double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of Art? whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems.
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.

Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
Deep digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old Remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.

In leaning site respiring from his toils, 140
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempest with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck; 145
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; the saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and thro' the Smith'd whole
Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece. 151
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth

The Gladiator. Pityless his look,
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155
The dying Other from the gloom she drew,
Supported on his shorten'd arms he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head, yet dark beneath
The suffering feature fullen vengeance lowers,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All-conquest flush'd, from prostrate Python came
The Quivered God. In graceful acts he stands,
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow. 165
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave;
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A feather'd frown exalts his matchless air.

On Flora mov'd, her full proportion'd limbs
Rise thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep 175
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms,
Bashful she bends; her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As it exulting in its conquest, smiles.

So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with so tening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts
At last her utmost Masterpiece she found, 185
That Maro fir'd; the miserable fire,
Wapt with his sons in Fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent
folds

Inextricable tie. Such passion here!
Such agonies! such bitterness of pain! 190
Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize; 195
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd: to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong-curling Monsters from his side 200
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons,
All the soft rage of younger passions show:
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd,
While, yet unpierc'd the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine. 206

She bore no more, but straight from Gothic
rust
Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch, 210
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form.
'Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,
And, looking love immense, a Saviour God.
Of these observant, Painting felt the fire 215
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
The canvass, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd, and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world
Poor was the manner of her eldest race, 220
Barren and dry, just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages fear'd in cloister dim
The superstitious herd; yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works, where undevelop'd
lay

The future wonders that enrich'd mankind, 225
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still 230
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
Th' eternal chafe. In elegant design
Improving Nature, in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine. 235
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs, too, it was, by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
'r varies tremulous from part to part, 241
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture and repose the sight,
The Lombard school succeeding mingled both.

Mean time dread fanes and palaces around 245
Rear'd the magnificent front. Music again
Her universal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.
E'en bigots smil'd, to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd
pomp: 251

For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, tho' Freedom be their parent soil.
And now confess, with gently growing gleam
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its
light. 255

The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn: artless her voice,
Untaught, and wild, yet warbling through the
woods

Romantic lays; but as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in My train 260
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew;
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn. 265
On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine

Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and Arts,
Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

Beyond the ragged Apennines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strow'd;
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden lies.

The barren rocks themselves, beneath my foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore. 281
Thick-swarming people there, like emnets, seiz'd,
Amid surmounting cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turret's rose;
And while My genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorians, not unworthy, she 290
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

Nor be the then triumphant State forgot,
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant
still,

Inspir'd by Me, thro' the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive;
The seeming god-built city, which My hand
Deep in the bottom fix'd of wondering seas.
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fence'd,
And down the briny-street, where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines, and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf, 305

The mart of nations! long obedient seas
 Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East;
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
 (Whose shar'd oppression lightens as diffus'd)
 Each subject tearing, many tyrant's rose; 310
 The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease
 They likewise added, to secure their sway. 315
 Thus Venice fainter shines, and Commerce thus,
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail:
 Burbling, besides his ancient bounds, he took
 A larger circle, found another seat,
 Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with
 toil,

Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons. 321
 The mountains, then, clad with eternal snow,
 Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
 By Nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a League of friendly states;
 And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her
 horn,

Chief where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
 Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise,
 Cities of brothers form'd; while equal life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,
 Maintains them free, and in their happy streets
 Nor cruel deed nor misery is known:
 For valour, Faith, and innocence of life, 335
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
 And press their culture on retiring snows,
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
 Of mercenary force, how to defend 341
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

E'en, cheer'd by Me, their shaggy mountains
 charm,

More than our Gallic or Italian plains;
 And sick'ning Fancy oft, when absent long,
 Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
 The hollow-winding stream, the vale, fair spread
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest
 springs;

From steep to steep ascending, the gay train 351
 Of fogs, thick roll'd into romantic shapes;
 The sitting cloud, against the summit dash'd,
 And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
 A genamy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks, 355
 The mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine;
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes, tofs'd
 Down to the clear ethereal lake below;
 And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
 The mountain fading into sky, where shines 360
 On winter Winter shivering, and whose top
 Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wad'd my course
 O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
 Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365
 I gave some favour'd cities there to lift

A nobler brow, and thro' their swarming streets,
 More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
 In each contented face to look My soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with
 storm,

To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound, 371
 There I the manly race, the parent-hive
 Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a state
 More regularly free. By keener air
 Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
 Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
 Whose only terror was a bloodless death;
 They, wise and dauntless, still sustain My cause.
 Yet there I fix'd not: turning to the South,
 The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay. 380

Here, with the shifted Vision, burst my joy.
 "O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
 "See Britain's Embrace! Lo! the watery vast
 "Wide waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
 "And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
 "Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn,
 "My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
 "Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
 "Goddeffs! forgive—My heart, surpriz'd, o'er-
 flows

"With filial fondness for the land you bless."
 As parents to a child complacent deign 391
 Approvance, the celestial Brightness smil'd;
 Then thus—As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
 To My near reign, the happy Isle, I steer'd
 With easy wing, behold! from surge to surge
 Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep;
 Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
 Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
 And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
 Or from it stream'd compress the gloomy cloud.
 Where'er he look'd the trembling waves recoil'd;
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and, thock
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
 It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern
 howls

Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main) 406
 Address'd, began—"By Fate commission'd, go,
 "My Sister Goddeffs, now, to yon' blest Isle,
 "Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
 "All my dread walks to Britons, open lie. 410
 "Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn
 "Or yellow evening flame; those that profuse,
 "Drunk by equator suns, severely shine;
 "Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
 "In billows rolling into Alps of ice: 415
 "E'en yet, untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
 "The vast Pacific, that on other worlds,
 "Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
 "Long I maintain'd, inviolate, my reign;
 "Around them ages, on the groaning mast,
 "Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars, brav'd. 420
 "Still in the crook of shore, the coward sail
 "Till now low crept, and peddling Commerce
 ply'd
 "Between near-joining lands. For Britons,
 chief,
 "It was reserv'd, with star directed prow
 "To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd

" To distant nations thro' the pathless main.
 " Chief for their fears hearts the glory waits,
 " Long months from land, while the black storm
 my night
 " With unhook knee to know their giddy way ;
 " To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave ;
 " To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
 " By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
 " The heart of Courage : and the hand of Toil,
 " Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
 " Instead of treasure robb'd by Russian War, 435
 " Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
 " And bind the nations in a golden chain.
 " To these I honour'd sloop, rushing to light
 " A race of men behold ! whose daring deeds,
 " Will in renown exalt my nameless plains 440
 " O'er those of fabled Earth, as her's to mine
 " In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
 " Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
 " Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,
 " And might in spite of me my kingdom force."
 Here waiting no reply, the shadowy Power
 Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd ;
 While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
 Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore. 450
 Of this encounter glad, My way to land
 I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling sea
 Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard ;
 And music more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
 With pleas'd astonishment the lab'ring hind, 455
 Who for a while th' unfinished furrow left,
 And let the listening flier forget his toil.
 Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
 And her aerial train, these sounds of joy ;
 For of old time, since first the rushing flood, 460
 Urg'd by Almighty pow'r, this favour'd isle
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,
 Its guardian she — The goddess whose staid eye
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn. 465
 Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light,
 Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
 Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose.
 Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
 With every motion. Full her rising chest ; 470
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
 Charm'd Sculpture taking, might improve her art,
 Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,
 Profuse as vernal bloom, the fairest dames.
 High-shining on the promontory's brow, 475
 Awaiting Me, she stood ; with hope inflam'd,
 By My mixt spirit burning in her sons,
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The native Genii round her radiant smil'd.
 Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480
 Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
 As mild and harmless as the sporting child ;
 But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
 No lion springs more eager on his prey :
 Blood is a pastime ! and his heart, elate, 485
 Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known
 By the relenting look, whose equal heart
 For others feels, as for another self :
 Of various name, as various objects wake,
 Warm into action the kind sense within ; 490

Whether the blameless poor, the nobly main'd,
 The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
 The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
 And the grey second infancy of age,
 She gives in public families to live, 495
 A sight to gladden heaven ! whether she stands
 Fair beck'ning at the hospitable gate,
 And bids the stranger take repose and joy ;
 Whether, to solace honest labour, she
 Rejoices those that make the land rejoice ; 500
 Or whether to Philosophy and Arts
 (At once the basis and the finish'd pride
 Of government and life) she spreads her hand,
 Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
 Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all. 505
 Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
 The mother of the state ! No low revenge,
 No turbid passions in her breast ferment ;
 Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
 As the last woe that can afflict mankind, 510
 She punishment awards ; yet of the good
 More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
 Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
 That, in his judging peers, each on himself
 Pronounces his own doom. O happy land ! 515
 Where reigns alone this justice of the Free !
 Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
 Diffusive, rear'd ; his pure untroubled eye,
 The fount of Truth. The thoughtful Power,
 apart,
 Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard. 520
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
 The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind,
 He too, the fire of Fancy feeds intense.
 With all the train of passions thence deriv'd ; 525
 Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound,
 Near him Retirement pointing to the shade,
 And Independence, stood : the generous pair
 That simple life, the quiet whispering grove,
 And the still raptures of the freeborn soul, 531
 To cares prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd ;
 Proud y prefer them to the servile pomp
 And to the heart embitter'd joys, of slaves.
 Or should the latter, to the public scene 535
 Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while,
 Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
 His zeal, still active for the common weal ;
 Nor stormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
 Foul ministers, dark working by the force 540
 Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
 Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
 He greatly scorns ; and if he must betray
 His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
 A moment's parley were eternal shame : 545
 Illustrious into private life again,
 From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
 And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
 Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
 Aloof the bashful Virtue hover'd coy, 550
 Proving by sweet distrust distrust'd worth ;
 Rough Labour clos'd the train ; and in his hand
 Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
 Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,

And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd:
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
E'en in the very luxury of rage,
He, soft'ning, can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land! 560
Nor be Religion, rational and free.
Here pass'd in silence, whose enraptur'd eye
Sees heaven with earth connect'd, human things
Link'd to divine; who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit, 565
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now ast-nish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devout on, one continual hymn, 570
And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty
most

Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence My reign
O'er Iblion was to rise. Each cheering each,
And, like the planets circling from the sun, 576
All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual hails, but thro' the land
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look,
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul, won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the soul Demons, that oppose our reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap:
Or in grofs shades they drown the visual ray;
Or by the fogs of Prejudice, where mix 590
Falseness and truth confounded; soil the sense
With vain refracted images of blifs.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den 596
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things ob-
scene,

That vex the swain, and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud:
Yet there We sometimes send a searching ray.
As at the sacred opening of the morn
The prowling race retire, so pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demon's fly,
And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd
Tale,

That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye 606
Ne'er looks direct; the Tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it falsely dares, as prompt to sting;
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare; the Janus face of courtly Pride, 610
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless Worth the other frowls disdain;
Checks that for some weak tenderness alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush; the Laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart.
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fowls; 616

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Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith:
Nay, more, Godless Oath, that knows no tie;
Soft-buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name; the harpy hand and maw 620
Of avaracious Luxury, who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark, from Celtic
night.

To present grandeur, how My Britain rose. 625

Bold were those Briton who, the careless sons
Of Nature, roam the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars;
For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;
And, prone to rust on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-fav'd life, that must again return
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And still more tyrant Custom, unshackl'd, 635
Man knows no master save creative Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future time prophetic. Witness, Rome! 640
Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
To seek Pharalitan wreaths. Witness the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
Beneath an Empire's yoke, a stubborn Isle, 645
Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
The North remain'd untouch'd, where those who
scorn'd

Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power. 650
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,
While sport his Lambskins round, the shepherd's
gaze.

Continual o'er it bursts the northern storm,
As often, check'd, receded, threatening hoarse
A swift return. But the devouring flood 656
No more endur'd controul, when, to support
The last remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
Great proof, how men ensueble into slaves!
The sword behind him flash'd, before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caracacus to battle led 665
Siberian swains, and Boadicea taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that bears
The German ocean roar, deep blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue ey'd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim 671
Than to protect: for conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,
Blood where, unquell'd, a mighty spirit glow'd:
Rash war and perilous battle their delight; 675
And immaturity, and red with glorious wound,
Unpeaceful death their choice: deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,
In Odian's hall, whose blazing roof resounds 680

The genial uproar of those shades who fall
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;
And thro' more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all : 685
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing Peace,
And matchless Orders, the deep basis still
On which ascends My British reign. Untam'd
To the refining subtleties of slaves, 690
They brought an happy government along,
Form'd by that Freedom which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old thro' the whole Scythian mass
I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state, 695
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power, only too much
Imperious War into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the General-king, and Chieftain-thanes,
In many a field, by civil fury rain'd, 700
Bled the discordant Heptarchy, and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd,
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Ægbert and Peace on one united throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair-disclosing calm 705
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North shew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish Raven, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710
Of barbarous pirates unrelenting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far seen, the Demon of devouring Flame,
Rapine and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart : 715
While close behind them march'd the fallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-growing cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
E'en friendship fear'd, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life. 721
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd. 725
But superstition first, and Monkish dreams,
And Monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respir'd.
Thus cruel ages pass'd, and rare appear'd 731
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon Empire sunk, 735
Then set entire in Hastings' bloody field.

Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that decisive day
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an Isle,
For which thro' many a century, in vain, 740
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full. 745

A while My spirit slept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and in the secret shade, 750
Deep sning, but fearful, indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land,
The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound, 755
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And thro' the mournful gloom of ancient times
Muss'd sad, or dream'd of better. E'en to feed
A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd :
To the wild herd the pasture of the tams, 760
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradul flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway. 765
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
Or tempted by the timorous and weak, 770
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began;
Both these of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! press'd by a band 775
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon,
That looks delighted on the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter by which life, indeed, 780
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Thro' this, and thro' succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of Opposition hence began to blow,
And often since have left the country life. 785
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil council, fly;
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

Tho' with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For Me reserv'd,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose
The fort of Freedom! Slow, till then alone,
Had work'd that general Liberty, that soul
Which generous Nature breathes, and which,
when left

By Me to bondage was corrupted Rome, 800
I thro' the Northern nations wide diffus'd :
Hence many a people, fierce with Freedom,
rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Lybian deserts, swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirits thro' a slavish world. 805
Yet o'er these Gothic states the king, and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd

The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore,
Now present, I to raise My reign began
By raising the democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
Of Britain's matchless Constitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and supporting powers, 815
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of
Free

Deserving while the Vassal many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd as rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast, 820
Mark from this period the continual proof.

When kings of narrow genius, mission rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves,
Proudly regardless of their peoples' plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes; 825
Double, not prudent; obstinate, not firm;
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot;
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once, and slaves; imperious, mean;
To want rapacious joining shameful waste, 831
By counsels weak and wicked, easy round
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth; 835
When such o'ercaulk the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul,
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide attracted Merit round them glow'd;
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept 845
Some ruling point in view; when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they
stray'd,

Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive, as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank, with equal hand prepar'd
To guard the subject and to quell the foe;
When such with Me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard;
No soul distress thro' wary senates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ar' our quench'd;
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given;
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd;
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim 865
What kings, supported by almighty Love,
And people, fir'd with Liberty, can do.

Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage
The numerous once Plantagenet devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay

My quivering flame: but in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast 875
His crafty views around, pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law that let them, by the silent waste 885
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,
E'en working to this day. With streams deduc'd
From these diminish'd floods the country fill'd;
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft' with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but thro' Batavian meads, 890
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows,
Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape, rises round.

His furious son the soul-enslaving chain, 895
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind!
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first thro' Wickliff break'd the priestly
gloom,

Now burst in open day. Barr'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superstition crawl'd
Her motly sons, fantastic figures all,
And, wide dispers'd, their useless scrid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide 911
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms
By the plain Indian happily despis'd
Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons, 916
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain! thine, 920
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The Commons, thus enrich'd, and powerful
grown,
Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady gave
The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye 925
That never closes on a guarded world,
So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
That, self-supported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes,
Inspir'd by Me, beneath her sheltering arm, 930
In spite of raging universal sway,
And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
My bulwark on the continent, arose,
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!

With confidence unbounded, fearless love 935
 Elate, her fervent peopl' waited gay,
 Cheerful demanded the long-threatened Fleet,
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
 Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage :
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call ; 940
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
 The trembling foe e'en to the centre shook
 Of their new conquer'd world, and sculking stole
 By veering winds, their Indian treasure home.
 Mean time, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts,
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign 946

As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
 And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
 A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce 950
 To the just limit was My great effort.

By means that evil seems to narrow man,
 Superior beings work their mystic will :
 From storm and trouble thus a settled calm
 At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia shin'd. 955

The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd
 Came, in the Prince who, drunk with flattery,
 dreamt
 His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world ;
 Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
 Of fruitless treaties, while at home enslav'd, 960
 And by a worthless crew insatiate, drain'd,
 He lost his peoples' confidence and love :
 Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become
 An anxious burden. Years inglorious press'd ;
 Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd ;
 Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled :
 But nothing that to these internal broils.
 That rancour, he began ; that lawless Sway
 He, with his slavish Doctors, try'd to rear,
 On metaphysic, on enchanted ground, 970
 And all the many quibbles of the schools !
 As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
 Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
 Vain the pretence ! not so the dire effect,
 The fierce, the foolish, discord thence deriv'd,
 That tears the country still, by party-rage
 And ministerial clamour kept alive.
 In action weak, and for the wordy war
 Best fitted, faint this prince pursu'd his claim :
 Content to teach the subject-herd how great,
 How sacred he ! how despicable they ! 981

But his unyielding son these doctrines drank
 With all a bigot's rage, (who never damps
 By reasoning his fire,) and what they taught,
 Warm and tenacious, into practice push'd. 985
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd :
 The more they struggled to support the laws,
 His justice-dreading ministers the more
 Drove him beyond their bound. Tir'd with the
 check
 Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd
 Of false designing Guilt, the fountain he 991
 Of public Wisdom and of Justice shut.
 Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted
 aid,
 Free, cordial, large, of never failing source,

Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh, 995
 With execration given, or ruthless squeeze'd
 From an insulted people, by a band
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting train, informers, spies, 1000
 Bloodhounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove
 Pursue ; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
 To sell the starving many to the few,
 And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
 E'en from that place whence healing peace should
 flow, 1006

And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
 Their poison round ; and on the venal bench,
 Instead of justice, Parry held the scale,
 And Violence the sword. Afflicted years, 1010
 Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
 And mingled rage, My Hampden rais'd his
 voice,

And to the laws appeal'd ; the laws no more
 In judgment sate, behov'd some other ear ; 1015
 When instant from the keen resentive North,
 By long oppression, by religion rous'd,
 The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
 Was call'd, tho' meant to furnish hostile aid,
 The more than Roman senate. There a flame
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the
 land. 1021

In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
 Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
 While, full of Me, each agitated soul
 Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye, 1025
 Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd !
 Such heads and hearts ! such dreadful zeal, led on
 By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
 What nuisance to devour ; such wisdom fir'd
 With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere 1030
 To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
 And for the future to secure their way.

This, then, the purpose of My mildest sons :
 But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
 (Chief should the breath of factions Fury blow,
 With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
 In heighten'd blaze, and, ever wise and just,
 High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm,
 Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt, 1041
 And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
 Kings, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the
 ground,
 Successive, rush'd — Lo ! from their ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix-state.

The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke 1046
 Of private life, by these flames dissolv'd,
 And from the wasteful, the luxurious king,
 Was purchas'd that which taught the young to
 bend.

Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
 And built on that eternal rock their power. 1051
 The crown, of its hereditary wealth
 Despoil'd, on Senates more dependant grew.

And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour spread that better root. 1055
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive cant, the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey,
The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060
To bind a-new the land, the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless Prince,
And in his breast awak'd the kind-ed plan. 1065
By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subside'd the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the faintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold,
The port pernicious fold, the Scylla sluice, 1075
And fell Charybdis, of the British seas:
Freedom attack'd abroad, with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the Saviour League
Of Europe broke; the progress e'en advanc'd
Of universal Sway, which to reduce 1080
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own,
Employ'd; the darling Church herself betray'd:
All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
And wak'd My spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd, the cheek,
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenets vile! 1090
Which slaves would blush to own, and which
reduce'd

To practice, always honest Nature shock.
Not e'en the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
Of Tyranny disclos'd, nor trampled laws,
Nor seiz'd each badge of Freedom thro' the land,
Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page,
Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd, 1097
And murderous Rage itself, in jesseries' form,
Nor endless acts or arbitrary power,
Cruel and false, could raise the public arm. 1100
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient Public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king, and hurry'd fated on 1105
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Our flaming Rome herself, portentous fear'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew. 1110
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage;
As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder
frowns,

Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country, Europe
sav'd,

To save Britannia, lo! my darling son, 1116
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds,
Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath, 1120
Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore
See! wide alive, the foaming channel bright
With swelling sails, and all the pride of War,
Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:
And mark! diffusing ardent soul around, 1125
And sweep contempt of death, My streaming flag,
E'en adverse navies bless'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms,
His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host?
For once, in yielding their best victory found, 1131
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his, the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild Prerogative, to raise 1136
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow;
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This often sav'd 1141
By more than human hand, the Public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to
yield

Destructive power, a wise heroic prince
E'en lent his aid.—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings. 1146
What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms
To plunge bold Freedom? or to cheerless wilds
To drive him from the cordial face of friends?
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day?
What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it? what tho' tools of warren power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call? 1156
What tho' they give not a reluctant crew
Of Civil Furies proud Oppression's fangs?
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving Labour pampering idle Waste?
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye!
To raise hid Merit, set the alluring light
Of Virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state, 1165
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better sun
Which lights up British souls: for deeds like these
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies. 1170
While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh! luxury divine! Oh! poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic Thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven, 1175
By boundless good, without the power of ill.

And now, behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,

And like it free, My fabric stands complete,
The Palace of the Laws to the four heavens, 1180
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd;
Pour urgent in; and tho' to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The shel'ring roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye Floods! descend; ye winds! consuming, blow;
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve, 1190
And lay the toil of ages into dust.

THE PROSPECT.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence, to ver. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there, to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, fine Arts, and public Works. The encouragement of these urg'd from the example of France, though under a despotic government, to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty; this described by the Author, as it passes in Vision before him.

HERE interposing, as the goddess paus'd,
"Oh! blest Britannia! in thy presence blest.
"Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring,
alone,
"All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:
"For Toil, by the protected, feels no pain; 5
"The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
"And, gild'd with thy rays, e'en death looks gay.
"Let other lands the potent blessings boast
"Of more exalting suns: let Asia's woods,
"Untended, yield the vegetable fleece; 10
"And let the little insect artill form,
"On higher life intent, its sicken tomb:
"Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose
"The various tinctur'd children of the Sun
"From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
"A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste 15
"Bids each combine; let Gallic vineyards burst
"With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
"The Tuscan olive: let Arabia breathe
"Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil: 19
"Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow,
"And orient floods draw soft o'er pears, their
maze:
"Let Afric vaunt her treasures: let Peru

"Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed;
"The yellow traitor, that her bliss betray'd; 25
"Unequal'd bliss! and to unequal'd rage!
"Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
"Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd
world,
"Where flames the falling day in wealth and
praise,
"Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess! she
"Derives her praise from Thee, her matchless
charms.
"Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
"And, warm with culture, her thick clust'ring
fields
"Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
"Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring;
"She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
"Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase:
"She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
"Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe
"That wraps the nations: she to luffy droves 40
"The richest pasture spreads; and her's deep-
wave
"Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
"These her delights; and by no baneful herb,
"No darting tiger, no grim lions glare,
"No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent, roll'd
"Inspires immense progressive o'er the land, 46
"Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities full
"Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;
"Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
"Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale, 50
"Where bold unrivall'd peasants happy dwell:
"Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
"Imbosom'd high, while kindred floods below
"Wind thro' the mead; and those of modern hand
"More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.
"Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name, 56
"Where swarm'd the finny race? Thee, chief,
O Thames!
"On whole each tide, glad with returning sails,
"Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
"And thee, thou Severn! whose prodigious
swell, 60
"And waves, resounding, imitate the main?
"Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
"That point around the world? and why her
seas?
"All ocean is her own, and every land
"To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 65
"She, too, the mineral feeds; th' obedient lead,
"The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
"Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
"And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
"Nor dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
"She rears to Freedom an undaunted race:
"Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
"Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
"To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
"Fir'd with a restless impatient flame, 75
"That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls:
"And English Merit her's, where meet, com-
bin'd,
"Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
"An ample generous heart, uncrooping soul,
"And firm tenacious valour, can bestow. 80

"Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce,
she has taught the Muses never touch'd before."

"Great nurse of men! By Thee, O Goddess!
taught, that the Muses never touch'd before."

"Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing

"A strain the Muses never touch'd before." 85

"But how shall this thy mighty Kingdom
stand?"

"On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,

Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
Majestic thus she rais'd — "To Britons bear

"This closing strain, and with intenser note
I loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."

On Virtue can alone My Kingdom stand,
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd;

For lost this social cement of mankind, 95
The greatest empires, by scarce felt degrees,

Will moulder soft away, till, tottering loose,
They prone at last to total ruin rush.

Unblest by Virtue, Government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100

To rob by law; Religion mild a yoke
To tame the sloping soul, a trick of state

To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are without it Senates, save a face

Of consultation deep and reason sly, 105
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?

What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name?
And what Election, but a market vile

Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states; 110

War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
E'en justice warps to party, laws oppress,

Wide thro' the land their weak protection fails;
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.

Thus nations sink, society dissolves; 115
Rapine, and Guile, and Violence, brook loose,

Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods

And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.
By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd

Of British Freedom; Independent Life; 121
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all

Supreme, A Passion for the Common-weal.
Hail, independence! hail! Heaven's next best

gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul! 125

The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof

Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source!

Whose streams, from every quarter confluent
form

My better Nile, that nurses human life. 131
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous fed,

The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and bloom with each delight

That Nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round,

Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearless Truth,
Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all

That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,

Philosophy, companion ever new. 141
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,

When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Mean time true judging moderate desires,

Economy and taste, combin'd, direct 145
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends

Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues,

reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,

That self-enjoyment springing from within, 150
That Independence, active or retir'd,

Which makes the soundest bliss of man below;
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,

And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train; 155

Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence

They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame!
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,

See how the hall with brutal riot flows! 160
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,

The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark those disgraceful piles of wood and stone,

Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts be-
trimm'd,

And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd, 165
The woodland Genius mourns. See the full board

That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy;
No Truth invited there to feed the mind,

Nor Wit the wine-rejoicing reason quaffs.
Hark how the dome with insolence rebounds, 170

With those retain'd by Vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion mark

The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,

Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175
See, self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,

Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,

With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of Masquerade unblushing; or, to show 180

Their scorn of Nature, at the Tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the Comic true.

But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and e'en the fair,

The tender Fair! each sweetness laid aside, 185
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops

In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,

Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe; 190

With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,

And for their falsehood each despising each,
Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,

Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him 195
bare.

O far superior Afric's fable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!

And rich as unquizz'd favourite to them,
Is he who can his Virtue boast alone!

Britons! be firm, nor let Corruption fly 200
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!

The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds

By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determan'd, hold 205
Your Independence; for that once destroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aerial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in Office on my sons! 210
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they see, 215
And every friend: ray, in effect, themselves.
As in familiar life the villain's fate
Admits no cure, so when a desperate age
At this arrives, the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220

But ah! too little known to modern times!
Be not the noblest passion past unfung;
That ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul,
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame! 225
Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome! so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by
Thee

Their poverty put splendour to the blush, 231
Pain grew luxurious, and e'en death delight?
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart; 236
Tho' Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial, all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race, 240
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath My standard list, can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of My reign?

An active flood of universal love 245
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being; stronger then,
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of blissfully; then, more collected still, 250
It urges human-kind; a passion grown,
At last, the central parent public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, skook from sublimer powers
Than those of Self, this heaven infus'd delight,
This moral invitation, rushing forth
To press the public good, My system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin, while for ever shut 260
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.

From fordid self shoot up the shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladdens earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire! 265

Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with action animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page, till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a peoples' shame. 270
Not so the times when, emulation stung,
Greece shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,
And Rome in virtues-dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Thro' the deep periods of devolving time. 275
Those, raptur'd, copy; those, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness soul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale invigiling suite? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless Self, 281
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell-deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at distance from redress?
Delirious Faction bellowing loud My name? 286
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will 293
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who these indeed, can undetesting see:
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue; and, tho' self-betray'd, 295
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious, then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside, 300
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail!
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with
shame.

Should then the time arrive (which Heaven
avert!)

That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's foul dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd to bribe them to give all;
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth, 310
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To sily conquering Gaul, e'en from her brow
Let her own naval oak be safely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd; 315
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest-shade,
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants 320
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught;
Should shameless pens for plain Corruption plead,
The hir'd assassins of the commonweal! 325
Deem the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should Public Virtue grow the public scoff,
Till Private, falling; staggers thro' the land;

Till round the City loose mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds, 331
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace,
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound ;
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest sloop,
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold,

And those on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
A power to live to Nature and themselves,
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune joyless, and with honours mean. 340
Mean time, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace ;
No mark of millions in the gulph absorb'd
Of uncreating Vice, none but the rage
Of rous'd Corruption still demanding more : 345
That very portion which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd thro' the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust band within, and in the bud 350
Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.

I paint the worst : but should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remains,
Let all My sons all parties fling aside,
Despite their nonsense, and together join ! 355
Let Worth and Virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to
light,

Moral or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows ; as on pure winter's eve, 360
Gradual, the stars effulge, fainter, at first,
They struggling, rise ; but when the radiant host
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to Britons this superfluous train ?
Good-nature, honest truth, e'en somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To foster prospect turn we now the view,
To laurel'd Science, Arts, and Public Works, 375

That lend My finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he !
Curs'd by the Muses ! by the Graces loath'd !
Who deems beneath the Public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of My reign. 380
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with
wealth,

A nation be ; let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour ;
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the City, and devour the land ; 385
Yet these neglected, these recording Arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance ! and, oblivious funk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.
If not by them on monumental brass,
On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page, 390

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Impress, renown had left no trace behind ;
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain :
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath : 395

They rouse Ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye ; and, dress'd by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.

Science, My close associate, still attends 400
Where'er I go. Sometimes in simple guise
She walks the furrow with some Consul-swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy dress'd, the charms Athenian wits, 405
And a whole sapient city round her burns.

Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod.
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat
Unequal'd glory. With the Theban sage, 410
Epaninondas, first and best of men !

Sometimes she bids the deep embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before !
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415
Unskilful she : when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln Empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,

Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420
Where, but the Aonian maids, no Sirens sing :
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light

The senates holds, a Catiline confounds, 425
And saves a while from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free ;
For Me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,

The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430
How happy Freeman, and how wretched Slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens Trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world : 435
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)

Neglected droop the head, and Public Works,
Broke by Corruption into Private Gain,
Not ornament, disgrace ; not serve, destroy. 440

Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd,
Beneath one Royal head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole ;
In finer arts, and Public Works, shall they

To Gallia yield ? yield to a land that bends, 445
Deprest and broke, beneath the will of one ?
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land ;
Drains from its thrifty bounds the springs of

wealth, 450
His own insatiate reservoir to fill ;
To the lone desert Patriot merit frowns,
Or into dungeous Arts, when they their chains,
Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works

All other license scorn but Truth's and Mine ?

Oh ! shame to think ! shall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd fill, the better laurel lose ?
E'en in that monarch's reign* who vainly dreamt,
By giddy power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To grasp unbounded sway ; while, swarming
round,

His armies dar'd all Europe to the field ;
To hostile hands, while treasure flow'd profuse,
And, that great source of treasure subjects' blood,
Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;
From Britain, chief, while My superior sons,
In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low ;
E'en then, as in the golden calm of peace !
What Public Works, at home, what Arts arose !
What various Science shone ! what Genius glow'd !

'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
O'er fair extents of land, the shining Road ;
The flood-compelling Arch ! the long Canal, †
Thro' mountains piercing, and uniting seas ;
The Dome ‡, resounding sweet with infant joy,
From Famine sav'd, or cruel-handed Shame,
And that where Valour counts his noble scars ; †
The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed ;
The Robber from his farthest forest chas'd ;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best Police refin'd.
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
And Science, by despotic bounty blest'd,
At distance flourish'd from My parent eye ;
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose ;
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage ; in elegant Racine,
How the more powerful, tho' more humble, voice

Of Nature-painting Greece resistless breath'd
The whole awaken'd heart ; how Molière's scene,
Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itself ; to public honours rais'd
How learning in warm seminaries ‖ spread ;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How Emulation strove ; how their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms ;
From Rome, a while, how Painting, courted long,

With Poussin came ; ancient Design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul ;
How the kind Art § that, of unvalu'd price,
The fam'd and only picture easy gives,
Refin'd her touch, and, thro' the shadowed piece,

All the liv'd spirit of the painter pour'd ;

* Lewis XIV.

† The canal of Languedoc.

‡ The hospitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

§ The academies of Science, of the Belles Lettres,
and of Painting.

§ Engraving.

Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon arise ;
How lavish Grandeur blaz'd the barren waste,
Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,
And fountains spout amid its arid shades ;
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smil'd ;
How menial Arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd

In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom. *
These laurels, Louis ! by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profusion, its dishonor shade,
And green thro' future times shall bind thy brow,
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.

With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-sunk millions fed ? superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd ! Forc'd is the bloom of Arts,
A false uncertain spring, when Bounty gives,
Weak without Me, a transitory gleam.
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow,
Till Arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom ; then malignant rise
The blights of Envy, of those insect-clouds
That, blasting merit, often cover courts :
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
His wav'ring ardour fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants, come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root :
But when with Me imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the Public blows eternal Spring,
While mingled Autumn every harvest pours
Of every land ; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature, can produce.

Here ceas'd the goddess, and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer :
" Oh ! forming Light of Life ! Oh ! better Sun !
" Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy North,
" Sublin'd, not envies Languedocian skies,
" That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile,
" When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?
" And when Thy work complete ?" Straight with
her hand,
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes :
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,
So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below ;
The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light.

" They come ! Great Goddess ! the times be-
hold,
" The times our fathers, in the bloody field,

* The tapestry of Gobelins.

- " Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
 " In the warm struggles of the Senate fight :
 " The times I feel whose glory to supply,
 " For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
 570
 " Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each
 " land
 " Materials heap'd, that, well employ'd, with
 " Rome
 " Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our
 " art.
 " Lo! princes I behold contriving still,
 " And still conducting firm some brave design;
 575
 " Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
 " Burst the blockade of false designing men,
 " Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
 " And of the blinding clouds around them thrown,
 " Their court rejoicing millions! worth alone, 580
 " And virtue, dear to them: their best delight,
 " In just proportion to give general joy;
 " Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain;
 " The public glory theirs: unparing love
 " Their endless treasure; and their deeds their
 " praise, 585
 " With Thee they work. Nought can resist Your
 " force;
 " Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats;
 " Strong spar'd the blooms of Genius, Science,
 " Art:
 " His bathful bonds disclosing Merit breaks:
 " And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows 590
 " Expansive o'er the land. Another race
 " Of Generous Youths, of Patriot Sires, I see!
 " Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
 " Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,
 " Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands, 595
 " That, to their wiles slaves, can ne'er be free.
 " I see the fountain purg'd, whence life derives
 " A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
 " Not fed impure by Chance, by flattery fool'd,
 " Or by Scholastic Jargon bloated proud, 600
 " But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of Truth:
 " Then, beam'd thro' fancy the reviving ray,
 " And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
 " At once informing light and moving flame;
 " Till moral, public, graceful action, crowns 605
 " The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
 " In all that mind or body can adorn,
 " And form to life Instead of barren heads,
 " Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
 " And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610
 " Men, Patriots, Chiefs, and Citizens, are form'd.
 " Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
 " Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
 " Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew
 " That prowl amid the darkness they themselves, 615
 " Have thrown around the laws. Oppression
 " grieves;
 " See how her Legal Furies bite the lip,
 " While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares
 " detect,
 " And seize swift Justice thro' the clouds they raise.
 " See! social Labour lifts his guarded head, 620
 " And men not yield to government in vain,
 " From the sure land is rooted Russian force,
 " And, the low nurse of villains, idle Waste:
 " Lo! raz'd their haunts, down wath'd their mad-
 " dening bowl,
 " A nation's poison! beauteous Order reigns! 625
 " Manly Submission, unimposing Toil,
 " Trade without guilt, Civility that marks,
 " From the foul herd of brutal slaves, thy sons,
 " And fearless Peace. Or should affronting War,
 " To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
 630
 " Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold!
 " That know, with their own proper arm, to
 " guard
 " Their own blest Isle against a leagu'd world.
 " Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
 " Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway. 635
 " The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
 " And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
 " Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing furs,
 " Gay Colonies extend, the calm retreat
 " Of undeserv'd Distress, the better home. 640
 " Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands:
 " Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
 " And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
 " But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
 " Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd, 645
 " And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah
 " fees.
 " Horrid with want and misery, no more
 " Our streets the tender Passenger afflict;
 " Nor shivering Age, nor sickness, without friend,
 " Or home, or bed, to bear his burning load; 650
 " Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
 " Its guiltless pangs; I see the stores profuse,
 " Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
 " No more the sacrilegious riot swell
 " Of Cannibal devourers! Right apply'd, 655
 " No starving wretch the land of Freedom stains:
 " If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
 " If sick, if main'd, his miserable due;
 " And, will, if young, repay the fondest care.
 " Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet 660
 " The morning shines, in Mercy's dew array'd.
 " Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
 " That! chief, (but why—ye Bigots!—why lo
 " late?)
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
 " What smiles of praise! and, while their song
 " ascends, 666
 " The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
 " Hark! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
 " With active Nature, warm impassion'd truth,
 " Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
 " Of various string, and heart-felt image, fill'd. 670
 " Behold! I see the dread delightful school
 " Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
 " Restor'd. Behold! the well-dissembled scene
 " Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
 " Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again. 675
 " Lo! vanish Monster-land! lo! driven away,
 " Those, that Apollo's sacred walks profane,
 " Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 " Unknown to Nature, chaos more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute scene its Ouran-Outrage pours,

" Detested forms! that, on the mind impress, 681
 " Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
 " Behold! all thine again the Sifter Arts,
 " Thy Graces they, knit in harmonious dance:
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd 685
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought!
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
 " The gaudy tools and prisoners no more.
 " Lo! numerous Domes a Burlington confels.

690

" For kings and senates sit, the Palace see!
 " The Temple, breathing a religious awe:
 " E'en fram'd with elegance, the plain retreat,
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
 " Taste never idly working, saves expence. 695
 " See! sylvan scenes, where Art, alone, pretends
 " To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms,
 " Such as a Pope in miniature has shown,
 " A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads,
 " And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
 " August, around, what Public Works I see!

701

" Lo! stately Streets! lo! Squares that court the
 " breeze,
 " In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
 " Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways.
 " Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,

705

" Connecting sea to sea, the solid Road.
 " Lo! the proud Arch (no vile exacter's stand)
 " With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
 " See! long Canals and deepened Rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling main

710

" The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! Ports expand,
 " Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering
 " arms.

" Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
 " On every pointed coast the Lighthouse tow'rs;
 " And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd, 715
 " Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars."
 " As thick to view these Varied Wonders rose,
 " Shook all my soul with transport; unassur'd,
 " The Vision broke, and on my waking eye
 " Rush'd the still Ruins of dejected Rome.

720

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

*The Castle high of Indolence,
 And its false luxury,
 Where for a little time, alas!
 We liv'd right jollily.*

I.

O MORTAL Man! who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
 'That like an emmet thou must ever mow,
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
 And, certes, there is for it reason great:

For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide.
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found,
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
 And there a season between June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-
 brown'd,
 A lifeless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for
 play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest,
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence keft
 From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurried every-where their wafers sheen,
 That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
 Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
 made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or rock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
 Yet all these sounds ybent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A fable, silent, solemn, forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move.
 As idle fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, by waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
 heard, to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
 And of gay Castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky;
 There eke the soft Delights, that witchingly
 Infil a wanton sweetness thro' the breast,
 And the calm Pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest
 Was far, far off, expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard might)
Clove-hid his Castle mid embowering trees,
That half-shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of chequer'd day and night;
Mean while, unceasing at the maffy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's
estate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
For as they chanc'd to breathe on neighbouring
hills, the freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody,
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting
verses sung:

IX.

"Behold, ye Pilgrims of this earth! behold,
"See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
"What youthful bride can equal her array?
"Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
"From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
"From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
"Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the Morn,
"The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
"Ten thousand throats, that, from the flowering
thorn,
"Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
"Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
"They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
"E'er to the barn the nodded sheaves they drove,
"Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
"Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
vale.

XI.

"Outcast of Nature, Man! the wretched thrall
"Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
"Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
"And of the vices an inhuman train,
"That all proceed from savage thirst of gain;
"For when hard-hearted Interest first began
"To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
"Guile, Violence, and Murder, seiz'd on man,
"And, for soft milky streams, with blood the ri-
vers ran.

XII.

"Come, ye! who still the cumbrous load of life
"Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
"Ye trust to gain, and put an end to strife,

"Down thunders back the stone with mighty
sweep,
"And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
"For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
"I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
"Your cares, your toils; will sleep you in a sea
"Of full delight: O come, ye weary Wights! to
me.

XIII.

"With me you need not rise at early dawn,
"To pass the joyless day in various sounds;
"Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
"And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
"Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
"To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
"Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
"Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
"In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
"From village on to village sounding clear;
"To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
"No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
"No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear,
"No noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
"With sounds that are a misery to hear;
"But all is calm, as would delight the heart
"Of Sybarite of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV.

"Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent
Ease,
"Good-natur'd Lounging, fauntering up and
down:
"They who are pleas'd themselves must always
please;
"On others' ways they never squint a frown,
"Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
"Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
"With milky blood the heart is overflown,
"Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
"For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are ban-
nith'd hence.

XVI.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
"A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
"Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
"Above those passions that this world deform,
"And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
"But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
"And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
"A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
"Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still
more gay.

XVII.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
"They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
"Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour
grows,
"Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day,
"E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,

" The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 " From a base world at last have stol'n away :
 " So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
 " Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you choose,
 " Some rest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here :
 " Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
 " Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
 " Or, softly stealing, with your watry gear,
 " Along the brooks, the crimson spotted fry
 " You may delude ; the whilst, amos'd, you hear
 " Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
 " sigh,
 " Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 " Lolling the days you see beneath the sun ;
 " When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
 " And gives the untaught portion you have won,
 " With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 " To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
 " There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
 " But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 " To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain "

XX.

He ceas'd, but still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song,
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 'To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slept along
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
 Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied Fays thro' airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began ;
 Though some there were who would not further
 pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han.
 The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
 Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye :
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often-forely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight,
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallowed paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed gate,
 Full hard to be repas'd, like that of Fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
 Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;
 Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue,
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter
 rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoever the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,

As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :
 So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
 Is seized in some lovel's hot embrace,
 She wateth very weakly as the warms,
 Then, sighing, yields her up to love's delicious
 harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
 A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep ;
 His calm, broad, thoughtless, aspect breath'd repose,
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
 Nor could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep,
 Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he
 can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call :
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play, who minded nought at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean-time the master porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
 Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening
 frowns.
 O fair undress ! best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right
 fain,
 Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy robb'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew ;
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
 drew,
 It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasure
 grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;
 Fair glorious waking thoughts, and joyous dreams
 more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all idly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made ;
 " Ye sons of indolence ! do what you will,
 " And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade ;

" Be no man's pleasure for another staid ;
 " Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 " And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's
 trade !
 " Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :
 " He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one estfoons in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way ;
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray,
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd,
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was con-
 strain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrides*,
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that ærial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied to our senses plain,)
 Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro,
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous
 show.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet and of Sleep profound !
 Whose soft dominion o'er this Castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days
 In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering ?
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted
 wing ?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse ! nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of Jove ! touch'd by celestial fire,
 Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire ;
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;
 Thou yet shalt tread in Tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
 Dashing corruption down thro' every worthless
 age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 No cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?

* These islands on the western coast of Scotland called
 the Hebrides.

Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swellling
 bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old Ocean genders in his round :
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 E'en undemand'd by a sign or sound ;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
 play'd.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd without the least alloy ;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor faintly Spleen, dark murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale ;
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart,
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and
 peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,
 Depainted was the Patriarchal age,
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :
 Blest sons of Nature they ! true Golden Age indeed !

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes ;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies :
 Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease ;

Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft', by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But side-long, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The God of Winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus * it
hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart;
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore†,
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft' began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together melt:
At doors and windows threat'ning seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tint and grace,

* This is not an imagination of the Author, there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

O'er which was shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roselike smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair Illusions! artful Phantoms! no,
My Muse will not attempt your Fairy land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights
And bless'd them oft' besides with more refin'd de-
lights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
E'en feigning virtue; skillful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain:
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where fullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence
to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian Spirits! to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom!
Angels of Fancy and of Love! be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart;
But chief a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the
heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive?—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd,
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse! resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,

Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater
waste?

L.

Of Vanity the Mirrour this was call'd.
Here you a muck-worm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Ate up with carking care and penurie,
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree,
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire and banish'd his pot.

LI.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The filly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen, him among them share;
His father's ghost from Limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him
pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards; oft' they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage,
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors! all this scrawl and scribbling
fore?

To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly
store?

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew,
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming
night.

LIV.

The puzzling fons of Party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
reat'd
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their
cares,
In comes another sett, and kicketh them down
stairs.

‡ The Morning Star.

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LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force
restore.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools, that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row;
But these I pass by, with nameless numbers mos.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad; in thought involv'd, not dark;
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting
Art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found;
There would he linger till the latest ray
Of light late trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow: so had he pass'd many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they pass;
For oft' the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd;
Oft' as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind:
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One slyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft' slung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'erhadowing oak;
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,

3-T

And on himself his pensive fury woke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first thone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven! the
day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for siter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane, tho' keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
Taught by this son of Joy, we found it so,
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar,
Our madden'd Castle all, the abode of Sleep no
more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng;
And oft' he tips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound,
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had:
Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm his mind;
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses led,
To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us, true son of Virtue! come;
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,

"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
Yet when at last thy toils, but ill afraid,
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark;
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopos * of the age,
But call'd by Fame, in soul-ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
E'en from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum. Now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd
judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard befits,
† Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat:
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Of moralizing sages; his dirty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft' by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy;
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one! chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungody dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strain would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs;
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-en-
roll'd,

Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort,
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury:
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were writ by
a friend of the Author.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loiter, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found;
But, ah! too late, as shall estroons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasant grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where Sickness toils'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd cypse he shut straitway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unfound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy;
Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply:
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft' with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd
a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady, proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft' her fear her pride made crouchen low;
She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And fought all physick which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not
why.

LXXVII.

Fall by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks;
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

*The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair,
That by his Castle's overthrown
Secure and crowned were.*

I.

ESCAP'D the Castle of the fire of Sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind.
E'er rose to view; but now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who sweat and toil:
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft' rob the painful bee;
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decrees,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave.
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse! and raise a bolder song:
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath.
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of Softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of features stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorched by June, now in November sleep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January fore,
He still in woods pursu'd the lubbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,

With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain and wintry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy;
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a luty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muckel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem.
The same to him glad summer or the winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son.
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity on him took;
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the foil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That canst or ulk, or joy, or grace, impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard.
Was ever knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear;
Or darting on the gao, outstripp'd the gale;
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career;
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd thro' Nature's store,
Whate'er the lush ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scan'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
These mortal seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what he taught.
Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he taught,
Forth-calling all with which boon-earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vast ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With Nature his creating pencil w'd,
With Nature, joyous at the mimic strife;
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or with varied fire
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fire;
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire;
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold enterprise;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd
Now to perform he ardent did devise,
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild,
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine; want, and woe,
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this best fun, from orient climes,
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing Indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the stations he sublimed,
And calls forth Arts and Virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times
Successive had; but now in ruins gray
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost.

All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild deer bounding thro' the
glade;

They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid,
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dis-
may'd.

XXX

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen life (he cries),
This, whilst my labour Liberty sustains,
This Queen of Ocean, all assault disdains,
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest
hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever Arts and Industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair Queen of Arts! from Heaven itself who
came
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame;
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and use com-
bin'd.

XXXX

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bid the fervent city glow with toil;
Bad social Commerce rais'd renowned marts,
Join land to land; and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles; and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Rude tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thun-
der roars.

XXXX

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd City* by Propontic sea,
What rime the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian
thrall'd,
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them
free,
And brought them to another Castale,
Where his many a famous nourishing breeds;
Or where old Cam sustains o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd
feeds.

XXXX

XXII.
Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? they are the quintessence of all,

* Constantinople.

The growth of labouring time, and slow increase;
Unless, as seldom chanced, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy Sisters call
Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may
thrall,

And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no
other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,
Except to such as seek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
Poor sons of puff-up Vanity, not Fame,
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
Th' eternal Patron, Liberty! whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created
gains.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws establish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the
heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main:
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale;
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain,
The happy monarch of his sylvan train;
Here, aided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest do-
main:
His days, the days of unstrain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing Herds! who gave him milk;
Witness, ye Flocks! whose woolly vestments far
Exceeds soft India's cotton or her silk:
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's
star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild:
O hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child:
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glo-
ries wild.

XXVII.

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural industry:
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify

Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'
store,
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the
shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach;
'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common
fann'd,
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each creature
stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye?
That soul-enslaving misand Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his cruel influence:
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
E'en much of private; ate our spirit out,
And sed our sunk luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old Fame reports, wife, generous, bold, and
 stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast;
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd, snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
'Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar
man,
'The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
'Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.'

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The gold old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
'Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee
call;
'Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
'The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.'
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable e'd; his eye full-speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he
breaks.

XXXII.

I will (he cry'd) to help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then strait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch. 'My steed be at the gate;
'My hand attend: quick, bring the net of Fate.'

This net was twisted by the Sisters three,
Which when once cast o'er barden'd wretch, too
late

Repentance comes, replevy cannot be
From the strong iron-grasp of vengeful Destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd: In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister of the copes green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges for his soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sphere.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come (quoth the Knight) a voice has reach'd
mine ear:

The demon Indolence threatens overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomela! hie thee instant ye:
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who will be
slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe;
But soon there be thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise: Thrice happy he! who without fi-
gour saves.

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright; sprung from the generous
breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime the hard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they
yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss;
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel;
'From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious
soul;
While vice pours forth the troubled streams of
hell,
The which, how'er disguis'd, at last with dole
Will, thro' the tortur'd breast, their fiery tor-
rent roll.'

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their sum-
mits rear:
On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
And, spite e'en of themselves, their senses cheer;

* The nightingale.

Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer;
Like a green isle it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents
clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd
glad.

XXXVIII.

'As God shall judge me, Knight! we must for-
give,
'(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd).
'The frail good man, deluded, here to live,
'And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
'Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd.
'That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
'And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
'But that our charity be not too nice?
'Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

XXXIX.

'Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight,) all flesh is frail,
'To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
'But let not brutish vice of this avail,
'And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
'Justice were cruel, weakly to relent;
'From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
'Grace be to those who can and will repent,
'But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,
'Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spi-
rit lave.'

XL.

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed earle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wife, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft' his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth
spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind:
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song, and, unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings;
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity bade his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight;
But they instead, as if transferr'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners wrong and
right.
Meantime the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the Knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his power,
Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew
its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius *trapp'd his foe,
E'en so the Knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the Net of Woe.
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter
nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yell around;
Black stormy clouds destroy'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound.
As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature shook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the
ground;
Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd with blemish'd
look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things
had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.
'There must (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,
'Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
'Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl;
'Come then, my Bard! thy heavenly fire impart:
'Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spi-
rit start.'

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung.
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung:
Then as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song;
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands
round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus ardent, burst his strain—'Ye hapless Race!
'Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,
'That lights our Maker's image in our face,
'And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,
'What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection? say:
'What, but eternal never-resting soul;
'Almighty power, and all-directing day,
'By whom each atom flirts, the planets roll;
'Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the
whole.

* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he
threw over his adversary.

XLVIII.

- Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold;
- Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
- We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
- To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
- Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
- Perfection forms, and with perfection blifs.
- In universal Nature this clear shewn,
- Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
- To prove the beauteous world excels the brute
- abyfs.

XLIX.

- Is not the field, with lively culture green,
- A fight more joyous than the dead morals?
- Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
- And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
- The foul November-fogs, and stumb'rous mists,
- With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
- Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
- Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
- The same in all holds true, but chief in human
- race.

L.

- It was not by vile loitering in ease,
- That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
- That soft, yet ardent, Athens learn'd to please,
- To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
- In all supreme! complete in every part!
- It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
- And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
- For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
- Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

- Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
- But in loose joy their time to wear away,
- Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
- Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
- Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
- No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
- No arts had made us opulent and gay;
- With brother brutes the human race had graz'd,
- None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd
- been, none prais'd.

LII.

- Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
- To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
- Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
- Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
- The wits of modern time had told their beads,
- And Monkish legends been their only strains;
- Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
- Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with
- Warwick swains.
- Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's
- plains.

LIII.

- Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,
- And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
- Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
- Though the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
- Had all been lost with such as have no name.

- Who then had scorn'd his ease for other's good?
- Who then had toil'd rapacious then to tame?
- Who in the public breach devoted stood,
- And for his country's cause been prodigal of
- blood?

LIV.

- But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
- If right I read, you pleasure all require;
- Then hear how best may be obtain'd this see,
- How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire,
- Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
- Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
- Who does not act is dead: absorb'd entire
- In mazy sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
- O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death!

LV.

- Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
- When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
- How tasteless then whatever can be given?
- Health is the vital principle of bliss,
- And exercise of health. In proof of this,
- Behold the wretch who flugs his life away
- Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyfs,
- While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
- As light as air each limb, each thought as clear
- as day.

LVI.

- O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
- Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
- The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,
- The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
- In health the wiser brutes true gladness find,
- See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
- As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind:
- Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
- Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
- pleasance breeds?

LVII.

- But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
- Which or disemper'd minds or bodies know.
- Come then, my kindred Spirits! do not spill
- Your talents here: This place is but a show,
- Whose charms delude you to the den of Woe;
- Come, follow me! I will direct you right,
- Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
- Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good Knight,
- And you will bless the day that brought him to
- your sight.

LVIII.

- Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
- To senate some, and public sage debates,
- Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
- The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
- To high discovery some, that new-creates
- The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
- Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
- To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart:
- All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all
- Art.

LIX.

' There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
' Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
' All may be done, (methinks I hear them say,)
' E'en death despis'd, by generous actions fair;
' All, but for those who to these bowers repair.
' Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
' To quit of torpid sluggishness the hair,
' And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free.
' 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot
' be!

LX.

' Would you then learn to dissipate the band
' Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,
' That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
' His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
' Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
' Exert that noble privilege, alone,
' Here to mankind indulg'd; controul desire;
' Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
' Speak the commanding word—I Will!—and it
' is done.

LXI.

' Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful
' wife,
' Your few important days of trial here?
' Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
' Through endless states of being, still more near
' To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
' Can you renounce a fortune so sublime?
' Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to
' steer,
' And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and
' slime?
' No! no!—your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain
' the sordid crime!

LXII.

' Enough! enough! they cry'd—Strait, from
the crowd,
The better sort on wings of transport fly;
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new
being gay.

LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
Where just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies again;
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
E'en such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
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' Ye sons of Hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
' What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
' While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
' We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
' What to disturb it could, fell men, remove
' Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
' Then do the fends of hell rule in yon' heaven
' sublime.'

LXV.

' Ye impious Wretches! (quoth the Knight in
wrath)
' Your happiness behold?—Then straight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hark,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command:
Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature,
crawls around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning seath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung,
Or in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd;
These by distemper'd blood to madness flung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence off, when night
controul'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd,

LXVII.

Mean time a moving scene was open laid;
That lazarus-house I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick up-raisd their heads, and drop'd their
woes awhile.

LXVIII.

' O heaven! (they cry'd,) and do we once more see
' Yon' blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
' Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
' And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
' O thou! or Knight of God! who holdest there
' That fiend, oh! keep him in eternal chains!
' But what for us, the children of Despair,
' Brought to the brink of hell, what hope re-
mains?
' Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.'

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
' Certes (quoth he) it is not e'en in Grace
' T' undo the past, and eke your broken years,
' Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
' With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
' A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;

' She quells the brand by which the rocks are
riven;
' She more than merely softens, she rejoices Hea-
ven.

LXX.

' Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
' And by these sufferings purify the mind;
' Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,
' Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
' And to a life more happy and refin'd,
' Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
' Till then, you may expect in me to find
' One who will wipe your sorrows from your eyes,
' One who will looth your pangs, and wing you to
the skies.

LXXI.

' They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
tears.
' For you,' (refum'd the Knight with sterner
tone;)
' Whole hard dry hearts, th' obdurate demon
fears;
' That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
' In dpl'reous mansion long you must bemoan;
' His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
' Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
' You feel a perfect change; then who can say
' What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's
eternal day.'

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends;
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue,
Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with serene and calm compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly;
When, lo! a softly hospital blends,
In which they bade each leane and be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smother of that sad
company.

LXXIII.

' It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place;
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dew; weak Nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught; the whilst, to
The fear supreme, around their fatten'd beds
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven
dispreads.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again
Soft-paced, fought of Peace the mossy cell;
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;

Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek re-
pentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But, ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past;
For (horrible to tell) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcases, defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with pain-
ful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the
cloudless air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The hidden country a gray waste appear'd,
Where nought but putrid steams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow;
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they
steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds
moe.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yelad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eye shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Mean time foul scurf and blotches him defile,
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the
while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend;
Hell hol's none worse in baleful bow'r below;
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

E'en so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous
song.
And oft' they plunge themselves the mire among;
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne never find they rest from their unresting fone.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth
To mingle with his stars, and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—E'en now the fons of Light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deceiv'd, tho' high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest?
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil,
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns
And Planets to their spheres? th' unequal talk
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was
known

Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! who sat not down, and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words and tyranny of names,
But, bidding his amazing Mind attend,
And with heroic Patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how
strong!

And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when, instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and fore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye! our solar round
First gazing thro', he, by the blended power
Of Gravitation and Projection, saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve;
From unassisted vision hid, the Moons,
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracks were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering Queen of Night,
Whether she wanders into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he

Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty masts of water swell
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning, still again
The tide reverte, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite, and every star
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye of astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, matches from the dark abyss,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To Fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into funs, the living centre eath
Of an harmonious system; all combin'd,
And roll'd unerring, by that single power
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse Magnificence divine!
O Wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! and, O below'd
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye
The mystic veil transpiercing, only scan'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

He, first of men, with awful wing portend
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way,
Till to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices and circling spheres
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The Schools astonish'd stood, but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of Truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning miz'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic fun.

Th' aerial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in,
Nor could the darting beam of Speed immense
Escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye.
E'en Light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day.

And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whole side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green;
Then the pure Blue, that twells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepened Indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;

While the last gleamings of refracted light
By'd in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow,
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath
Myriads of mingling dyes, from these result

And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse
brook!

Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends!
121

E'en now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing-down 125
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,

Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone, and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide 130
Historian, wander'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew? In Fancy's lighter thought,

How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?
135

What wonder, thence, that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd universe of things 140

In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few!
Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous Man! how mild, how
calm,

How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth; 150

Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection; far above

Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart 155
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless, gloomy-minded Tribe!
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights

That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege 160
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul

Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath

Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air? 165

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,

Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done—The mea-
" sure's full;

" And I resign my charge."—Ye mouldering
Stones!

That build the towering pyramid, the proud 170
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd

By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,

Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies, 175

Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop

Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song: but Newton calls 180

For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds

He here so well deserv'd, and wandering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
185

Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;

Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,

Comparings things with things, in rapture lost,
190

And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,

From Light himself! Oh! look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail, erroneous race!

Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 195
O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,

And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth!

For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee
forth,

And glories in thy name; she points thee out 200
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star;

While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust

Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A POEM

TO

THE MEMORY

The Right Honourable

THE LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord,
lament

A friend and father lost, permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,

To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where int'rest ends: 10

Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by Truth inspir'd,

Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—

Unhappy that she may.—But where begin? 15
How from the diamond single out each ray,

Where all, tho' trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?

Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale 15

Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick-enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece;
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome: 20

Eternal Wisdom, that all-quick'ning sun;
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light, and adjusting flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm, 25
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd 30

His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice
In comfort soul agree, each heightening each,
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.

What grand, what comely, or what tender
sense;

What talent, or what virtue, was not his? 35

What that can render man or great or good,
Give useful worth or amiable grace?

Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd

With selfish peace. The Siren of the wife, 40

(Who steals th' Aonian song, and in the shape
Of Virtue woos them from a worthless world,)

Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm

As silent Night, yet active as the day. 45

The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Prest to usurp the reins of power, the more

Behoves it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views

Of sneaking in'rest, or luxurious vice, 50

The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,

Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour, and immortal fame

Involve the good of all? An empty form 55

Is the weak virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,

While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,

Sprung ardent into action, that disdain'd 60

To lose in death-like sloth one pulse of life
That might be sav'd; disdain'd, for coward Ease

And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,

And those high joys that teach the truly great 65

To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.

Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring

Leads in her swelling train the gentle Ais;

While gay, behind her, smiles the blinding waste 70

Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.

In him Astræa, to this dim abode

Of ever-wandering men, return'd again;

To bless them, his delight, to bring them back,

From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong, 75

Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,

His virtues all, collected, fought the good

Of human-kind. For that he, fervent, felt

The throb of patriots when they model states; 80

Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms

To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;

Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.

Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led, 85

He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill
Where, rais'd above black Envy's dark'ning clouds,

Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.

Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers! no more;

Vanish, ye human Comets! shrink your blaze, 90

Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As o'er the gazing desolated earth

Ye scatter famine, pestilence, and war!

Vanish before this vernal sun of Fame:

Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy. 95

How the heart listen'd while he pleading spoke!

While on the enlighten'd mind, with winning art,

His gentle reason so persuasive stole,

That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.

Ah! when, ye studious of the laws! again 100

Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?

When shall again the darkest truths, perplex,

Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh

And arduous open into smiling ease?

The solid mix with elegant delight? 105

His was the talent, with the purest light

At once to pour conviction on the soul,

And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd

heart.

That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd

By Heaven. He, sacred to his country's cause, 110

To trampled Want and Worth, to suffering Right,

To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's woes,

Referv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,

Despising then the smiles or frowns of Power,

He all that noblest eloquence effus'd, 115

Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:

Then spoke the man, and over barren Art

Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then

His client was, Humanity and Truth.

Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd 120

In a superior sphere of cloudless day,

A pure intelligence. No tumult there,

No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,

No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene

That round him spread. A zeal for right alone, 125

The love of justice, like the steady sun,

Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd

Against the sons of Violence, of Pride,

And bold Deceit, his indignation gleam'd,

Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd. 130

As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,

Yet with progressive patience, step by step,

Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,

He thro' the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,

Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd, 135

And e'en the lofer own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,

Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,

His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,

His insight deep into Britannia's weal, 140

Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
 And the plain patriot smooch'd the brow of law.
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
 Fell on the cheated ear: no study'd maze
 Of declamation, to perplex the sight.
 He darkening threw around: safe is itself,
 In its own force, all powerful Reason spoke:
 While on the great, the ruling point, at once
 He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
 To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
 Conviction breathes conviction: to the heart,
 Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
 The heart attends; for let the venal try
 Their every hard'ning stupifying art,
 Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
 And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince,
 What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
 Such wisdom! such abilities! and, join'd
 To virtue so determin'd, public zeal!
 And honour of such adamantine proof,
 As e'en Corruption, hopeless, and o'eraw'd,
 Durst not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
 And winning every heart, he knew to please,
 Nobly to please: while equally he scorn'd
 Or adulation to receive or give.
 Happy the state where wakes a ruling eye,
 Of such inspection keen, and general care!
 Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
 Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
 And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
 Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
 And many a patriot counsel with him lost
 Counsels that might have humbled Britain's foe,
 Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate
 Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
 Let Learning, Arts, let universal Worth,
 Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
 Unlike the sons of Vanity, that, veil'd
 Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
 Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
 When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt,
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.

His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.
 This, this indeed, is patronising worth.
 Their kind protector him the Muses own.
 But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
 Of tasteless Vanity's insultering train.
 The gracious stream that cheers the letter'd world,
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
 Whose sudden current from her naked root
 Washes the little soil which yet remain'd.
 And only more dejects the blushing flowers.
 No, 'tis the soft descending dew at eve,
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,
 Indulging deep their stores the still night long,
 Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.
 Still let me view him in the pleasing light
 Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,

And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
 There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
 Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
 In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
 Inspiring social confidence and ease:
 As free the converse of the wife and good,
 As joyous, disentangling every power,
 And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
 As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
 Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
 The philosophic mind with Nature talks.
 Say ye, his Sons! his dear Remains! with whom

The father laid superfluous state aside,
 Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
 With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love.
 Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
 The pure serene, the cheerful widow mild,
 The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours
 In semblance of amusement, thro' the breast
 Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle! lend thy strain,
 Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul,
 In whom the head and heart their forces unite;

Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
 Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
 Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
 The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
 Lend me the plaint which to the lonely main,

With Memory conversing, you will pour,
 As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
 Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
 And laid their ample round receive the waves,
 That, from the frozen Pole retreating, rush
 Impetuous. Tho' from native sunshine driven,
 Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
 By slanderous Zeal, and politics infern,
 Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
 Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
 Intrepid, warm: of kindred tempers born,
 Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
 From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.

I, too, remember well that cheerful bowl
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the
 plain;
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth,
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
 Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
 The blameless Indians, round their forest cheer,
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
 Hold more unpotted converse; nor of old
 Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
 As on the product of their Sabine farms
 They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul;
 Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
 Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
 More elegant humanity, more grace,

• Dr. Rundle, late Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

Wit more refin'd, or deeper science, reign'd.

But, far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame, 265
Extended his benevolence; a friend
To human-kind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all, 270
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For nothing human foreign was to him. 275

Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, thro' latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust, 280
And with their authors in oblivion sunk.
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, thro' ev'ry land and age, 285
Of universal Reason's various sons,
And e'en of God himself, sole perfect Judge!
Yet know these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms defend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze, 290

Malignant seeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,
Unheeded steal; but, with his fire compar'd,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear, 295
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength, 300

We may lament: yet let us, grateful, joy
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Thro' ever-bright ning scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of Zealots! ye that, prone 305

To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain is balm. A Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source
Than the blind maze of undefining blood; 310
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bless mankind, 315
Eternal Goodness on this darksome spot
Had ray'd it down awhile. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory and in bliss, 320
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,

With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
Ah! who is he that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons! 325

The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd
That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,
(How'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now, 330
In one selected never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pining tear. 335
But cease, presumptuous Muse! nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down;
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes that our gross ideas grovelling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb. 340

Forgive, immortal Shade! if aught from earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-sele voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves 345

Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widows' sighs
And orphans' tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of Justice, and the sons of Strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all 350
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute, then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires. 355
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind.
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent she forms. 360

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

VERSES

Occasioned by the

DEATH OF MR. ATKMAN,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

AS those we love decay, we die in part;
Spring after spring is sever'd from the heart,
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid
low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to
death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

THUS safely low, my Friend! thou can'st not
fail:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled
life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal
strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes, of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning off' relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sin-
cere:
Ours be the lenient, not displeasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the
storm,

To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
'To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Letter Part of the Sixth Chapter of Saint Matthew.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive
care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O! let me listen to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping
heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparring board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs
again.

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparring bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careles grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
If, careless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithless! say,
Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

ODES.

ODE.

TELL me, thou Soul of her I love!
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerful home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh, if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of Grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

ODE.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to
thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale! to me.
'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
You, happy Bards! by Nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care.
But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should
blame;
And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride:
O mourn with me, sweet Bird! my hapless flame.

ODE

TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering inauspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind;
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly, join'd;
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But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in vision's angels shed
Around the heav'n-illum'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina! sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And wooe bright Virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstacy with wisdom join'd,
And heav'n infus'd into the mind.

ODE.

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.*

I.

ETHEREAL Race, inhabitants of Air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
Ye unseen Beings! to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he the sacred Bard,† who sat alone
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem
raise;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the wind!
Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the
string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease my Muse forgets to sing.

* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays
with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its proper-
ties are fully described in the Castle of Indulgence.

† Jeremiah.

ODE

II.

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain;
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
'Britons never will be slaves.'

II.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
'Rule, &c.

III.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
'Rule, &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
'Rule, &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
'Rule, &c.

VI.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
'Britons never will be slaves.'

SONGS.

SONG.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly sighing, thus reply'd;
'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.'

III.

The slave in private only bears
Your bondage who his love conceals,
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.
Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,
Ye gentle Spirits of the vale!
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
O tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
O! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.
Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Nor purer her own wishes rise,
Nor holier her own sighs in prayer.
But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship sooth her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower;

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us fight on from day to day,
And with, and with the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

COME, gentle God of soft desire!
Come and possess my happy breast,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildness dress;
But come in Friendship's angel-guise:
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart.
O come with Goodness in thy train,
With Peace and Pleasure, void of storm,
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

*Intended to have been inserted in the fourth Act of
Sophonisba.*

COME, gentle Venus! and assuage
A warring world, a bleeding age;
For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempests haste away,
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky;
A genial spirit warms the breeze;
Unseen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert grows a fatten'd note;
Glad o'er the meads, the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.
But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe;

To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect ear with love.

Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom;
For long the furious God of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has soil'd them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh! take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah! then his stormy heart controul,
And sigh thyself into his soul.

AN

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL mildly pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good,
But from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:

Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine!
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell.

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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Religion's beams around
And cheer

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